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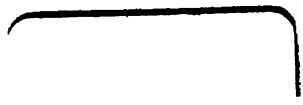

DEC. 2 1914

NOF

THE

WORKS

OF

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

NG SEVERAL PIECES

BEFORE PUBLISHED.

WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

CHES OF THE HISTORY OF AUTHOR'S FAMILY,

LSO OF HIS LIFE:

ES NALSON COLE, Esq.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

Printed for P. Wogan, P. Byrne, W. M'Kenzie, J. Moore, J. Jones, A. Grueber, G. Draper, W. Jones, J. Milliken, and R. White.

1791.

174267

TO

WILLIAM HEBERDEN, M.D.

DEDICATIONS in general are ſo many ſacrifices of praiſe, laid upon an altar erected for him to whom they are offered, at the expence of truth, one of the moſt amiable virtues. All the excellencies of human nature, which form the characteriſtic differences between good and bad men, are indiſcriminately conſigned to him to whoſe honor the rites are performed. Hence a ſad reverſe of characters is handed down to poſterity; and thoſe, the remembrance of whom ſhould have ended with their lives, ſtand recorded in their deaths as the diſtinguiſhed actors, as as well patrons, of all that is praiſe-worthy.

NLF

I know, Sir, that you, as well as myſelf, condemn ſuch ſacrifices, and thoſe who offer them. After this declaration of the ſenſe I entertain of the general addreſſes of this ſort, I found myſelf under no difficulty in applying to you, THE FRIEND OF HUMAN NATURE, for permiſſion to ſend into the world, under the ſanction of your name, the works of an author, who, through life, had a ſtrict claim to that character; and whoſe ſubſtitute, ſince his death, you are in ſome ſort become, by the alliance of one of your family with that perſon whom, by the laſt ſolemn act of his life, he appointed his repreſentative.

Give me leave to acknowledge the ſenſe I entertain of your kindneſs, in granting me this permiſſion, ſince it ſatisfies my feelings as to the execution of the truſt committed to me by the author, of collecting and ſuperintending the publication of all his works; by warranting me to do that, which, could he have foreknown, would have had the ſanction of his higheſt approbation.

Having thus far diſcharged the truſt repoſed in me by the author, I cannot ſatisfy, ſo far as in my power, a debt of gratitude I owe to you, without availing myſelf of this opportunity to declare publicly (and that, I truſt, not without an honeſt and becoming pride) how much I am bound to you for the kind and uninterrupted friendſhip with which you have been pleaſed to favour me through a very long courſe of years;

an

an obligation which hath been extended to ſuch a length, by your conſtant and affectionate watchfulneſs over a conſtitution, the exiſtence of which, under Providence, your great profeſſional knowledge and experience have prolonged far beyond that period, which, from the infirmities long attending it, could ever have been expected, or hoped for, by

DEAR SIR,

Your ſincere,

Affectionate,

And obliged,

CHARLES NALSON COLE.

Lincoln's Inn Fields,
Feb. 1, 1790.

PREFACE.

WHEN the amiable author of theſe volumes, by one of the laſt acts of his life, bequeathed to me all the copy-rights of what he had publiſhed, and conſigned to my care the literary papers which he left behind him, with a deſire that I would collect together and ſuperintend the publication of all his works, I conſidered this truſt as a mark of his confidence, of which, after a friendſhip between us for near half a century, he thought me deſerving. Impreſſed with this ſentiment, from gratitude I undertook the truſt with great pleaſure; in the execution of which, as far as I could, I have acted preciſely in the ſame manner in which he would have done himſelf, had he lived, as there is reaſon to believe, from the remembrance I have of many converſations I had with him on this ſubject.

The poems written in the early part of his life were printed and publiſhed ſeparately, in different ſizes, few or none of which are now to be met with; many of them were afterwards, from time to time, collected and printed together, by editors of fugitive pieces, and monthly or annual collections.

Mr. Dodſley made a large and judicious collection of works of this kind, and in his miſcellany of poems will be found more of theſe poems than in any of the ſame ſort.

Three

Three editions of his works were printed during his life, increaſing in ſize from time to time, as detached pieces, publiſhed in the intervals, were always added to the new edition. The firſt was printed in a thin ſmall octavo; the ſecond, in two ſmall volumes octavo; and the third and laſt was printed in the year 1770, in one large octavo volume, containing much more than either of the former. The name of the author was not put to either of theſe editions; but the ſeveral title-pages of the firſt and laſt contain an urn filled with flowers, round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto to his arms, "*Ignavus nunquam.*" I have collected together all his detached publications ſince the year 1770, and added them to thoſe contained in the edition of that year. On ſearching his papers, large as the collection is which he left behind him, I found not any amongſt them which, I believe, he would ever have publiſhed had he lived, or ever deſigned for publication after his death; and except ſome ſhort Poems, an Eſſay on the National Debt, and ſome curſory obſervations on ſeveral paſſages in the New Teſtament, there is nothing more in this than what is contained in the laſt edition. I have added here and there, at the beginning of ſome of his poems, a ſhort note, to which, in general, though not always, is affixed the letter E. The notes to his proſe works are all added by himſelf.

To this volume is prefixed a ſhort account of the author's family, and ſome ſketches of his life and character, which have no pretence to any merit but that which is due to truth; for they contain few or no *anecdotes*, which are written in a ſtile in which the *melliti verborum globuli, vibrantes ſententiolæ*, ſo much admired in the works of ſome modern authors, will be found to have no place.

If

If the reader be not tired, and lay the ſketches aſide before he arrives at the end, which, ſhort as the journey through them is, peradventure may happen, he will there find an extract from the book in which are regiſtered the burials in the pariſh of Bottiſham, which may make him amends for the patience he hath ſhewn, and the ſufferings he may have undergone. He will there be preſented with a copy of an entry made in that book, by the Reverend William Lord Manſell, A. M. who for ſome years before had been, and was then in poſſeſſion of that vicarage as ſequeſtator, and was Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge.

He is public orator of that Univerſity, in the diſcharge of which character he eminently excels; and hath ſhewn, by what he inſerted in the regiſtry, not only his liberal anxiety to do juſtice to merit, but his abilities to do it in the moſt elegant manner.

SKETCHES

SKETCHES

OF THE

LIFE

OF

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

WITH A

SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY.

SKETCHES, &c.

SOAME JENYNS, Esq. the author of theſe volumes, was born at twelve * o'clock at night, in Great Ormond-ſtreet, in London, in the year 1703-4. His father, Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. was deſcended from the ancient and reſpectable family of the Jenyns's, of Churchill in Somerſet-ſhire; one of whom, about the middle of the ſixteenth century, by an intermarriage with a coheireſs of the Rowlet family, became poſſeſſed of Sandridge in the county of Hertford; whoſe deſcendant, Sir John Jenyns, was created by King James a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales, and was returned to repreſent the borough of St. Alban's, in the ſecond parliament holden after the crown had deſcended to that prince.

* The hour of his birth he often mentioned, ſometimes adding, that, if it were difficult to anſwer the queſtion propoſed in Aulus Gellius, lib. iii. cap. 2. "Quæri ſolitum eſt, qui noctis hora tertia, quartave, ſive qua alia "nati ſunt, uter dies natalis haberi appellarique debeat, isne quem nox ea "conſecuta eſt, an qui dies noctem conſecutus eſt," it was ſtill more difficult to aſcertain the day of his birth; and he added farther, in his pleaſant manner, that as that queſtion had not been determined, he conſidered himſelf at liberty to chooſe his birth-day, and preferring the birth of the year to the day of its death, he had choſen New Year's Day, which in all civilized countries, was celebrated as a day of general feſtivity. He would ſay, likewiſe, that this circumſtance attending his birth made him often laugh at the ſolemn manner in which biographers recorded the events that happened at the birth of thoſe whoſe lives they had written, as portentous of their future deſtinations or characters in life; for, though he was born in the *moment* of controverſy, yet, of all ſubjects in which the learned engaged, that was to him the moſt diſagreeable.

About

About the middle of the laſt century a younger branch of this family ſettled in Cambridgeſhire, which county was repreſented in three parliaments by John, the elder brother of Sir Roger.

Sir Roger's reſidence in the country was at Ely, in the Iſle of Ely, where he ſpent much of his time in an application to thoſe kinds of buſineſs which render gentlemen who live in the country moſt ſerviceable to their neighbours, and thereby procure them that degree of weight and reſpect which will always attend on ſuch a character. He was an upright, knowing, and diligent magiſtrate, a great encourager of induſtry, and at enmity with vice and its parent idleneſs; a conſtant promoter of good and orderly government, both by precept and example. Amongſt other objects of his attention to the intereſts of the public, he exceedingly laboured in carrying into execution the draining of the great level of the fens; went through all the higher offices in that corporation, which was created by act of Parliament paſſed in the time of Charles the Second, for that work, and this with great reputation to himſelf and advantage to the country.

In the laſt century, every mark of diſtinction from the crown ſtamped a value on him who received it. The ingenuity of oppoſitions to miniſters had not, at that time, endeavoured, by a vein of ridicule which hath ſince been adopted with too much effect, to lower and bring into contempt the leſs honors of the crown; and the order of knighthood was then eſteemed by gentlemen as a real mark of royal favour, and received by them as ſuch with the profoundeſt gratitude. This honour was ſometimes conferred on thoſe, who, in their reſpective counties, had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their zeal and activity in the diſtrict where they reſided, when it was openly attacked by riot and diſorder; at other times it was a reward for a general conduct, manifeſting itſelf by an exemplary life, in the performance of ſuch

ſuch civil duties as the reſpective ſtations in which gentlemen were placed gave them an opportunity of performing. On the latter of theſe grounds, this honor was conferred on Roger Jenyns, Eſq; by his Majeſty King William, at his palace at Kenſington, on the ninth day of January, 1693-4 *. The mother of our author was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, of Heyden, in the county of Eſſex, baronet; a moſt beautiful woman, and endued with an excellent underſtanding, which ſhe had improved by reading, much beyond what was the faſhion of thoſe times in the education of the daughters of gentlemen: ſhe was well inſtructed in the principles of religion, which ſhe manifeſted both by her life and in her converſation; and theſe excellences were ſtill heightened by the moſt poliſhed manners. As it was the faſhion in ancient Rome to be educated "Non in cella emptæ nutricis, ſed gremio et ſinu matris †:" ſo was our author brought up, under the care of his excellent mother, till that time when it becomes proper to take children out of the nurſery, and to conſign the further inſtitution of them to tutors, whoſe province it is to open to young minds thoſe ſtore-houſes of ancient learning, on which their future intellectual improvements for the moſt part depend. To the Rev. Mr. Hill, introduced into the family for that purpoſe, ſhe ſurrendered up her charge, to which ſhe had with ſo much diligence attended, that the tutor received his pupil poſſeſſed of all that knowledge, and grounded with all thoſe principles of virtue and religion, which at that early period the infant mind is capable of, or ought to receive.

* London Gazette, from *January* the 11th to *January* 15th 1693-4, No. 3556.

† Taciti Dialogus de Oratoribus. Brotier's edition, quarto, Paris, 1771, vol. iv. page 151.

Under

Under the care of Mr. Hill he continued ſome time, who, after he had taught him the firſt rudiments of language, and of ſuch branches of knowledge as were proper for his age, was called off to purſuits that promiſed him greater advantages than he could expect to derive from his ſole attention to the education of the ſon of a private gentleman.

The anxiety of the family on the important point of our author's education, made them very induſtrious in procuring a proper ſucceſſor; which was amply ſatisfied by their having prevailed on the Rev. Stephen White to undertake the charge. Mr. White was the brother of him who afterwards diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral controverſial pieces with the Diſſenters; and he was himſelf eminent for his learning, good taſte, and great ingenuity; and, having no object but the improvement of his pupil, continued his care of him till it was neceſſary to finiſh his education by a removal of him to one of our univerſities.

It rarely happens that any thing is or can be recorded of the life of ſchool-boys; a remark that may be applied even to ſuch as receive their education in thoſe great royal ſeminaries, founded for the advancement of religion and learning; where ambition and emulation muſt have ſuch an effect on young minds, as can never be produced in a ſolitary domeſtic education. In the latter, no rival is to be dreaded; no ambition can be gratified by obtaining prizes, as rewards of ſuperior merit, or the ſurrounding applauſe of a little world in embryo; no calls for that addreſs, ſagacity, and conduct, all which are in ſome ſort neceſſary to promote the happineſs of thoſe who are to paſs the firſt part of their lives in the numerous ſocieties of youths, many of whom are afterwards to act conſiderable parts on the great ſtage of the world. Notwithſtanding the want of theſe incitements, which in a private education can never be holden forth, yet our author hath left behind him exerciſes in Engliſh, and

in

in both the dead languages, whence at that time the heights might have been eaſily foreſeen, to which his underſtanding would afterwards attain.

The time was how come in which he was to take leave of a domeſtic education, and change it for that which is only to be met with in the Britiſh univerſities. His father had purchaſed Bottiſham Hall, in the village of Bottiſham, where he reſided with his family; and, as it was not far diſtant from Cambridge, that univerſity was fixed on for the place in which his ſon was to make a progreſs in his future ſtudies.

St. John's College was at that time a ſociety, as it hath continued to be ever ſince, eminent as a ſeat of religion, learning, and diſcipline.

Into this ſociety he was admitted as a fellow-commoner, in the year 1722 *, under Dr. Edmondſon, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college.

In this college he lived, except at thoſe times ſet apart for vacations, near three years, purſuing with great induſtry the courſe of ſtudies in which young men of fortune at that time were inſtituted.

His behaviour whilſt he reſided there was moſt orderly and regular, and the diſcipline of the college was by no means diſagreeable to his natural inclination, inſomuch that he was often heard to ſay, after he had left the univerſity, that he accounted the days he had lived there amongſt thoſe which were the happieſt in his life.

From the time he left Cambridge, his reſidence in winter was in London, and in the ſummer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived. His purſuits

* Soame Jenyns Middleſexienſis, Rogeri Jenyns, Equitis Aurati nat. Londinas. Literis inſtitutus in ædibus paternis a Magiſtris Hill et White. Annos habens 17, admiſſus Penſionarius Major, Tutore et Fidejuſſore ejus, Doctore Edmondſon, Julii 2, 1722. Ex Libro Admiſſionum Coll. Div. Johan. Cantab.

were chiefly literary, and, though his name was not put to the publication, in the year 1727, of his Art of Dancing, inſcribed to Lady Fanny Fielding, yet the author was ſoon diſcovered, and it was conſidered as a preſage of what might afterwards be expected from him.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742, he was unanimouſly choſen one of the repreſentatives for the county of Cambridge; from which time he ſat in parliament until the year 1780, repreſenting, during thoſe thirty-eight years, either the county or the borough of Cambridge, except only for four years, when on the call of a new parliament, in the year 1754, he was returned for the borough of Dunwich, in the county of Suffolk; but on Lord Dupplin's going up to the Houſe of Lords, he vacated his ſeat by the acceptance of the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, and ſucceeded him as repreſentative of the borough of Cambridge. The conſtant and uniform opinion, which thoſe who choſe him entertained of his parliamentary conduct, cannot be more ſtrongly evinced than by the unanimity of their choice; for he had only one oppoſition, and that from election-adventurers, one of whom not long after, as it often happens to the diſturbers of eſtabliſhed intereſts, appeared in the Gazette amongſt the ſad liſt of bankrupts.

In the year 1755, his late Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint him one of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Board for Trade and Plantations, at which he continued to ſit until an alteration was made in its conſtitution by parliament, and the buſineſs of it transferred to the great officers of ſtate, and thoſe who are in the liſt of his Majeſty's honourable privy council.

He was twice married, firſt to Mary the ſole daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham in Norfolk; who dying without iſſue, he afterwards married Elizabeth the daughter of

Henry Grey, Eſq; of Hackney, in the county of Middleſex, who ſurvived him.——He died of a fever, after a few days illneſs, on the 18th day of December, 1787, at his houſe in Tilney-ſtreet, Audley-ſquare, leaving no iſſue.

He was a man of great mildneſs, gentleneſs, and ſweetneſs of temper, which he manifeſted to all with whom he had concerns, either in the buſineſs of life or its ſocial intercourſe. His earneſt deſire was, as far as it was poſſible, never to offend any perſon; and he made ſuch allowances, even for thoſe who in their diſpoſitions differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many notable inſtances. He was ſtrict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a conſtant practiſer of them in private; ever profeſſing the greateſt veneration for the Church of England and its government, as by law eſtabliſhed; holding her liturgy as the pureſt and moſt perfect form of public worſhip in any eſtabliſhed Church in Chriſtendom: but, though he gave it the preference in compariſon with other churches, which, with Grotius, he thought had departed from the inſtitutions of the more primitive Chriſtian Church *, yet he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its preſent ſtate, and which he earneſtly deſired to have ſeen accompliſhed by thoſe who were properly authorized. But though ſuch was his diſpoſition, ſuch his deſire, he at the ſame time expreſſed his moſt ardent wiſh that it might remain in its preſent form, until the alterations propoſed to be made therein

* Certum mihi eſt λειτουργιαν Anglicanam, item morem imponendi manus adoleſcentibus in baptiſmi memoriam, autoritatem Epiſcoporum, preſbyteria ex ſolis paſtoribus compoſita, multaque alia ejuſmodi, ſatis congruere inſtitutis vetuſtioris Eccleſiæ, a quibus in Gallia et Belgio receſſum negare non poſſumus.——Epiſtola ad Gedeoni, a Boetſlaer et Aſperen. Grotii Opera, Amſterdam. 1687.

were all agreed upon and finally ſettled; for he wiſely foreſaw the dangerous conſequences that may ariſe to a long-eſtabliſhed religious or civil government, from altering or doing away any part of it, however warranted by reaſon or ſound policy, before it is abſolutely determined what ſhall in future be adopted. In private life he was moſt amiable and engaging, for he was poſſeſſed of a well-informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the moſt lively, ſpirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiouſly amongſt thoſe with whom he converſed, but which was tempered with ſuch a kindneſs of nature, that it never was the cauſe of uneaſineſs to any of thoſe with whom he lived: this made his acquaintance much ſought after and courted by all thoſe who had a taſte for brilliant converſation, being well aſſured that they would be delighted with it where he was; and that, though they did not poſſeſs the ſame talent, they never would be cenſured by him becauſe they wanted it.

This ſo gentle an exertion of ſo rare a quality he not only ſtrictly obſerved himſelf, but was always much hurt if he obſerved the want of it in others; and conſidered every ſally of wit, however bright it might be, which tended to the mortification of thoſe who heard it, as one of its greateſt abuſes, ſince he looked upon all pre-eminent gifts of the mind, beſtowed by nature as much for the happineſs of others, as of thoſe who poſſeſs them.

And in this his delightful converſation he ſo totally abſtained from recurring to Religion or Scripture as ſubjects of his wit, that thoſe who lived moſt with him could not help obſerving, that in his common and unguarded ſocial hours, he ever ſtrictly abſtained from uſing the name of the Supreme Being, unleſs when it was rendered neceſſary by the immediate ſubject of the converſation.

No perſon ever felt more for the miſeries of others than he did; no perſon ſaw, or more ſtrictly practiſed, the neceſſity impoſed on thoſe who form the ſuperior ranks of life, whoſe duty it is to reconcile the lower claſſes to their preſent condition, by contributing the utmoſt to make them happy; and thereby to cauſe them to feel as little of that difference as is poſſible; for he was moſt kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expreſſions and in his behaviour, but in aſſiſting them in all their wants and diſtreſſes, as far as he could; ever conſidering his poor neighbours in the country as parts of his family, and, as ſuch, entitled to his care and protection.

He ſpent his ſummers at his houſe in the country, reſiding there with hoſpitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never ſuffered any places at that ſeaſon calculated for public diverſions to allure him; for he ſaid he could at that time do more good in his own pariſh than in any other ſituation.

He frequently lamented the prevailing faſhion of the later times of his life, which carried gentlemen with their families from London, when it is deſerted by all whoſe abſence can be diſpenſed with, to places far diſtant from their houſes and ancient ſeats in the country; opened chiefly for the reception of thoſe who wiſh to continue the ſcenes of diſſipation they have left: whence it is, that the money which ſhould revert to the diſtricts from which it was received, is turned into a different channel; tenants are deprived of the advantages they are in ſome degree entitled to, from its expenditure amongſt them; hoſpitality done away, and the ſtream of charity, that would otherwiſe have gladdened the hearts of their poor neighbours, is ſtopped; their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, in the practice of religion and virtue, and thereby the manners of the country altered for the worſe, which neceſſarily occaſions great miſchiefs to the public.

Such

Such was the author in his private walk of life; and the principles on which that conduct was founded, when expanded as motives for his public character in a larger ſphere of action, rendered him equally praiſe-worthy in that as in the former.

When he was in the country, he conſtantly acted as a magiſtrate in his own diſtrict, and attended all thoſe meetings which were holden for the purpoſes of public juſtice.

From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity, and ſuperior underſtanding, he was much reſorted to in that character at home. From his natural ſagacity, quick diſcernment, and long experience, on hearing and examining the parties, he ſeldom failed of obtaining a complete knowledge of the caſes that came before him; and was thereby enabled to determine according to the rules of complete juſtice; always giving his reaſons for what he did, with a clearneſs and perſpicuity peculiar to himſelf, and thoſe reaſons expreſſed in words ſo accommodated to the underſtanding of all who heard him, that few or none departed diſſatisfied with his deciſions. Though he was not bred to the ſtudy of the law, his underſtanding, like old Cato * in his character by Livy, was ſuch, that he could apply it to every purpoſe for which it was wanted. When in the courſe of converſation, among other topics that aroſe, the duty of a magiſtrate had its place, and the pains attending it, as alſo the difficulties from the number and variety of powers with which the legiſlature had entruſted him were aſſerted, he uſed to ſay, that he thought himſelf ſingularly happy, that, on a recollection of the many years he had acted in the commiſſion of the peace, he had never been

* Huic verſatile ingenium ſic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum dicas quodcunque ageret——Liv. lib. 39. cap. 40.

called

called to the Court of King's Bench to account for his not underſtanding an act of parliament, of which he was often one of the makers; which had ſometimes happened to thoſe in his ſituation; and that he had been amply compenſated for the pains he had taken, and the difficulties he had met with during his long exerciſe of that civil office, by the many opportunities which he had been gratified with of reconciling thoſe who came before him inflamed with the higheſt degree of hatred to each other; for he conſidered that beatitude, which is pronounced on the peace-makers, as an eſſential part of the internal evidence of the truth of the Chriſtian Religion.

His firſt entrance into parliament was in the laſt year of the adminiſtration of that able and honeſt miniſter Sir Robert Walpole, whoſe memory hath a title to be enrolled amongſt the faithfulleſt ſervants of the crown, and trueſt friends to the liberties and real intereſts of the people, that the Britiſh empire hath been bleſſed with during the preſent or any former century.

Through this year our author attended all long days and nights in the Houſe of Commons, which the oppoſition ſpent in hunting that miniſter into the toils, which they had made to take him, under the hackneyed and ſpecious colour of purſuing the enemies to the happineſs and intereſts of the country.

Unknown to Sir Robert, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he ſupported him to the utmoſt of his power, till he retired from his high ſtation, making room for thoſe who ſoon ſhewed the loſs the nation ſuſtained by the ſad exchange. After he had retired, and received the ſtrongeſt mark of his royal maſter's favour he could beſtow, as a teſtimony of the ſenſe he entertained of his faithful ſervices to him and his kingdoms, our author waited upon Sir Robert at his houſe at Chelſea, to congratulate him

him on his having received ſo gracious a mark of what he had deſerved for his unwearied zeal and abilities in the long ſervice of his country; when, amongſt other things which then paſſed in converſation, Lord Orford acknowledged the ſupport he had given him, during the ſhort time he had ſat in parliament, and that, in expreſſions of great thankfulneſs; at the ſame time declaring, that had thoſe to whom he had, during his meridian of power, ſhewn the greateſt friendſhip, and loaded with all the favours he could confer on them, but borne as kind diſpoſitions to him as he had done, who had not been diſtinguiſhed by any particular regard, he would not then have paid a viſit to an exminiſter.

Long before he came into parliament, he had lived in the world with thoſe of the beſt faſhion, from which ſociety the hiſtory of thoſe who took the moſt active part in both Houſes of Parliament, their connections, principles, and objects, might be eaſily obtained; of which opportunities he did not fail to avail himſelf, as from no other ſource, at that period, could ſuch knowledge, with any degree of certainty, be had. For, during the modeſty and decency of thoſe times, no one preſumed every day to publiſh to the world all the particulars of what paſſed in the great council of the nation. The people were then ſatisfied with written papers, known by the name of minutes, which were left at coffee-houſes in the evenings during the ſitting of parliaments, barely ſtating the buſineſs that day before the Houſe, and whether the Houſe were likely to break up early or to ſit late. After the end of a ſeſſions, during the prorogation, in the ſummer-time, the publiſhers of magazines inſerted in theſe monthly pamphlets ſome of the ſpeeches, delivered by the members in parliament; but this was done under feigned names, or real names ſo concealed by the manner in which they were ſpelled, as plainly ſhewed the publiſher's apprehenſion

henſion of the danger he incurred of cenſure or puniſhment from ſo unconſtitutional a proceeding.

At that time no publiſher of a daily morning paper ever thought of, or preſumed to ſolicit an entrance into the gallery of the Houſe of Commons, either to take notes of what paſſed during a debate, or by the ſtrength of memory to retail to the public every morning during the ſeſſions what had paſſed there the preceding day—by which means the names of the ſpeakers, and what was ſaid by them on ſubjects of the greateſt political conſequence to the empire, are circulated all over Europe, and tell to foreign ſtates, whether friends or enemies, the opinions of the ableſt men in the kingdom, on its ſtrength, its weakneſs, where and when it may be aſſailed to the greateſt advantage by thoſe ſtates with whom it is at war, or which from ambition, or any other motive, may in time of peace meditate its attack. Happily for thoſe times, there were none who dared thus to infringe an uſage, which, like all other uſages obtaining there, is the law of parliament.

However this may be, our author having ſeen, obſerved, and well conſidered the cauſes and progreſs of the oppoſition to Sir Robert Walpole, and having weighed the end and conſequences of it, this gave him an early diſtaſte to oppoſitions in general; and nothing that paſſed afterwards in parliament, during the long time he ſat there, ever tended to produce any alteration in his mind on that ſubject. He had with great induſtry ſtudied the conſtitution, and few men underſtood it better, and, from underſtanding it, no man held it in higher veneration, being himſelf firmly convinced, that of all forms of civil government, that of theſe kingdoms had mixed in it the feweſt imperfections of any other recorded in ancient or modern ſtory, being from time to time produced by the experience of ages, during which

which the wiſeſt and ableſt ſtateſmen had ſeverally, as occaſion offered, contributed their great talents to raiſe it to that pre-eminent excellence it obtains over all others.

Not being bred to any profeſſion, or early inſtituted in civil buſineſs, by which the powers of ſpeaking in public are often called forth and nurtured, though endued with great quickneſs of comprehenſion, which enabled him well to underſtand, not only what others ſaid, but what they meant by the ſeveral parts they took in debate, a faculty of diſcrimination moſt neceſſary in popular aſſemblies; yet not having that *prompta et profuſa eloquentia* which Tacitus aſcribes to Auguſtus, and which our author thought thoſe ought to have, who called for, and claimed the ſole attention of a great aſſembly; he ſeldom or ever ſpoke, whilſt ſitting in parliament.

From having long had a ſeat at the Board of Trade, and conſtantly attending his duty there, he gained an underſtanding of the great outlines of the commercial intereſts of this country; and, though he never employed himſelf in acquiring the knowledge of a minute detail of its particular branches, yet, when general commerce happened to be the ſubject of converſation, he diſcourſed upon it pertinently, and much to the information of thoſe that were preſent, having never failed to avail himſelf of the knowledge which was brought to that Board by merchants of the firſt eminence, who frequently applied to it on great objects of national concern, as connected with its commerce. Though he never publiſhed any thing on this ſubject, yet it was an object that engaged much of his attention, and on which he had made up in his mind certain principles, from which he never departed; in moſt of which, thoſe to whom he communicated them deemed him well warranted.

He

He always conſidered the Britiſh empire as enlarged beyond the bounds dictated by ſound policy; that thoſe parts of it ſituated beyond the Atlantic Ocean to the weſt, beyond the Cape of Good Hope to the eaſt, were at too great a diſtance to be governed as they ought to be; that the American colonies were too kindly foſtered by the mother country; that the millions expended in promoting their growth would, at laſt, rear them to a height at which they would think themſelves entitled to aſk for emancipation from their parent ſtate; an obſervation he often made before the event happened, and he lived to ſee with regret his prophecy, with conſequences he did not foreſee, become true hiſtory.

He always beheld our conqueſts in the Eaſt Indies with a real concern, and conſidered the great influx of wealth, brought from thence into this country, by the individuals who had there acquired it, as an ample revenge for the unjuſt depredations committed on the territorial poſſeſſions of their princes, ever conſidering thoſe depredations as being the moſt enormous acts of injuſtice that could be ſhewn from one ſtate to another, and that this was heightened by a moſt flagrant act of ingratitude for the original permiſſion of commercial eſtabliſhments made on their coaſts, in order that trade might be carried on to more advantage; for which permiſſion the natives were entitled to the moſt perfect amity, and every public ſocial intercourſe ſhewn to the moſt favoured nations. Sometimes he would add, that though Aſia had in her turn been often conquered by all who attacked her, yet that the wealth brought from thence by the conquerors into their reſpective dominions, had always introduced with it ſo great a luxury, that thereby thoſe virtues by which they became conquerors, were at laſt enfeebled and done away, inſomuch that Aſia in her turn became the conqueror; of which he inſtanced, amongſt others, the decline

and

and fall of the Roman empire as a laſting evidence. He conſidered the Eaſt Indies and America as two diſproportionate wings to the ſmall body of the iſland, and expreſſed his fears leſt, at ſome time or other, they might fly away with the Britiſh empire.

As an author, ſo long as a true taſte of fine writing ſhall exiſt, he will have a diſtinguiſhed place among thoſe who have excelled. Whatever he hath publiſhed, whether he played with his muſe, or appeared in the pl[illegible] proſe, was ſought for with avidity, and read w[illegible] by thoſe who at the time were eſteemed the b[illegible] compoſition. A minute criticiſm on their ſe[illegible] lences is unneceſſary, as the public ſanction h[illegible] their merit. Suffice it to ſay, that his poems [illegible] moſt pleaſing ſubjects, and are executed with [illegible] nation of fancy, ſterling wit, and, at the [illegible] great correctneſs.

He wonderfully excelled in burleſque imitat[illegible] ancient poets, by applying their thoughts to m[illegible] and circumſtances; which might be well expecte[illegible] ſhort but excellent ſtrictures on this manner of w[illegible] fixed to his imitations of the firſt epiſtle of the [illegible] of Horace's Epiſtles, inſcribed to the Lord [illegible] Hardwick.

How far he followed the rules there laid dow[illegible] determined by thoſe who ſhall read and compare [illegible] with the tranſlation; in which it may be found, [illegible] kind of imitation he hath gone through a poe[illegible] hundred lines, without ever loſing ſight of the c[illegible] introducing new thoughts of his own.

He had, for many years before he died, bid [illegible] to his muſe, and, in the language of Lord Bacon, applied himſelf to ſuch ſubjects as come home—though not to men's buſineſs, yet cloſe to their boſoms. But, long as the parting

ing had been, yet almoſt in the laſt ſtage of his life, impelled by affection, he courted his muſe again. The ſincere and ſtrong affection he bore to his Majeſty, produced the ſhort poem on his eſcape from the dangerous attack of a ...ic, in which it appears, that however, when compared is early poems, the ſun of his imagination was at ne almoſt ſet, yet age had not in the leaſt degree in his heart the effuſions of benevolence and af-

compliment to Lady Saliſbury is without flattery, and elegant; the cloſe of it is lively and ſtriking, e unexpected.

a writer of proſe, whoever will examine his ſtile, id that he is entitled to a place amongſt the pureſt rrecteſt writers of the Engliſh language. He always roper words in proper places, and hath at the ſame variety in different members of his periods, which l otherwiſe tire and diſguſt the reader with their ſame- a failure which may be found in ſome of the works oſe to whom the public have aſcribed a ſuperior degree erit. But this variety occaſions no difficulty or embar- ent in the ſenſe intended to be conveyed, which always ſt ſight appears clear, and is eaſy to be comprehended, hat the reader is never ſtopped in his progreſs to ſtudy t is meant.

his is his characteriſtic as a writer, on whatever ſubject ngaged, whether it were ſerious or called for his wit, ther political, moral, religious, or metaphyſical. His ter is always moſt pertinent to the ſubject which he dles; he reaſons with cloſeneſs and preciſion, and always, by a regular chain of argument, arrives at the concluſions which he profeſſes is his deſign to eſtabliſh. And whoever will attend to the exertions of his mind, manifeſting at ſome times the trueſt humour and the moſt lively wit, at other times

times the moſt regular chain of argument, with the nice diſcrimination and marked differences of abſtract ideas, ca not but allow, that as wit conſiſts in quickly aſſembling idea and putting thoſe together with readineſs and variet wherein can be found any reſemblance; and judgment, c the contrary, in carefully ſeparating ideas from one anothe and examining them apart; I ſay, he cannot but allow th our author was one of thoſe very few who have appeared the world poſſeſſed of theſe two almoſt diſcordant talents the underſtanding.——The Free Inquiry into the Natu and Origin of Evil, was the firſt of the author's works c account of which he was attacked. Pamphlets were pu liſhed, and private letters addreſſed to him, on that o caſion, ſome of them charged with great acrimony, mu abuſe, and no ſmall portion of calumny. In a ſecond e tion of that work, publiſhed ſome years after the fir having long ſubmitted with ſilent patience to a treatme which he by no means deſerved, in a preface to that editi he anſwered his adverſaries, which whoever will take t pains to read and conſider, will admire as a ſpecimen of h ſuperior talents in controverſial writing. With great d gacity and perſpicuity he anſwers his numerous hoſt of a verſaries; at the ſame time, forgetting all the obloquy wi which they had loaded him, he never loſes ſight of th candour, civility, and good-humour, which he had alwa obſerved, as well in his writings as in his converſatio Convinced that he had been much miſunderſtood, by the who had written againſt him, after having done all in h power to remove their miſapprehenſion, and aſſiſt their u derſtanding, leſt he might not have ſucceeded in that a tempt, he makes the ſincereſt, the cleareſt, and the m liberal declaration of the end propoſed by him writing that treatiſe, in the following words:——

"Th

"That his intentions were to reconcile the numerous evils ſo conſpicuous in the creation, with the wiſdom, power, and goodneſs of the Creator; to ſhew that no more of them are admitted by him than are neceſſary towards promoting univerſal good; and from thence to perſuade men to an entire reſignation to his all-wiſe, but incomprehenſible diſpenſations. To aſcertain the nature of virtue, and to enforce the practice of it; to prove the certainty of a future ſtate, and the juſtice of the rewards and puniſhments that will attend it; to recommend ſubmiſſion to national governments, and conformity to national religions, notwithſtanding the evils and defects which muſt unavoidably adhere to them; and laſtly, to ſhew the excellence and credibility of the Chriſtian Revelation, to reconcile ſome of its moſt abſtruſe doctrines with reaſon, and to anſwer all thoſe objections to its authority, which have been drawn from its imperfections and abuſes. Theſe, and theſe only, were his intentions."——To the truth of this ſolemn declaration, all thoſe who knew the great ſincerity of the author's heart, from which on no occaſion he was ever known to depart, will readily ſubſcribe their unfeigned aſſent.

In the ſummer of the year 1776, he publiſhed a View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, without his name; the reception it met with was ſuch as ſeldom is ſhewn to the compoſitions of the moſt approved writers.

This was a work with which the clergy, the laity, were in general pleaſed, many of them delighted; it was tranſlated into foreign languages, and in a ſhort time went through three editions, to the laſt of which, by the advice of his friends, the author put his name. It was written under a full conviction of the truth of the Chriſtian Diſpenſation, and a ſincere zeal for its ſervice. Warmed with the principles it requires, and the duties it commands, the picture he

he draws of its excellencies is moſt exact in its outline; the parts beautifully arranged, and the whole glows with the moſt animated colouring.

The author, ſtruck with the beauties of its principles and doctrines, ſo eſſential to the happineſs of human creatures in the preſent and future ſtate, thought that a ſhort and clear repreſentation of their internal excellence might allure the attention, and procure a belief in the truth of the Chriſtian Religion, from thoſe who read but little and think leſs, and who form too conſiderable a part of the bulk of mankind, not to attract the notice and care of him who felt himſelf intereſted in the happineſs of the whole human race.

Though this book was attacked, and the author treated with a very unbecoming aſperity, by two able writers, yet the number of private letters he received, from thoſe on whom this work had the effect his benevolent intention propoſed, more than conſoled him for the rude treatment he received from ſuch writers.

Thoſe letters, many of which the author received, contain acknowledgments from ſeveral perſons, whom this book had led from unbelief to a full conviction of the truths he had endeavoured to eſtabliſh; they are written with that humility and pious gratitude, which the primitive Chriſtians expreſſed to their inſtructors in the wonderful diſpenſation of the goſpel.

The good effects of this work were not confined to this country, they operated in diſtant worlds, and did that which perhaps neither of thoſe writers who attacked him, though profeſſed ſervants of Chriſt, ever accompliſhed; for it propagated their Maſter's religion in India, as appears by a letter from thence, in which the writer, confeſſing his former infidelity, and the pains he had long in vain taken, by the means of books recommended to him, written on the truth

of the Chriſtian religion, to give his aſſent to it, concludes in theſe words: "I eagerly wiſhed to believe, but could not "ſatisfactorily. But now, I thank God, Soame Jenyns's "reaſons have, I hope, triumphed over all my doubts, "and I have given an unfeigned and full aſſent to his three "propoſitions, which, in my opinion, prove all that is "wanted to be cleared up."

Thus much is ſufficient for the purpoſe deſigned by theſe imperfect ſketches; in which, the writer truſts, he hath withſtood the temptation, from partiality and affection to the memory of departed friends, to emblazon their characters in colours to which they were not ſtrictly entitled; for, amiable as the principle is, every miſapplication of it is unwarrantable, on account of the ſuperior excellence of truth. To thoſe who are now alive, to whom the author was known (and many ſuch there are, of the moſt reſpectable diſtinction) the editor ſubmits the portrait, not as being finely, but faithfully, drawn.

To poſterity he leaves the following entry, the original of which may be found in the regiſtry of burials, in the pariſh of Bottiſham, for the year 1787, as an evidence of what hath been advanced in the foregoing ſheets.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of his age.
What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itſelf;
But it remains for his Pariſh Miniſter to do his duty,
By declaring,
That while he regiſters the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,
He regrets the loſs of one of *the moſt amiable of men*,
And one of *the trueſt Chriſtians*.
To the Pariſh of Bottiſham he is an irreparable loſs.

He was buried in this church, Dec. 27, near midnight,
By William Lort Manſell, ſequeſtrator;
Who thus tranſgreſſes the common forms of a Regiſter,
Merely becauſe he thinks it to be
The moſt ſolemn and laſting method of recording to poſterity,
That the *fineſt underſtanding*
Has been united
To the *beſt heart.*

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THE

THE

ART OF DANCING.

A

POEM.

Inceſſu patuit Dea. VIRG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1728.

THE

ART of DANCING.

INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FANNY FIELDING*.

FIRST CANTO.

IN the ſmooth dance to move with graceful
mien,
Eaſy with care, and ſprightly tho' ſerene,
To mark th' inſtructions echoing ſtrains con-
vey,
And with juſt ſteps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be preſent, all ye ſacred Choir,
Blow the ſoft flute, and ſtrike the ſounding
lyre:
When *Fielding* bids, your kind aſſiſtance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;

* Lady Fanny Fielding was the youngeſt of the ſix daughters of Baſil, Earl of Denbigh and Deſmond, by his wife Heſter, daughter of Sir Baſil Firebraſs, Bart. She was one of the fineſt dancers of her time, but more diſtinguiſhed for her beauty and amiable manners. She married Daniel, the ſeventh Earl of Winchelſea, and third Earl of Nottingham, in the year 1729, and died in the year 1734.

Oh may her eyes (to her this verſe is due)
What firſt themſelves inſpir'd, vouchſafe to view!
Hail lovelieſt art! that canſt all hearts inſnare,
And make the faireſt ſtill appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unleſs ſhe borrows half her arms from you;
Few, like *Pygmalion*, doat on lifeleſs charms,
Or care to claſp a ſtatue in their arms;
But breaſts of flint muſt melt with fierce deſire,
When art and motion wake the ſleeping fire:
A *Venus* drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But ſtill, tho' form'd with all the powers of art,
The lifeleſs piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance diſplay'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This ſets her beauty in the faireſt light,
And ſhews each grace in full perfectionbright;
Then, as ſhe turns around, from ev'ry part,
Like porcupines, ſhe ſends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond ſpectator tries
To ſhun the pleaſing danger of her eyes,
For, *Parthian* like, ſhe wounds as ſure behind,
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her ſteps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the ſlow Louvre's more majeſtic pace,
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or ſprightly jig diſplays the nimble fair,

At

At every ſtep new beauties we explore,
And worſhip now, what we admir'd before:
So when *Æneas* in the *Tyrian* grove,
Fair *Venus* met, the charming queen of Love,
The beauteous Goddeſs, whilſt unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
Seem'd ſome fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when ſhe mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien,
And graceful ſtep confeſs bright Beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment riſe,
And all the Goddeſs opens to his eyes.
Now haſte, my Muſe, purſue thy deſtin'd way,
What dreſſes beſt become the dancer, ſay,
The rules of dreſs forget not to impart,
A leſſon previous to the dancing art.
The ſoldier's ſcarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilſt the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly ſpeaks divinity within;
The milk-maid ſafe thro' driving rains and ſnows,
Wrapp'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
While the ſoft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the ſilken ſhoe, and truſts her boſom bare:
The whoolly drab, and Engliſh broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horſeman from the beating ſtorm,

But

But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy ſweat;
Rather let him his active limbs diſplay
In camblet thin, or gloſſy paduaſoy,
Let no unwieldy pride his ſhoulders preſs,
But airy, light, and eaſy be his dreſs;
Thin be his yielding ſole, and low his heel,
So ſhall he nimbly bound, and ſafely wheel.
But let not precepts known my verſe prolong,
Precepts which uſe will better teach than ſong;
For why ſhould I the gallant ſpark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fob enlivening ſpirits wear,
And pungent ſalts to raiſe the fainting fair?
Or hint, the ſword that dangles at his ſide,
Should from its ſilken bondage be unty'd?
Why ſhould my lays the youthful tribe adviſe,
Leſt ſnowy clouds from out their wigs ariſe:
So ſhall their partners mourn their laces ſpoil'd,
And ſhining ſilks with greaſy powder ſoil'd?
Nor need I, ſure, bid prudent youths beware,
Leſt with erected tongues their buckles ſtare,
The pointed ſteel ſhall oft their ſtockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.
And now, ye youthful Fair, I ſing to you,
With pleaſing ſmiles my uſeful labours view;
For you the ſilk-worms fine-wrought webs diſplay,
And lab'ring ſpin their little lives away,
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dyes that paint the heav'nly bow,

For

For you the ſea reſigns its pearly ſtore,
And earth unlocks her mines of treaſur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts beſtows,
Unleſs yourſelves with art thoſe gifts diſpoſe.
Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glit-
t'ring ball,
One form of dreſs preſcrib'd can ſuit with all;
One brighteſt ſhines when wealth and art
combine
To make the finiſh'd piece completely fine;
When leaſt adorn'd, another ſteals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In ſome are ſuch reſiſtleſs graces found,
That in all dreſſes they are ſure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids deſpiſe,
And gems but borrow luſtre from their eyes.
Let the fair nymph in whoſe plump cheeks
is ſeen
A conſtant bluſh, be clad in chearful green;
In ſuch a dreſs the ſportive ſea-nymphs go;
So in their graſſy bed freſh roſes blow:
The laſs whoſe ſkin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow ſhould o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with ſickneſs or deſ-
pair,
The ſable's mournful dye ſhould chuſe to wear;
So the pale moon ſtill ſhines with pureſt light,
Cloath'd in the duſky mantle of the night.
But far from you be all thoſe treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary
hearts;
Dancing's a touchſtone that true beauty tries,
Nor ſuffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Tho'

Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The roſy bluſh, and ſkin of lovely hue,
Yet ſoon the dance will cauſe the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of ſnow:
So ſhine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilſt frozen gems beſpangle all the ground;
Thro' the clear cryſtal of the glitt'ring ſnow,
With ſcarlet dye the bluſhing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories riſe,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
Till *Zephyr* breathes, then all at once decay
The ſplendid ſcenes, their glories fade away,
The fields reſign the beauties not their own,
And all their ſnowy charms run trickling down.
Dare I in ſuch momentous points adviſe,
I ſhould condemn the hoop's enormous ſize:
Of ills I ſpeak by long experience found,
Oft' have I trod th' immeaſurable round,
And mourn'd my ſhins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor ſhould the tighten'd ſtays, too ſtraitly lac'd,
In whalebone bondage gall the ſlender waiſt;
Nor waving lappets ſhould the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by *Hymen's* power,
Together join'd in ſome ill-fated hour,
The more they ſtrive their freedom to regain,
The faſter binds th' indiſſoluble chain.

Let

Let each fair maid, who fears to be diſgrac'd,
Ever be ſure to tie her garters faſt,
Leſt the loos'd ſtring, amidſt the public ball,
A wiſh'd-for prize to ſome proud fop ſhould fall,
Who the rich treaſure ſhall triumphant ſhow;
And with warm bluſhes cauſe her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the ſelf-ſame ways
She humbles many, ſome delights to raiſe)
It happen'd once, a fair illuſtrious dame
By ſuch neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame ſays true:
Hence ſtill, *Plantagenet*, thy beauties bloom,
Tho' long ſince moulder'd in the duſky tomb,
Still thy loſt Garter is thy ſovereign's care,
And what each royal breaſt is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Leſt they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye Fair, the pretty toy aſide,
A toy at once diſplay'd, for uſe and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that, by magic charms,
Cools your own breaſts, and ev'ry other's warms.

What daring bard ſhall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verſe can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uſes, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubb'r'd beauties hide,
When ſecret ſorrows her ſad boſom fill,
If *Strephon* is unkind, or *Shock* is ill:
Its ſticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,

When

When the kind virgin burns with ſecret ſhame,
Dies to conſent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its ſhake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?
Forbear, my muſe, th' extenſive theme to ſing,
Nor truſt in ſuch a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cauſe it firſt deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.
Once in *Arcadia*, that fam'd ſeat of love,
There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An eaſy ſhape, and ſweetly-blooming face;
Fanny the damſel's name, as chaſte as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each ſwain's deſpair;
To charm her ear the rival ſhepherds ſing,
Blow the ſoft flute, and wake the trembling ſtring,
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilſt *Fanny's* name reſounds thro' ev'ry grove,
And ſpreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love,
As *Fielding's* now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.
'Twas when the ſummer ſun now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had ſcorch'd the glowing ſky,

Beneath

Beneath the covert of a cooling ſhade,
To ſhun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
The ſultry weather o'er her cheeks had ſpread
A bluſh, that added to their native red,
And her fair breaſt as poliſh'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to ſight:
Æolus the mighty God, whom winds obey,
Obſerv'd the beauteous maid, as thus ſhe lay;
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And ſuck'd in poiſon at the dangerous ſight;
He ſighs, he burns; at laſt declares his pain,
But ſtill he ſighs, and ſtill he wooes in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardleſs of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneaſy with her own;
But ſtill complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one *Zephyr* to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the ſultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales inceſſant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it *Fan*, from lovely *Fanny's* name.

CANTO

SECOND CANTO.

NOW ſee prepar'd to lead the ſprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dreſs'd youths advance;
The ſpacious room receives each jovial gueſt,
And the floor ſhakes with pleaſing weight oppreſt:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry ſide, with various dyes
The fair in gloſſy ſilks our ſight ſurprize;
So, in a garden bath'd with genial ſhow'rs,
A thouſand ſorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips riſe,
And in a gay confuſion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large ſconces ſhed their ſparkling beams of light,
Their ſparkling beams, that ſtill more brightly glow
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing *Zephyrs* move the circling air;
The ſprightly fiddle, and the ſounding lyre,
Each youthful breaſt with gen'rous warmth inſpire;
Fraught with all joys the bliſsful moments fly,
Whilſt muſic melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.
Now let the youth, to whoſe ſuperior place
It firſt belongs the ſplendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,

Forth

Forth from the crowd to lead his choſen Fair;
The Fair ſhall not his kind requeſt deny,
But to the pleaſing toil with equal ardour fly.
  But ſtay, raſh pair, nor yet untaught advance,
Firſt hear the muſe, ere you attempt to dance:
* By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
Secure from rocks the painted veſſels glide;
By art the chariot ſcours the duſty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the ſtrait'ning rein;
To art our bodies muſt obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful eaſe to move.
  Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,
Hence loſt in error, and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry maſter taught a different way;
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd;
Thro' various hands in wild confuſion toſt,
Its ſteps were alter'd, and its beauties loſt;
Till ‡ *Fuillet*, the pride of *Gallia*, roſe,
And did the dance in characters compoſe;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry ſtep in laſting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleaſing art ſhall ſpread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By diſtant maſters ſhall each ſtep be ſeen,
Tho' mountains riſe, and oceans roar between;

* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
  Arte leves currus. OVID.
† —— Nec audit currus habenas. VIRG.
‡ Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French, ſince tranſlated by Weaver.

Hence

Hence with her ſiſter arts, ſhall dancing claim
An equal right to univerſal fame;
And *Iſaac's* rigadoon ſhall live as long,
As *Raphael's* painting, or as *Virgil's* ſong.
Wiſe Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Diſpenſes various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for ſome peculiar arts;
To trade the *Dutch* incline, the *Swiſs* to arms,
Muſic and verſe are ſoft *Italia's* charms;
Britannia juſtly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and ſail'd the globe around;
But none will ſure preſume to rival *France*,
Whether ſhe forms or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The ſprightly Rigadoon and Louvre ſlow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and ſmooth Bretagne,
With all thoſe dances of illuſtrious fame,
* Which from their native country take their name;
With theſe let ev'ry ball be firſt begun,
Nor country dance intrude till theſe are done.
Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to ſing,
Firſt gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The Muſes all his raptur'd ſoul inſpire,
At once to heav'n he ſoars in lofty odes,
And ſings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight ſo high,
He then deſcends to ſofter elegy;

* French Dances.

In

And if in elegy he can't ſucceed,
In paſt'ral he may tune the oaten reed:
So ſhould the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his ſtrength, his weight and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himſelf he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's ſlow majeſtic dance;
If theſe he fears to reach, with eaſy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
And to the country dance confine his care.
Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be firſt your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain ſhall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to ſtart the youthful couple ſtand,
Let them a while their nimble feet reſtrain,
And with ſoft taps beat time to ev'ry ſtrain:
So for the race prepar'd two courſers ſtand,
And with impatient pawings ſpurn the ſand.
In vain a maſter ſhall employ his care,
Where nature has once fix'd a clumſy air;
Rather let ſuch, to country ſports confin'd,
Purſue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'ſquire deſpiſe,
A mien effeminate would I adviſe,
With equal ſcorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance,—but on the woman's ſide.

And you, fair Nymphs, avoid with equal care
A ſtupid dullneſs, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Aſleep, like ſpinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and ſkip from ſide to ſide.
True dancing, like true wit, is beſt expreſt
By nature only to advantage dreſt;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to pleaſe a curious eye,
Good judges no ſuch tumblers tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, becauſe they're hard.
'Tis not enough that ev'ry ſtander-by
No glaring errors in your ſteps can ſpy,
The dance and muſic muſt ſo nicely meet,
Each note ſhould ſeem an echo to your feet;
A nameleſs grace muſt in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er expreſs, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught, but ever to be ſeen
In *Flavia's* air, and *Chloe's* eaſy mien;
'Tis ſuch an air that makes her thouſands fall,
When *Fielding* dances at a birthnight ball;
Smooth as *Camilla* ſhe ſkims o'er the plain,
And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes ſlain.
Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terreſtrial joys) can pleaſe no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refuſing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each ſtraggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to diſcloſe,
How firſt, as legends tell, this paſtime roſe.

In

In ancient times (ſuch times are now no more)
When *Albion's* crown illuſtrious *Arthur* wore,
In ſome fair op'ning glade, each ſummer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her ſilver light,
On the ſoft carpet of a graſſy field,
The ſporting Fairies their aſſemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with ſoft notes bade mellow pipes reſound,
And muſic warble thro' the groves around;
Oft lonely ſhepherds by the foreſt ſide,
Belated peaſants oft their revels ſpy'd,
And home returning o'er their nut-brown ale,
Their gueſts diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Inſtructed hence, throughout the Britiſh iſle,
And fond to imitate the pleaſing toil,
Round where the trembling may-pole fix'd on high,
Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the ſky,
The ruddy maids and ſun-burnt ſwains reſort,
And practiſe ev'ry night the lovely ſport;
On ev'ry ſide Æolian artiſts ſtand,
Whoſe active elbows ſwelling winds command;
The ſwelling winds harmonious pipes inſpire,
And blow in ev'ry breaſt a gen'rous fire.
Thus taught, at firſt the Country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art;

From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleaſing exerciſe approv'd:
Hence the loud fiddle, and ſhrill trumpet's ſounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems and ſilks, brocades and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect luſtre ſhine.
So rude at firſt the Tragic muſe appear'd,
Her voice alone by ruſtic rabble heard,
Where twiſting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd ſpectators ſat beneath the ſhade;
The homely ſtage with ruſhes green was ſtrew'd
And in a cart the ſtrolling actors rode:
Till time at length improv'd the great deſign,
And bade the ſcenes with painted landſkips ſhine;
Then art did all the bright machines diſpoſe,
And theatres of Parian marble roſe,
Then mimic thunder ſhook the canvas ſky,
And Gods deſcended from their tow'rs on high.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To chuſe a partner from the mingled Fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' inſtructing Muſe's voice,
If ſhe pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is expreſt,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breaſt;
A ſnowy ſkin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilſt nut-brown cheeks another's boſom fires,

Small

Small waiſts, and ſlender limbs ſome hearts
inſnare,
Whilſt others love the more ſubſtantial Fair.
But let not outward charms your judgment
ſway,
Your reaſon rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance as in the marriage nooſe,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, chooſe:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect
ſkill
When ſhe ſhould move, and when ſhe ſhould
be ſtill,
Who uninſtructed can perform her ſhare,
And kindly half the pleaſing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeleſs wretch's fate,
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial ſtate
With a poor, ſimple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And ſuch is his, with ſuch a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still muſt his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach ſo faſt as ſhe can ſtray;
Beneath her follies he muſt ever groan,
And ever bluſh for errors not his own.
But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each ſide, the well-pair'd couples
ſtand!
Each youthful boſom beating with delight,
Waits the briſk ſignal for the pleaſing ſight;
While lovely eyes, that flaſh unuſual rays,
And ſnowy boſoms pull'd above the ſtays,
Quick buſy hands, and bridling heads de-
clare
The fond impatience of the ſtarting Fair.

And ſee, the ſprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
Now with ſlow ſteps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring:
So, in a wheel with rapid fury toſt,
The undiſtinguiſh'd ſpokes are in the motion loſt.
The dancer here no more requires a Guide,
To no ſtrict ſteps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The Muſe's precepts here would uſeleſs be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the muſic's voice attend,
By this inſtructed he can ne'er offend;
If to his ſhare it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be ſure to tread;
If others lead let him their motions view,
And in their ſteps the winding maze purſue.
In every Country-dance a ſerious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we purſue:
Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from Fair to Fair we range,
As ſoon as one from his own conſort flies,
Another ſeizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer ſteals her from his arms,
New ones ſucceed, the laſt is ſtill her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconſtant Fair!
Where can philoſophers, and ſages wiſe,
Who read the curious volumes of the ſkies,

A model

A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's univerſal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
In a bright regular confuſion ſtray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the ſky,
Now near approach, and now far diſtant fly,
Now meet in the ſame order they begun,
And then the great celeſtial dance is done.
Where can the Mor'liſt find a juſter plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
A while thro' juſtling crowds we toil and ſweat,
And eagerly purſue we know not what,
Then when our trifling ſhort-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd ſit down, juſt where we firſt begun.
Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquiſitely fair,
Let not her charms ſo much engage your heart,
That you neglect the ſkilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes ſhould hear,
Still whiſp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you ſhould be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all others ſteps delay;
But when the finiſh'd dance you once have done,
And with applauſe thro' ev'ry couple run,
There reſt a while; there ſnatch the fleeting bliſs
The tender whiſper, and the balmy kiſs;
Each ſecret wiſh, each ſofter hope confeſs,
And her moiſt palm with eager fingers preſs;

With

With ſmiles the Fair ſhall hear your warm
deſires,
When muſic melts her ſoul, and dancing fires.
Thus mix'd with love, the pleaſing toil
purſue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams diſ-
plays,
And the dull candles ſhine with fainter rays,
Then, when the ſun juſt riſes o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almoſt ſet in ſleep,
With ready hand obſequious youths prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each choſen Fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement
air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be ſpread,
Around her ſhoulders let this arm be caſt,
Whilſt that from cold defends her ſlender
waiſt;
With kiſſes warm her balmy lips ſhall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wintry ſnow,
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with gin-
ger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold ſmall-
beer,
Ah, thoughtleſs Fair! the tempting draught
refuſe,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd
Muſe:
Let the ſad conſequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for preſent joy;

Deſtruction

Deſtruction lurks within the pois'nous doſe,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled noſe.
Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
The Muſe has play'd the kind inſtructor's part,
Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils ſhe has led,
And pointed out the ſureſt paths to tread;
No more remains; no more the goddeſs ſings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
And ſleep's ſilk cords tie down each drowſy eye,
Delightful dreams their pleaſing ſports reſtore,
And ev'en in ſleep they ſeem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finiſh'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
Whilſt birds in air, or fiſh in ſtreams we find,
Or damſels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs ſhall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a ſermon hear:
So long the brighteſt eyes ſhall oft peruſe
Theſe uſeful lines of my inſtructive muſe;
Each belle ſhall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau ſhall read them—if he can.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF OXFORD's LIBRARY AT WIMPLE*,

Anno 1729.

WHO, uninſpir'd, can tread this ſacred ground,
With all the ſons of fame encompaſs'd round?
Where, crown'd with wreaths of ever-verdant bays,
Each ſiſter Art her willing charms diſplays:
Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow,
There marble buſts illuſtrious faces ſhow:
And in old coins are little heroes ſeen,
With venerable ruſt of ages green:
Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
By Gothick fire, and Perſecution's rage,

* Wimple Hall, with the eſtate round it, was formerly the poſſeſſion of the Cutts family, an ancient family in the county of Cambridge, and a deſcendant of which was the gallant Lord Cutts, who ſo frequently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ſeveral ſieges and battles during the war in which the great Duke of Marlborough commanded.—This eſtate was ſold by the Cutts family to the famous Sir John Cutler, who ſettled it on the marriage of his daughter with Lord Radnor. Lord Radnor afterwards ſold it to John Hollis, Duke of Newcaſtle, in the partition of whoſe eſtates it came to the Earl of Oxford, who married his only daughter. This he made his country reſidence, and here was kept his famous library till the time of his death. After his death, it was ſold by his family to the Chancellor Lord Hardwicke, from whom it deſcended to the preſent Earl Hardwicke.

Perfect

Perfect and fair unnumber'd volumes ſtand,
By Providence preſerv'd for *Oxford's* hand.
Whilſt thus within theſe magic walls I ſtray,
At once all climes and ages I ſurvey:
On Fancy's wings I fly from ſhore to ſhore,
Recall paſt time, and live whole æras o'er:
Converſe with heroes fam'd in ancient ſong,
And bards, by whom thoſe heroes breathe ſo long:
Obſerve the quick migrations Learning makes,
How haraſs'd nations trembling ſhe forſakes,
And haſtes away to build her downy neſt
In happier climes, with peace and plenty bleſt.
See how, in fam'd *Auguſtus'* golden days,
Wit triumphs, crown'd with univerſal praiſe!
Approaches thrones with a majeſtic air,
The Prince's miſtreſs, and the Stateſman's care;
Mecænas ſhines in ev'ry claſſic page,
Mecænas, once the *Harley* of his age.
Nor with leſs glory ſhe her charms diſplay'd,
In Albion once when Royal *Anna* ſway'd.
See *Oxford* ſmiles! and all the tuneful train,
In his Britannia's ſons revive again;
Prior, like *Horace*, ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings,
And in harmonious *Pope* once more great *Maro* ſings.
Again ſhe waves her pinions to be gone,
And only hopes protection from his ſon:
Chas'd from the ſenate and the court ſhe flies,
There craft and party zeal her place ſupplies.
Yet ſtill, ſince fix'd in *Wimple's* happy plain,
(Her laſt retreat) ſhe knows not to complain.

There

There in great *Oxford's* converſe does engage
Th' inſtructed ear, and ſhames a vicious age;
Or in his conſort's accents ſtands confeſt,
And charms with graceful eaſe each liſt'ning gueſt;
Or with her lov'd companions gladly tied,
Goodneſs ſincere, and beauty void of pride,
Fixes her throne in *Margaretta's** face,
And from her lips acquires a new reſiſtleſs grace.

* Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, afterwards married to William, the ſecond Duke of Portland.

BONFONIUS*, Baſ. XI.

Exoptat ſe florem illum eſſe, quo uteretur amica.

ERGO, floſcule, tu meæ puellæ
Hoc florente ſinu uſque conquieſces?
Ergo tu dominæ meæ papillis
Beatus nimis inſidebis uſque?
O ſi, floſcule, mî tuâ liceret
Iſta ſorte frui, & meæ puellæ
Incubare ſinu, atque deſidere
Hos inter globulos papillularum,
Non ſic lentus inerſque conquieſcam,
Non ſic inſideam otioſus uſque.
Sed toto ſpatio inquietus errem,
Et feram ſinui, feramque collo
Mille baſia, mille & huic & illi
Impingam globulo oſculationes.
Nec mihi ſatis hæc putes futura:
Namque & diſcere curioſus optem,
Quid diſcriminis inter hunc & illum,
Et quantus tumor hujus illiuſque;
Quantum albedine præſtet hic vel ille;
Quantum duritie hic vel ille vincat;
Siniſterne globus, globuſne dexter
Figura placcat rotundiore;
An dexter globus, an globus ſiniſter
Papilla rubeat rubentiore:

Explorem

* A poet of the ſixteenth century, born at Clermont, in Auvergne, Lieutenant General of Bar on the Seine; who, of all the

To a NOSEGAY in PANCHARILLA's Breaſt.

WRITTEN IN 1729.

MUST you alone then, happy flow'rs,
Ye ſhort-liv'd ſons of vernal ſhow'rs,
Muſt you alone be ſtill thus bleſt,
And dwell in *Pançharilla's* breaſt?
Oh would the Gods but hear my pray'r,
To change my form and place me there!
I ſhould not ſure ſo quickly die,
I ſhou'd not ſo unactive lie;
But ever wand'ring to and fro,
From this to that fair ball of ſnow,
Enjoy ten thouſand thouſand bliſſes,
And print on each ten thouſand kiſſes.
Nor would I thus the taſk give o'er;
Curious new ſecrets to explore,
I'd never reſt till I had found
Which globe was ſofteſt, which moſt round—
Which was moſt yielding, ſmooth, and white,
Or the left boſom or the right;
Which was the warmeſt, eaſieſt bed,
And which was tip'd with pureſt red.

the moderns, in his Latin poems approaches the neareſt to the grace, eaſe, and ſoftneſs of Tibullus.

Nor

Explorem quoque, quo beata ducat
Illa ſemita, quæ globos gemellos
Sic diſcriminat, & ſubeſſe clamat
Mellitum magis eleganſque quiddam:
Indagem quoque, quicquid eſt latentis,
Et labar tacitus, ferarque ſenſim,
Uſque Cypridis ad beata regna.
At mî *Pancharidis* meæ papillas
Nec ſummo licet ore ſuaviari,
Nec levi licet attigiſſe palmâ.
O ſortem nimis aſperam atque iniquam!
Tantillum illa negat mihi petenti,
Tantillum illa negat mihi ſcienti;
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id petenti,
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id ſcienti.

Nor cou'd I leave the beauteous ſcene,
Till I had trac'd the path between,
That milky way ſo ſmooth and even,
That promiſes to lead to heav'n:
Lower and lower I'd deſcend,
To find where it at laſt wou'd end;
Till fully bleſt I'd wand'ring rove
O'er all the fragant Cyprian grove.
But ah! thoſe wiſhes all are vain,
The fair one triumphs in my pain;
To flow'rs that know not to be bleſt,
The nymph unveils her ſnowy breaſt;
While to her ſlave's deſiring eyes,
The heav'nly proſpect ſhe denies:
Too cruel fate, too cruel Fair,
To place a ſenſeleſs noſegay there,
And yet refuſe my lips the bliſs
To taſte one dear tranſporting kiſs.

AN EPISTLE

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY,

TO THE

Right Hon. the Lord LOVELACE* *then in Town.*

SEPTEMBER, 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When *Saturn* firſt began to rule,
And *Jove* was hardly come from ſchool,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedneſs and ſtrife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On moſſy banks fair virgins ſlept,
As harmleſs as the flocks they kept;

* Nevil Lord Lovelace was one of thoſe with whom the author made a friendſhip on his firſt coming into the world, uninterrupted till his death, which happened at an early period of his life.—There appear ſtrong marks of his affection for him, in ſome letters wrote to his lordſhip's ſiſter, the late Lady Harry Beauclerc, now in the poſſeſſion of her deſcendants.—He was a man of letters, a friend to the Muſes, and highly faſhioned according to the breeding of thoſe days.

The ſervants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dreſſes, calls, and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs ſqueak, fouls ſcream, and green geeſe flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
You will excuſe, ſir,—on a ſudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and collyflow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each ſide;
And by and by, the ſecond courſe
Comes lagging like a diſtanc'd horſe;
A ſalver then to church and king,
The butler ſweats, the glaſſes ring;
The cloth remov'd, the toaſts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And as the knight more tipſy waxes,
We damn all miniſters and taxes.
At laſt the ruddy ſun quite ſunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and ſtones,
Enough to diſlocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' ſinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus teaze me,
Nor buſineſs, nor diverſions pleaſe me:

You'll

You'll aſk, my Lord, how time I ſpend?
I anſwer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
But books are ſtill my higheſt joy,
Theſe earlieſt pleaſe, and lateſt cloy.
Sometimes o'er diſtant climes I ſtray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen *Lapland* to *Peru*;
Bound o'er rough ſeas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forſake my elbow chair.
Sometimes ſome fam'd hiſtorian's pen
Recalls paſt ages back agen,
Where all I ſee, thro' ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with ſenſeleſs rage,
Each other rob, deſtroy, and burn,
To ſerve a prieſt's, or ſtateſman's turn;
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always aſſes much the ſame.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works, at variance ſet,
Strive hard who ſhall the vict'ry get;
Preſbytery and epiſcopacy
They fight ſo long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce diſpute
With reprobation abſolute;
There ſenſe kicks tranſubſtantiation,
And reaſon pecks at revelation.
With learned *Newton* now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Viſit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one ſcorn, and all that's in it:

And

And now with lab'ring *Boyle* I trace
Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
With pleaſing admiration ſee
Matter's ſurpriſing ſubtilty;
As how the ſmalleſt lamp diſplays,
For miles around, it's ſcatter'd rays;
Or how (the caſe ſtill more t' explain)
* A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmoſphere will oft perfume
Of a whole ſpacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I paſs a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Paſt pleaſures, and in hoping more:
Or wander thro' the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And ſparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas riſe
Of *Cælia's* cheeks, and *Chloe's* eyes.
'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from ſtrife
Spend an inglorious country life;
Theſe are the joys I ſtill purſue,
When abſent from the town and you;
Thus paſs long ſummer ſuns away,
Buſily idle, calmly gay:
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wiſhing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,

* See Boyle's Experiments.

And ſeeing, in all public places,
The ſame vain fops and painted faces,
Would ſometimes kindly condeſcend
To viſit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever ſure to meet
A hearty welcome tho' no treat,
One who has nothing elſe to do,
But to divert himſelf and you:
A houſe, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits ſmoke, drink, and roar,
Choice books, ſafe horſes, wholeſome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRTUE.

Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater & æqui.

HOR.

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRTUE.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Eſq.

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can ſpoil
With the leaſt vice of each luxuriant ſoil,
Say, *Yorke*, (for ſure, if any, thou canſt tell)
What Virtue is, who practiſe it ſo well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely ſeen:
By what ſure mark her eſſence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up ſome fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her ſacred throne?
In man too oft a well-diſſembled part,
A ſelf-denying pride in woman's heart;
In ſynods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour uſurps her honours, and her name;
Whoe'er their ſenſe of virtue wou'd expreſs,
'Tis ſtill by ſomething they themſelves poſſeſs.

Hence

Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-
age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and
hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To conſtancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unaſk'd to chaſtity confine it.
But have we then no law beſides our will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obſtruct our ſight,
Then doubt if ſuch a thing exiſts as light;
For no leſs plain wou'd nature's law appear
As the meridian ſun unchang'd, and clear,
Wou'd we but ſearch for what we were de-
ſign'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd man-
kind;
A rule of life we then ſhould plainly ſee,
For to purſue that end muſt virtue be.
Then what is that? not want of power, or
fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a deſire his bleſſings to diffuſe,
And fear leſt millions ſhou'd exiſtence loſe;
His goodneſs only cou'd his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.
Hence ſoul and ſenſe diffus'd thro' ev'ry
place,
Make happineſs as infinite as ſpace;
Thouſands of ſuns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual
rays;

Each

Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd ſpecies live thro' ev'ry part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and ſkies,
Myriads of creatures ſtill ſucceſſive riſe:
Scarce buds a leaf, or ſprings the vileſt weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our ſmell,
But on its fragrant boſom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to ſhare
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliſs.
Nature ſo plain this primal law diſplays,
Each living creature ſees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care
The public good, and juſtly taſtes its ſhare.
All underſtand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beſide,
But only ſlave to folly, vice, and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others woe, and courts his own;
Racks and deſtroys with tort'ring ſteel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himſelf for fame;
Sets Superſtition high on Virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own;
Hence are his altars ſtain'd with reeking gore,
As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more:

Hence

Hence, whilſt offended Heav'n he ſtrives in vain
T' appeaſe by faſts and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How eaſy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not ſtrive to mend the laws of God:
For his own ſake no duty he can aſk,
The common welfare is our only taſk:
For this ſole end his precepts, kind as juſt,
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and luſt,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for ſuch are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can ſecure and bleſs mankind.
Thus is the public ſafety Virtue's cauſe,
And happineſs the end of all her laws;
For ſuch by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our int'reſt are the ſame.

But hold, cries out ſome Puritan divine,
Whoſe well-ſtuff'd cheeks with eaſe and plenty ſhine,
Is this to faſt, to mortify, refrain,
And work ſalvation out with fear and pain?
We own the rigid leſſons of their ſchools
Are widely diff'rent from theſe eaſy rules;
Virtue, with them, is only to abſtain
From all that nature aſks, and covet pain;
Pleaſure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirſt, cold water is a ſin:
Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they ſay,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miſs their way;
God is a being cruel and ſevere,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,

In

In ſun-ſhine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Miſtaken men, too piouſly ſevere!
Thro' craft miſleading, or miſled by fear;
How little they God's counſels comprehend,
Our univerſal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bliſs mankind,
This globe our ſportive nurſery aſſign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feaſts us with ev'ry joy our ſtate can bear:
Each ſenſe, touch, taſte, and ſmell diſpenſe delight,
Muſic our hearing, beauty charms our ſight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their ſpoils reſign,
Its pearl the rock preſents, its gold the mine;
Beaſts, fowl, and fiſh their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:
Seaſons but change, new pleaſures to produce,
And elements contend to ſerve our uſe:
Love's gentle ſhafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of ſenates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant ſtate.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cauſe, or mutual wrongs;
Or if ſome ſtripes from Providence we feel,
He ſtrikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps ſometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a ſublimer ſphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taſte,
And wean us from delights that cannot laſt.

Our

Our preſent good the eaſy taſk is made,
To earn ſuperior bliſs, when this ſhall fade:
For, ſoon as e'er theſe mortal pleaſures cloy,
His hand ſhall lead us to ſublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childiſh tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliſs and virtue grow with like increaſe;
From ſtrength to ſtrength our ſouls for ever guide,
Thro' wondrous ſcenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each ſtage we ſhall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights beſtow.
Oh! would mankind but make theſe truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once theſe maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happineſs our end,
How ſoon muſt reaſon o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and ſuperſtition fail!
None wou'd hereafter then with groundleſs fear,
Deſcribe th' Almighty cruel and ſevere,
Predeſtinating ſome without pretence
To heav'n, and ſome to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endleſs pains for tranſient crimes,
And favouring ſects or nations, men or times.
To pleaſe him none would fooliſhly forbear
Or food, or reſt, or itch in ſhirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe or teach
What reaſon contradicts, within its reach;

None

None would fierce zeal for piety miſtake,
Or malice for whatever tenets ſake,
Or think ſalvation to one ſect confin'd,
And heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.
No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Wou'd in one female frailty ſum up vice,
And cenſure thoſe, who nearer to the right
Think virtue is but to diſpenſe delight*.
No ſervile tenets would admittance find,
Deſtructive of the rights of human kind;
Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-reſiſtance to a tyrant's might:
For ſure that all ſhou'd thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict juſt revers'd.
No moraliſts then righteous to exceſs,
Wou'd ſhew fair Virtue in ſo black a dreſs,
That they, like boys, who ſome feign'd ſprite array,
Firſt from the ſpectre fly themſelves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But chuſe to win by reaſon, not affright;
Not, conjurors like, in fire and brimſtone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.
No more our ſage interpreters of laws
Wou'd fatten on obſcurities, and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their truſt,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted duſt,
And be, like *Hardwicke*, guardians of the juſt.

* Theſe lines mean only, that Cenſoriouſneſs is a vice more odious than Unchaſtity; this always proceeding from malevolence, that ſometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.

No more applauſe would on ambition wait,
And laying waſte the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praiſes gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thouſands ſlain;
No more would brutal rage diſturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and diſcord ceaſe;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things ſmile with univerſal joy;
Virtue with Happineſs, her conſort, join'd,
Would regulate and bleſs each human mind,
And man be what his Maker firſt deſign'd.

THE

MODERN

FINE GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

Quale Portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

THE

MODERN

FINE GENTLEMAN.

JUST broke from ſchool, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His Honour poſts o'er *Italy* and *France*,
Meaſures St. *Peter's* dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing ſo ſtrange all o'er,
As never ages paſt produc'd before:
A monſter of ſuch complicated worth,
As no one ſingle clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheiſt, papiſt, gameſter, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, becauſe bus'neſs is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite muſt be a rogue,
In parliament he purchaſes a ſeat,
To make th' accompliſh'd gentleman compleat.
There ſafe in ſelf-ſufficient impudence,
Without experience, honeſty, or ſenſe,
Unknowing in her int'reſt, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cauſe:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonſenſe burſt, like bottled ale,

* Tho' ſhallow, muddy; briſk, tho' mighty dull;
Fierce without ſtrength; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and ſolitaire,
The liberties of *Britain* he ſupports,
And ſtorms at place-men, miniſters, and courts;
Now in cropt greaſy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot ſpeeches;
King, lords, and commons ventures to abuſe,
Yet dares to ſhew thoſe ears, he ought to loſe.
From hence to *White's* our virtuous *Cato* flies
There ſits with countenance erect and wiſe,
And talks of games of whiſt, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himſelf unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, ſtakes his utmoſt groat,
Peeps o'er his cards and looks as if he thought:
Next morn diſowns the loſſes of the night,
Becauſe the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics, and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards,
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, leſt one human paſſion e'er ſhould move
His ſoul to friendſhip, tenderneſs, or love,
To *Figg* and *Broughton* he commits his breaſt,
To ſteel it to the faſhionable teſt.

* Parody on theſe lines of Sir John Denham.

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Thus

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Inſenſible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too buſy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, ſober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions ſtriving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.
And yet in this ſo bad is his ſucceſs,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow leſs;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his eſtate his int'reſt too is gone,
His honeſt borough ſeeks a warmer ſun;
For him, now caſh and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters ceaſe to roar:
And *Britain* ſoon muſt want the great defence
Of all his honeſty, and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries ſome jointur'd antiquated crone:
And boldly, when his country is at ſtake,
Braves the deep yawning gulph, like *Curtius*, for its ſake.
Quickly again diſtreſs'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhauſted mine,
But ſeeks preferment, as the laſt reſort,
Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores ſupport:
The miniſter, well pleas'd at ſmall expence
To ſilence ſo much rude impertinence,

With

With ſqueeze and whiſper yields to his demands,
And on the venal liſt enroll'd he ſtands;
A ribband and a penſion buy the ſlave,
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arrived at his meridian glory,
He ſinks apace, deſpis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor ſhakes the ſenate with his patriot roar,
But ſilent votes, and, with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring ſtar, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He ſticks to gaming, as the ſurer trade;
Turns downright ſharper, lives by ſucking blood,
And grows, in ſhort, the very thing he wou'd:
Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes ſpent,
And lends them ready caſh at cent per cent,
Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily ſubject of his ſport and trade,
Veils with his ſable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loſes by't, he dies.

THE

MODERN

FINE LADY.

———— *Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites. HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

THE

MODERN FINE LADY.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the Fair,
The ſprightly dance, the ſoft *Italian* air,
The toſs of quality and high-bred ſleer,
Now Lady *Harriot* reach'd her fifteenth year:
Wing'd with diverſions all her moments flew,
Each, as it paſs'd, preſenting ſomething new;
Breakfaſts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each ev'ning gives an opera, or a play;
Then *Brag*'s eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly uſher in the morn again.
For love no time has ſhe, or inclination,
Yet muſt coquet it for the ſake of faſhion;
For this ſhe liſtens to each fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a ſneer,
And the cropt enſign nuzzles in her ear.
But with moſt warmth her dreſs and airs inſpire
Th' ambitious boſom of the landed 'ſquire,
Who fain would quit plump *Dolly's* ſofter charms,
For wither'd, lean, *Right Honourable* arms;
He bows with reverence at her ſacred ſhrine,
And treats her as if ſprung from race divine;
Which ſhe returns with inſolence and ſcorn,
Nor deigns to ſmile on a Plebeian born.

Ere

Ere long, by friends, by cards, and lovers croſs'd,
Her fortune, health, and reputation loſt;
Her money gone, yet not a tradeſman paid,
Her fame, yet ſhe ſtill damn'd to be a maid,
Her ſpirits ſink, her nerves are ſo unſtrung,
* She weeps, if but a handſome thief is hung:
By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers preſt,
But moſt for ready caſh for play diſtreſt,
Where can ſhe turn?—The 'ſquire muſt all repair,
She condeſcends to liſten to his pray'r,
And marries him at length in mere deſpair.
But ſoon th' endearments of a huſband cloy,
Her ſoul, her frame incapable of joy:
She feels no tranſports in the bridal-bed,
Of which ſo oft ſh' has heard, ſo much has read;
Then vex'd, that ſhe ſhould be condemn'd alone
To ſeek in vain this philoſophic ſtone,
To abler tutors ſhe reſolves t' apply,
A proſtitute from curioſity:
Hence men of ev'ry ſort, and ev'ry ſize,
† Impatient for Heav'n's cordial drop, ſhe tries;
The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
The ruddy Templar newly on the town,
Th' Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
The brimful parſon, and th' exhauſted rake.

* Some of the brighteſt eyes were at this time in tears for one Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the highway.

† The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down.
Roch.

But

But ſtill malignant fate her wiſh denies,
Cards yield ſuperior joys, to cards ſhe flies;
All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
Again ſhe plays, and is again undone.
Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws;
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor ſpare
The gilded chariot, or the taſſel'd chair;
For lonely ſeat ſhe's forc'd to quit the town,
And *Tubbs* * conveys the wretched exile down.
Now rumbling o'er the ſtones of *Tyburn Road*,
Ne'er preſt with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known ſtreets,
And envies every cinder-wench ſhe meets:
And now the dreaded country firſt appears,
With ſighs unfeign'd the dying noiſe ſhe hears
Of diſtant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then ſtarts, and trembles at the ſight of trees.
Silent and ſullen, like ſome captive queen,
She's draws along unwilling to be ſeen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*
Within the graſs-green moat and ivy'd wall,
The doleful priſon where for ever ſhe,
But not, alas! her griefs, muſt bury'd be.
Her coach the curate and the tradeſmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with ſtubble bonfires light the ſtreet,

* A perſon well known for ſupplying people of quality with hired equipages.

While

While bells her ears with tongues diſcordant
grate,
Types of the nuptial tyes they celebrate:
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns ſhe to return one awkward bow,
But bounces in, diſdaining once to ſpeak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.
Now ſee her in the ſad decline of life,
A peeviſh miſtreſs, and a ſulky wife;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown
pale
With many a real, many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her inſolence, and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horſe chair,
And the low paſtimes of a country fair:
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly viſit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
At length half dead, half mad, and quite con-
fin'd,
Shunning, and ſhun'd by all of human kind,
Ev'n robb'd of the laſt comfort of her life,
Inſulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, diſappointed pride, now ſtops her breath,
And with true ſcorpion rage ſhe ſtings herſelf
to death.

Horatii Ep. I. *Lib.* II. *ad Auguſtum.*

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, LORD HARDWICKE,

Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following piece is a burleſque imitation: a ſpecies of poetry, whoſe chief excellence conſiſts in a lucky and humorous application of the words and ſentiments of any author to a new ſubject totally different from the original. This is what is uſually forgot both by the writers and readers of theſe kind of compoſitions; the firſt of whom are apt to ſtrike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire ſuch injudicious excreſcences: theſe immediately loſe ſight of their original, and thoſe ſcarce ever caſt an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertiſe the reader, that in the following epiſtle he is to expect nothing more than an appoſite converſion of the ſerious ſentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the ſubject of Engliſh politics; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common ſenſe; all the little merit it can pretend to conſiſting ſolely in the cloſeneſs of ſo long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

HORATII

Ep. I. Lib. II.

AD AUGUSTUM.

[a]CUM tot ſuſtineas, & tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.
[b]Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt,
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis: [c]diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari:

[a] Urit

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

[a] WHILST you, my Lord, ſuch various toils ſuſtain,
Preſide o'er Britain's Peers, her laws explain,
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,
And live the bright example of the age,
With tedious verſe to treſpaſs on your time
Is ſure impertinence, if not a crime.
[b] All the fam'd heroes, ſtateſmen, admirals,
Who after death within the ſacred walls
Of *Weſtminſter* with kings have been receiv'd,
Met with but ſorry treatment, while they liv'd;
And tho' they labour'd in their country's cauſe,
With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,
Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren ſoil,
And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
[c] Ev'n * He, who long the Houſe of Com—ns led,
That Hydra dire, with many a gaping head,
Found by experience, to his lateſt breath,
Envy could only be ſubdu'd by death.

* Sir R—— W——.

[d] Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas; extinctus amabitur idem.
[e] Preſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandaſque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
[f] Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
[g] Sed tuus hic populus ſapiens & juſtus in uno,
Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat, & niſi quæ terris ſemota, ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit, & odit.
[h] Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.
[i] Si quia Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri:
[k] Venimus ad ſummam fortunæ: pingimus atque
[l] Pſallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctiùs ipſis.
[m] Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor abhinc annos centum, qui decidit, inter
Perfectos, vetereſne referri debet? an inter
Viles, atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

[a] Eſt

[d] Great men whilſt living muſt expect diſgraces,
Dead they're ador'd—when none deſire their places.
[e] This common fate, my Lord, attends not you,
Above all equal, and all envy too;
With ſuch unrivall'd eminence you ſhine,
That in this truth alone all parties join,
The ſeat of juſtice in no former reign
[f] Was e'er ſo greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.
[g] But tho' the people are ſo juſt to you,
To none beſides will they allow their due,
No miniſter approve, who is not dead,
Nor till h' has loſt it, own he had a head;
[h] Yet ſuch reſpect they bear to ancient things,
They've ſome for former miniſters and kings;
And with a kind of ſuperſtitious awe,
Deem Magna Charta ſtill a ſacred law.
[i] But, if becauſe the government was beſt
Of old in *France*, when freedom ſhe poſſeſt,
In the ſame ſcale reſolv'd to weigh our own,
England's we judge was ſo, who then had none;
Into moſt ſtrange abſurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reaſon'd with at all.
[k] Brought to perfection in theſe days we ſee
All arts, and their great parent Liberty;
[l] With ſkill profound we ſing, eat, dreſs, and dance,
And in each goût polite, excel ev'n *France*.
[m] If age of miniſters is then the teſt,
And, as of wines, the oldeſt are the beſt,
Let's try and fix ſome æra, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began:

[n] Are

[n] Eſt vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos?
Quid qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne poetas,
An quos & præſens, & poſtera reſpuet ætas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur honeſte,
Qui vel menſe brevi vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
[o] Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat eluſus ratione ruentis acervi,
Qui redit ad faſtos, & virtutem eſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil niſi quod Libitina ſacravit.
[p] Ennius, & ſapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo promiſſa cadant, & ſomnia Pythagorea.
[q] Nævius in manibus non eſt, & mentibus hæret
Pene recens: adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
[r] Ambigitur quoties uter utro ſit prior, aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
[s] Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
[t] Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens: habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.
[u] Interdum vulgus rectum videt; eſt ubi peccat.

[w] Si

[n] Are they all wicked ſince *Eliza's* days?
Did none in *Charles'*, or *James's* merit praiſe?
Or are they knaves but ſince the Revolution?
If none of theſe are facts then all's confuſion;
And by the ſelf-ſame rule one cannot fail,
[o] To pluck each hair out ſingly from the tail.
[p] Wiſe *Cecil*, lov'd by people and by prince,
As often broke his word as any ſince:
[q] Of *Arthur's* days we almoſt nothing know,
Yet ſing their praiſe, becauſe they're long ago.
[r] Oft as 'tis doubted in their ſeveral ways
Which of paſt orators beſt merit praiſe,
We find it to decide extremely hard,
If *Harley's* head deſerv'd the moſt regard,
Or *Windham's* tongue, or *Jekyl's* patriot heart,
[s] Old *Shippen's* gravity, or *Walpole's* art.
[t] Theſe were ador'd by all with whom they voted,
And in the fulleſt houſes ſtill are quoted;
Theſe have been fam'd from *Anna's* days till ours,
When *Pelham* has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,
The art of miniſterial eloquence,
By adding honeſt truth to nervous ſenſe.
[u] Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet ſometimes right;
The late rebellion in the trueſt light
By chance they ſaw; but were not once ſo wiſe,
Unknown, unheard, in damning the exciſe:

[w] If

[w] Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat:
[x] Si quædam nimis antique, ſi pleraque dure
Dicere credit eos, ignave multa fatetur,
Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
[y] Non equidem inſector, delendave carmina Livî
Eſſe reor, memini quæ plagoſum mihi parvo
[z] Orbilium dictitare; ſed emendata videri,
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum diſtantia, miror.
[a] Inter quæ verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum, &
Si verſus paulos concinnior unus & alter,
Injuſtum totum ducit venditque poema.
[b] Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia craſsè
Compoſitum illepidève putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem & præmia poſci.
[c] Rectè necne crocum floreſque perambulat Attæ
Fabula ſi dubitem, clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres; ea cum reprehendere coner
Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
[d] Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.

[c] Jam

[w] If former reigns they fancy had no fault,
I think their judgment is not worth a groat:
[x] But if they frankly own their politics,
Like ours, might have ſome blunders, and ſome tricks,
With ſuch impartial ſentiments I join,
And their opinions tally juſt with mine.
[y] I would by no means church or king deſtroy,
And yet the doctrines, taught me when a boy
[z] By *Crab* the curate, now ſeem wond'rous odd,
That either came immediately from God:
[a] In all the writings of thoſe high-flown ages
You meet with now and then ſome ſcatter'd pages
Wrote with ſome ſpirit and with ſenſe enough;
Theſe ſell the book, the reſt is wretched ſtuff:
[b] I'm quite provok'd, when principles, tho' true,
Muſt ſtand impeach'd by fools, becauſe they're new.
[c] Should I but queſtion, only for a joke,
If all was flow'rs, when pompous *Hanmer* ſpoke,
If things went right, when St. *John* trod the ſtage,
How the old Tories all would ſtorm and rage!
[d] They ſhun conviction, or becauſe a truth
Confeſs'd in age implies they err'd in youth;
Or that they ſcorn to learn of junior wits:
What!---to be taught by *Lytteltons* and *Pitts*.

[c] When

[e] Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri:
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[f] Quod ſi tam Græcis novitas inviſa fuiſſet
Quam nobis, quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[g] Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ,
[h] Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit equorum;
[i] Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;
Suſpendit picta vultum mentemque tabella:
[k] Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
[l] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
[m] Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.
[n] Romæ dulce diu fuit & ſolenne recluſa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Cautos nominibus rectis expendere nummos,

[o] Majores

[e] When angry patriots, or in proſe or rhymes,
Extol the virtuous deeds of former times,
They only mean the preſent to diſgrace,
And look with envious hate on all in place:
[f] But had the patriots of thoſe ancient days
Play'd the ſame game for profit, or for praiſe,
The trade, tho' now ſo flouriſhing and new,
Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.
[g] *England*, when once of peace and wealth poſſeſt,
Began to think frugality a jeſt,
So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs
[h] Gameſters and jockies turn'd, and cricket-play'rs;
[i] Pictures and buſts in ev'ry houſe were ſeen;
What ſhould have paid the butcher, bought *Pouſſin*;
[k] Now operas, now plays were all the faſhion,
Then whiſt became the bus'neſs of the nation,
[l] That, like a froward child, in wanton play
Now cries for toys, then toſſes them away;
Each hour we chang'd our pleaſures, dreſs, and diet;
[m] Theſe were the bleſt effects of being quiet.
[n] Not thus behav'd the true old Engliſh 'ſquire,
He ſmok'd his pipe each morn by his own fire,
There juſtice to diſpenſe was ever willing,
And for his warrants pick'd up many a ſhilling:

[o] To

[o] Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
[p] Mutavit mentem populus levis; & calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: pueri, patreſque ſeveri
[q] Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.
[r] Ipſe, ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior; & prius orto
Sole, vigil calamum & chartas & ſcrinia poſco.
[s] Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro
Non audet niſi qui didicit, dare; quod medicorum eſt,
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
[t] Hic error tamen, & levis hæc inſania quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: Vatis avarus
[u] Non temere eſt animus; verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;

[w] Detrimenta,

[o] To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
Where for their corn beſt markets might be had,
And from experienc'd age as glad to learn,
How to defraud unſeen the parſon's barn.
[p] But now the world's quite alter'd, all are bent
To leave their ſeats, and fly to parliament:
Old men and boys in this alone agree,
And, vainly courting popularity,
Ply their obſtrep'rous voters all night long
[q] With bumpers, toaſts, and now and then a ſong:
[r] Ev'n I, who ſwear theſe follies I deſpiſe,
Than ſtateſmen, or their porters, tell more lies;
And, for the faſhion-ſake, in ſpite of nature,
Commence ſometimes a moſt important creature,
Buſy as *Car——w* rave for ink and quills,
And ſtuff my head and pockets full of bills.
[s] Few land-men go to ſea unleſs they're preſt,
And quacks in all profeſſions are a jeſt;
None dare to kill, except moſt learn'd phyſicians:
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians.
There's not a ſoul but thinks, could he be ſent,
H' has parts enough to ſhine in parliament.
[t] Tho' many ills this modern taſte produces,
Yet ſtill, my lord, 'tis not without its uſes;
[u] Theſe minor politicians are a kind
Not much to ſelfiſh avarice inclin'd;

Do

[w] Detrimenta, fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet;
[x] Non fraudem ſocio, puerove incogitat ullum
Pupillo, [y] vivit ſiliquis, & pane ſecundo.
[z] Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi;
[a] Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari
[b] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;
[c] Torquet ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
[d] Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis & invidiæ corrector, & iræ;
[e] Recte facta refert; orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis; [f] inopem ſolatur & ægrum.
[g] Caſtis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde preces, vatem ni muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, & præſentia numina ſentit,
[h] Cœleſtes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus;

Do but allow them with applauſe to ſpeak,
They little care, tho' all their tenants break;
They form intrigues with no man's wife, or daughter,
And live on pudding, chicken-broth, and water;
Fierce Jacobites, as far as bluſt'ring words,
But loth in any cauſe to draw their ſwords.
Were ſmaller matters worthy of attention,
A thouſand other uſes I could mention;
For inſtance, in each monthly magazine
Their eſſays and orations ſtill are ſeen,
And magazines teach boys and girls to read,
And are the canons of each tradeſman's creed;
Apprentices they ſerve to entertain,
Inſtead of ſmutty tales, and plays profane;
Inſtruct them how their paſſions to command,
And to hate none—but thoſe who rule the land:
Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths,
Sometimes receipts for claps, and ſtinking breaths.
When with her brothers miſs comes up to town,
How for each play can ſhe afford a crown?
Where find diverſions gratis, and yet pretty,
Unleſs ſhe goes to church, or a committee?
And ſure committees better entertain,
Than hearing a dull parſon pray for rain,

Or

[i] Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit;
[k] Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.
[l] Carmine Dii ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[m] Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
[n] Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus, & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium, memorem brevis ævi.
[o] Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
[p] Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
[q] In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impunè minax: doluere cruento
[r] Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: quin etiam lex
[s] Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi: vertere modum, formidine fuſtis,
Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
[t] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agreſti Latio, ſic horridus ille
[u] Defluxit numerus Saturnius; & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum

[w] Manſerunt,

[l] Or whining beg deliverance from battle,
Dangers, and ſins, and ſickneſs amongſt cattle;
At church ſhe hears with unattentive ear
[k] The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,
But here quite charm'd with ſo much wit and ſenſe,
She falls a victim ſoon to eloquence;
Well may ſhe fall, ſince eloquence has power
[l] To govern both the upper houſe and lower.
[m] Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough;
[n] They, when in barns their corn was ſafely laid,
For harveſt-homes great entertainments made,
The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,
And all the ſupper ſhar'd who ſhar'd the work;
[o] This gave freeholders firſt a taſte for eating,
And was the ſource of all election-treating;
[p] A while their jeſts, tho' merry, yet were wiſe,
And they took none but decent liberties.
Brandy and punch at length ſuch riots bred,
[q] No ſober family could ſleep in bed:
[r] All were alarm'd, ev'n thoſe who had no hurt
[s] Call'd in the law, to ſtop ſuch dang'rous ſport.
[t] Rich citizens at length new arts brought down
With ready caſh, to win each country town;
[u] This leſs diſorders caus'd than downright drink,
Freemen grew civil, and began to think;

[w] Manſerunt, hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.
[x] Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit
Quid Sophocles, & Theſpis, & Æſchylus utile ferrent.
Tentavit quoque rem, ſi dignè vertere poſſet,
[y] Et placuit ſibi, naturâ ſublimis & acer:
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet;
[z] Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque lituram.
[a] Creditur ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
[b] Sudoris minimum; ſed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus: [c] Aſpice Plautus
[d] Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi!
[e] Ut patris attenti; [f] lenonis ut inſidioſi;
Quantus ſit Dorſennus [g] edacibus in paraſitis;
[h] Quam non adſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco:
[i] Geſtit enim nummos in loculos demittere, poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.
[k] Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat;

[i] Sic

[v] But ſtill all canvaſſing produc'd confuſion,
The relics of its ruſtic inſtitution.
[x] 'Tis but of late, ſince thirty years of peace
To uſeful ſciences have giv'n increaſe,
That we've inquir'd how *Rome's* loſt ſons of old
Barter'd their liberties for feaſts and gold;
What treats proud *Sylla*, *Cæſar*, *Craſſus* gave,
And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave;
Nor try'd in vain; [y] too fortunately bold
Many have purchas'd votes, and many ſold;
No laws can now amend this venal land,
[z] That dreads the touch of a reforming hand.
Some think an int'reſt may be form'd with eaſe,
[a] Becauſe the vulgar we muſt chiefly pleaſe;
[b] But for that reaſon 'tis the harder taſk,
For ſuch will neither pardon grant, nor aſk.
[c] See how Sir W——, maſter of this art,
By different methods wins each C——n heart.
[d] He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
[e] And teaches their attentive ſires to farm;
To his own table lovingly invites
[f] Inſidious pimps, and [g] hungry paraſites:
[h] Sometimes in ſlippers, and a morning gown,
He pays his early viſits round a town,
At ev'ry houſe relates his ſtories over,
Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and *Hanover*;
[i] If tales will money ſave, and buſineſs do,
It matters little, are they falſe or true.
[k] Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applauſe
To his own conſcience, or his country's cauſe,
Is ſoon elated, and as ſoon caſt down
By ev'ry drunken cobler's ſmile, or frown;

[l] Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit. [m] Valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[n] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti ſtolidique, & depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
[o] Aut urſum, aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.
[p] Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,
[q] Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
[r] Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo;
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora:
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
[s] Fabellam ſurdo: nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum:
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; [t] quibus oblitus actor
Quum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.

[u] Dixit

[l] So ſmall a matter can depreſs or raiſe
A mind that's meanly covetous of praiſe:
But if my quiet muſt dependent be
On the vain breath of popularity,
A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering,
[m] Adieu, ſay I, to all electioneering.
[n] The boldeſt orator it diſconcerts,
To find the many, tho' of meaneſt parts,
Illit'rate, ſquabbling, diſcontented prigs,
Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at *Figg's*,
To all good ſenſe and reaſon ſhut their ears,
Yet take delight in *S—d—m's* [o] bulls and bears.
[p] Young knights now ſent from many a diſtant ſhire
Are better pleas'd with what they ſee than hear;
Their joy's to view his majeſty approach,
Drawn by eight milk-white ſteeds in gilded coach,
The pageant ſhow and buſtle to behold,
[q] The guards both horſe and foot lac'd o'er with gold,
The rich inſignia from the Tower brought down,
[r] The iv'ry ſcepter and the radiant crown.
The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,
And buſineſs is delay'd at leaſt an hour;
The Speaker calls indeed to mind what paſſes,
[s] But might as well read orders to deaf aſſes.
[t] But now ſee honeſt V—— riſe to joke!

[u] The

[u] Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane: quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
[w] Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
[x] Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
[y] Irritat, mulcet, [z] falſis terroribus implet,
[a] Ut magus, & [b] modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[c] Verum age, & his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam redde brevem; [d] ſi munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, [e] & vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[f] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe poetæ,
[g] (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
[h] Sollicito damus, aut feſſo; quum lædimur, unum

[i] Siquis

The houſe all laugh; [u] What ſays he? has he ſpoke?
No not a word. Then whence this ſudden mirth?
His phyz foretels ſome jeſt's approaching birth.
[w] But leſt I ſeem theſe orators to wrong,
Envious becauſe I ſhare no gift of tongue,
[x] Is there a *Man* whoſe eloquence has pow'r
To clear the fulleſt houſe in half an hour,
Who now appears to rave and now to weep,
[y] Who ſometimes makes us ſwear, and ſometimes ſleep,
[z] Now fills our heads with falſe alarms from *France*,
[a] Then conjurer like [b] to *India* bids us dance?
All eulogies on him we own are true,
For ſurely he does all that man can do.
[c] But whilſt, my lord, theſe makers of our laws
Thus ſpeak themſelves into the world's applauſe,
[d] Let bards, for ſuch attempts too modeſt, ſhare
What more they prize, your patronage and care,
[e] If you would ſpur them up the muſe's hill,
Or aſk their aid your library to fill.
[f] We poets are, in ev'ry age and nation,
A moſt abſurd, wrong-headed generation;
This in a thouſand inſtances is ſhown,
[g] (Myſelf as guilty as the reſt I own)
As when on you our nonſenſe we impoſe,
[h] Tir'd with the nonſenſe you have heard in proſe;

[i] When

[l] Siquis amicorum eſt auſus reprendere verſum:
[k] Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inre-
vocati;
[l] Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
Noſtros, & tenui deducta poemata filo:
[m] Quum ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut ſimul
atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, & egere vetes, & ſcribere cogas.
[n] Sed tamen eſt operæ pretium cognoſcere,
quales
Ædituos habeat belli, ſpectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
[o] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, nequis ſe præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra
[p] Fortis Alexandri vultum ſimulantia, quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares,
[q] Bæôtum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
[r] At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variuſque poetæ:
[s] Nec magis expreſſi vultus per aënea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. [t] Nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, quam res componere
geſtas
Terrarumque

[i] When we're offended, if ſome honeſt friend
Preſumes one unharmonious verſe to mend;
[k] When undeſir'd our labours we repeat,
[l] Grieve they're no more regarded by the Great,
[m] And fancy, ſhould You once but ſee our faces,
You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.
[n] 'Tis your's, my lord, to form the ſoul to verſe,
Who have ſuch num'rous virtues to rehearſe;
[o] Great *Alexander* once, in ancient days,
Paid *Choerilus* for daubing him with praiſe;
And yet the ſame fam'd hero made a law,
None but *Apelles* ſhould his picture draw;
[p] None but *Lyſippus* caſt his royal head
In braſs: it had been treaſon if in lead;
A prince he was in valour ne'er ſurpaſs'd,
And had in painting too perhaps ſome taſte;
But as to verſe, undoubted is the matter,
[q] He muſt be dull, as a Dutch commentator.
[r] But you, my lord, a fav'rite of the muſe,
Would chuſe good poets, were there good to chuſe;
[s] You know they paint the great man's ſoul as like,
As can his features *Kneller*, or *Vandyke*.
[t] Had I ſuch pow'r, I never would compoſe
Such creeping lines as theſe, nor verſe, nor proſe;

But

Terrarumque ſitus, & flumina dicere, & arces
Montibus impoſitas, & barbara regna, tuiſque
[u] Auſpiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
[w] Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam;
[x] Si, quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque: [y] ſed neque parvum
Carmen majeſtas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor quam vires ferre recuſent.
[z] Sedulitas autem, ſtulte quem diligit, urget,
Præcipuè cum ſe numeris commendat & arte:
Diſcit enim citius meminitque libentius, illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.
Nil moror officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
Cum ſcriptore meo, capſa porrectus aperta,
[a] Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

But rather try to celebrate your praiſe,
[u] And with your juſt encomiums ſwell my lays:
Had I a genius equal to my will,
Gladly would I exert my utmoſt ſkill
To conſecrate to fame *Britannia's* land
Receiving law from your impartial hand;
By your wiſe counſels once more pow'rful made,
Her fleets rever'd, and flouriſhing her trade;
[w] Exhauſted nations trembling at her ſword,
[x] And * *Peace* long wiſh'd-for to the world reſtor'd.
[y] But your true greatneſs ſuffers no ſuch praiſe,
[z] My verſe would ſink the theme it meant to raiſe;
Unequal to the taſk would ſurely meet
Deſerv'd contempt, and each preſumptuous ſheet
Could ſerve for nothing, ſcrawl'd with lines ſo ſimple,
[a] Unleſs to wrap up ſugar-loaves for Wimple.

* A general peace was at this time juſt concluded at Aix la Chapelle.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

ON HIS BEING INSTALLED

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

THESE trophies, *Stanhope*, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with ſuch juſt propriety can wear,
As thou the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeneſs, love,
With one conſent thy Sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd *Plantagenet* her voice to join,
Herſelf, and *Garter*, both were ſurely thine.

TO A

LADY IN TOWN,

SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHILST you, dear maid, o'er thouſands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forſake
For ſtifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Thro' circling joys while you inceſſant ſtray,
Charm in the Mall, and ſparkle at the play;
Think (if ſucceſſive vanities can ſpare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in theſe plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echos groan,
And mourn inceſſantly that fatal day,
That all my bliſs with *Chloe* ſnatch'd away.
Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Muſic, verſe, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my *Chloe's* voice,
Nor *Handel's* nor *Corelli's* tuneful airs
Can harmonize my ſoul, or ſooth my cares;
Thoſe once-lov'd med'cines unſucceſsful prove,
Muſic, alas, is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruſe,
And ſeek for aid from *Pope's*, and *Prior's* muſe;

Their

Their treach'rous numbers but aſſiſt the foe,
And call forth ſcenes of ſympathiſing woe:
Here *Heloiſe* mourns her abſent lover's charms,
There parting *Emma* ſigns in *Henry's* arms;
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender ſorrows read my own.
Reſtleſs ſometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forſakes her neſt forſaken by her love,
I fly from home, and ſeek the ſacred fields
Where *Cam's* old urn its ſilver current yields,
Where ſolemn tow'rs o'erlook each moſſy grove,
As if to guard it from th' aſſaults of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my *Chloe's* eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize;
Her ſons, tho' few, not *Pallas* cou'd defend,
Nor *Dulneſs* ſuccour to her thouſands lend;
Love like a fever with infectious rage
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the froſt of age,
To gaze at her, ev'n *Donns* were ſeen to run,
And leave unfiniſh'd pipes, and authors—ſcarce begun.
* So *Helen* look'd, and mov'd with ſuch a grace,
When the grave ſeniors of the Trojan race
Were forc'd thoſe fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth conſum'd, and ſet their town on fire.
At fam'd *Newmarket* oft I ſpend the day
An unconcern'd ſpectator of the play;
There pitileſs obſerve the ruin'd heir
With anger fir'd, or melting with deſpair;

* Vid. Hom. Il. Lib. III. Ver. 150.

For

For how ſhou'd I his trivial loſs bemoan,
Who feel one, ſo much greater, of my own?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the deciſion of two rival dice,
Whilſt long diſputes 'twixt *ſeven* and *five* remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,
Without one wiſh I ſee the guineas ſhine,
Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make *Chloe* mine.
Now ſee, prepar'd their utmoſt ſpeed to try,
O'er the ſmooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their ſlender limbs they ſtrain,
And foaming ſtretch along the velvet plain!
Ah ſtay! ſwift ſteeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's ſmarting laſh obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your ſteps a nobler prize to gain;
Then ſwift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the abſent fair.
Now when the winds are huſh'd, the air ſerene,
And chearful ſunbeams gild the beauteous ſcene,
Penſive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I ſtray,
Where'er or choice, or chance directs the way:
Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
Or diſtant bluiſh hills, or ſilver floods:
Now harmleſs birds in ſilken nets inſnare,
Now with ſwift dogs purſue the flying hare:
Dull ſports! for oh my *Chloe* is not there!
Fatigu'd, at length I willingly retire
To a ſmall ſtudy, and a cheerful fire;

There o'er ſome folio pore, I pore 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you!
I hear you, ſee you, feaſt upon your eyes,
And claſp with eager arms the lovely prize;
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
Whilſt I by dear reflection live again:
But ev'n theſe joys are too ſublime to laſt,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones paſt;
For juſt when now beneath ſome ſilent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love—
Or charm with thrilling notes the liſt'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels ſing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleaſing viſion in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched, and alone.
So when glad *Orpheus* from th' infernal ſhade
Had juſt recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Loſt in eternal night—again ſhe dies.

To a LADY.

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR A GROTTO.

WITH gifts like theſe, the ſpoils of neigh-
b'ring ſhores,
The Indian ſwain his ſable love adores;
Off'rings well ſuited to the duſky ſhrine
Of his rude goddeſs, but unworthy mine:
And yet they ſeem not ſuch a worthleſs prize,
If nicely view'd by philoſophic eyes;
And ſuch are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themſelves
inſpire.
To ſuch how fair appears each grain of ſand,
Or humbleſt weed, as wrought by nature's
hand!
How far ſuperior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted
flow'r!
In all her births, tho' of the meaneſt kinds,
A juſt obſerver entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions ſees,
And how ſhe gently riſes by degrees;
A ſhell, or ſtone, he can with pleaſure view,
Hence trace her nobleſt works, the heav'ns—
and you.
Behold, how bright theſe gaudy trifles ſhine,
The lovely ſportings of a hand divine!

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See with what art each curious ſhell is made,
Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid ſtreaks th' enamell'd ſtones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet ſtill not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the ſparkling chaos lies;
Doubly they'll pleaſe, when in your grotto plac'd,
They plainly ſpeak their fair diſpoſer's taſte;
Then glories yet unſeen ſhall o'er them riſe,
New order from your hand, new luſtre from your eyes.
How ſweet, how charming will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full protection brought!
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents thro' the ſhell-work flow;
Here coral mixt with ſhells of various dyes,
There poliſh'd ſtones will charm our wond'ring eyes:
Delightful bow'r of bliſs! ſecure retreat!
Fit for the Muſes, and *Statira's* ſeat.
But ſtill how good muſt be that fair one's mind,
Who thus in ſolitude can pleaſure find!
The muſe her company, good-ſenſe her guide,
Reſiſtleſs charms her pow'r, but not her pride:
Who thus forſakes the town, the park, and play,
In ſilent ſhades to paſs her hours away;

Who

Who better likes to breathe freſh country air,
Than ride impriſon'd in a velvet chair;
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of *Farinelli's* voice;
Prefers her books, and conſcience void of ill,
To concerts, balls, aſſemblies, and quadrille:
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariots ſees,
For groves the playhouſe quits, and beaus for trees.
Bleſt is the man, whom heav'n ſhall grant one hour
With ſuch a lovely nymph, in ſuch a lovely bow'r!

To a LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY FINE HAND.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of *Chloe's* artful hand,
Throughout the finiſh'd piece we ſee diſplay'd
Th' exacteſt image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and ſuch her form divine,
This pure, as flows the ſtyle thro' ev'ry line,
That like each letter, exquiſitely fine.
See with what art the ſable currents ſtain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in ſilver ſnow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in ſhining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely *Chloe's* neck:
See, like ſome virgin, whoſe unmeaning charms
Receive new luſtre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breaſt,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impreſt,
At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows,
Freſh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
And ſhines each moment brighter from its ſtains.
Let mighty Love no longer boaſt his darts,
That ſtrike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;

Chloe,

Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as ſure, and at a diſtance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you ſend your great commands,
To diſtant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'ſcapes your eyes;
So thoſe, who from the ſword in battle run
But periſh victims to the diſtant gun.
Beauty's a ſhort-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But theſe are charms no ages can devour;
Theſe far ſuperior to the brighteſt face,
Triumph alike o'er time as well as ſpace.
When that fair form, which thouſands now adore,
By years decay'd, ſhall tyrannize no more,
Theſe lovely lines ſhall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.
How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wiſh like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aſpire
To copy *Paulo's* ſtroke, or *Titian's* fire:
Ev'n now your ſplendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try;
Believe me, fair, I'm practiſing this art,
To ſteal your hand, in hopes to ſteal your heart.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY*,

PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verſe a tribute ſacred to the fair;
Hence in each age the lovelieſt nymph has been,
By undiſputed right, the muſes queen;
Her ſmiles have all poetic boſoms fir'd,
And patronis'd the verſe themſelves inſpir'd:
Leſbia preſided thus in Roman times,
Thus *Sachariſſa* reign'd o'er Britiſh rhymes,

* Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley was the only daughter and heireſs of Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by his wife the Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh, ſole daughter and heireſs of John Holles Duke of Newcaſtle. She married William the ſecond Duke of Portland July 11, 1734, who died on the 1ſt of May, 1762; her Grace ſurviving him, departed this life at her ſeat at Bulſtrode, on Monday the 18th of June 1785, leaving behind her that famous muſeum, replete with works in the fine arts and a moſt extenſive collection of natural hiſtory, which, with no leſs induſtry than judgment, and at an expence which could be only ſupported by her princely fortune, ſhe had been the greateſt part of her life collecting; but this collection, however it was gazed at, and with great judgment admired by men of virtue and philoſophy of our own and foreign nations, yet, when time ſhall have done away all traces of its exiſtence, her Grace's unfeigned religion and piety, exact fulfilment of all domeſtic duties, ſuperior talents of mind, native dignity amongſt her equals, a flowing condeſcenſion to her inferiors, which made thoſe whom ſhe honoured with her acquaintance forget the difference of their ſtations, univerſal benevolence, and the moſt amiable ſweetneſs of temper, will cauſe her ever to be remembered amongſt the moſt famous of her ſex, whoſe ſuperior characters reflect a luſtre on the Britiſh nation. E.

And

And preſent bards to *Margaretta* bow,
For what they were of old, is *Harley* now.
From *Oxford's* houſe, in theſe dull buſy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praiſe;
He to our ſlighted labours ſtill is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever ſure to find
(Reward ſufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inſpire, and goodneſs to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your ſire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays;
Form'd for our glory and ſupport, ye ſeem,
Our conſtant patron he, and you our theme.
Where ſhou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?
Where ev'ry verſe, but at your feet, be lay'd?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As firſt in beauty, and as *Oxford's* heir.
Illuſtrious maid! in whoſe ſole perſon join'd
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her ſex's pride,
Without one foible of her ſex to hide;
Good-nature artleſs as the bloom that dyes
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh *Harley!* cou'd but you theſe lines approve,
Theſe children ſprung from idleneſs and love,
Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the deſign!)
Hope to amuſe your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applauſe, and critics blame,
Alike I'd ſcorn: your approbation's fame.

HORACE,

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

IMITATED.

HORATII,

LIB. II. OD. XVI.

1. OTIUM divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Ægeo, ſimul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis;

2. Otium bello furioſa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Groſphe, non gemmis neque purpurâ, venale, nec auro.

3. Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

4. Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui ſalinum;
Nec leves ſomnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

5. Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

6. Scandit

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

IMITATED.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Eſq.

SOON AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION IN 1747.

1. FOR quiet, *Yorke*, the ſailor cries,
When gathering ſtorms obſcure the ſkies,
The ſtars no more appearing;

2. The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
of bleſt electioneering.

3. Who thinks, that from the Speaker's chair
The Serjeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rouſly miſtaken:

4. Alas! he is not half ſo bleſt
As thoſe, who've liberty, and reſt,
And dine on beans and bacon.

5. Why ſhould we then to London run,
And quit our chearful country ſun
For buſineſs, dirt, and ſmoke?
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourſelves get rid of, or our care?
In troth 'tis all a joke.

6. Care

6. Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

7. Lætus in præſens animus quod ultra eſt
Oderit curare, & amara lento
Temperet riſu. Nihil eſt ab omni
8. Parte beatum.

9. Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem;
10. Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus;
Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negârit,
Porriget hora.

11. Te greges centum, Siculæque circùm-
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinni-
12. Tum apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Veſtiunt lanæ: 13. mihi parva rura et
14. Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.

6. Care climbs proud ſhips of mightieſt force,
And mounts behind the General's horſe,
Outſtrips huſſars and pandours;
Far ſwifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or *Cope* * before th' Highlanders.

7. A man, when once he's ſafely choſe,
Should laugh at all his threatening foes,
Nor think of future evil:
Each good has its attendant ill;
8. A ſeat is no bad thing, but ſtill
Elections are the devil.

9. Its gifts, with hand impartial, Heav'n
Divides: to *Orford* it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory;
10. To Bath indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Purſu'd by Whig and Tory.

11. The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted ſeats, and parks, and land;
Brocades and ſilks you wear;
With claret and ragouts you treat,
12. Six neighing ſteeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car.

13. To me they've giv'n a ſmall retreat,
Good port and mutton, beſt of meat,
With broad-cloth on my ſhoulders,
A ſoul that ſcorns a dirty job,
14. Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean who a'n't freeholders.

* General Cope, in the year 1745, had made a very precipitate retreat, before the rebel army, from Preſton Panns to Edinburgh.

HORACE,

HORATII,

LIB. IV. OD. VIII.

1. DONAREM pateras grataque commodus,
Cenſorine, meis æra ſodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Grajorum; 2. neque tu peſſima munerum
Ferres, divite me ſcilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhaſius protulit aut Scopas;
3. Hic ſaxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Soler nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

4. Sed non hæc mihi vis: nec tibi talium
Res eſt aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus, carmina poſſumus
Donare, 5. & pretium dicere muneri.

6. Non

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE VIII.

IMITATED.

TO THE SAME.

1. DID but kind fate to me impart
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,
A token of my love, I'd ſend;
2. But ſtill the choiceſt and the beſt
Shoud be conſign'd to friends at *Wreſt.*

An organ, which, if right I gueſs,
Would beſt pleaſe lady *Marchioneſs*,
Should firſt be ſent by my command;
Worthy of her inſpiring hand:
To lady *Bell* of niceſt mould
A coral ſet in burniſh'd gold:
To you, well knowing what you like,
3. Portraits by *Lely* or *Vandyke*,
A curious bronze, or buſt antique.

4. But ſince theſe gifts exceed my power,
And you, who need not wiſh for more,
Already bleſt with all that's fine,
Are pleas'd with verſe, tho' ſuch as mine;
As poets us'd in ancient times,
I'll make my preſents all in rhymes;
5. And, leſt you ſhould forget their worth,
Like them I'll ſet their value forth.

6. Non inciſa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ ſpiritus & vita redit bonis
Poſt mortem ducibus; non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorſum Annibalis minæ;
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides: neque,
7. Si chartæ ſileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. 8. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortiſque puer, ſi taciturnitas
Obſtaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus & favor & lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus conſecrat inſulis.

9. Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori,
Cœlo muſa beat: 10. Sic Jovis intereſt
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
Clarum Tyndaridæ ſidus ab infimis
Quaſſas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

6. Not monumental braſs or ſtones,
The guardians of heroic bones,
Not victories won by *Marlbro's* ſword,
Nor titles which theſe feats record,
Such glories o'er the dead diffuſe,
As can the labours of the muſe.
7. But if ſhe ſhould her aid deny,
With you your virtues all muſt die,
Nor tongues unborn ſhall ever ſay
How wiſe, how good, was Lady *Grey*.

8. What now had been th' ignoble doom
Of him who built imperial *Rome*?
Or him deſerving ten times more,
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,
Clear'd ſtreams, and bridges laid acroſs,
And built the little church of *Roſs*?
Did not th' eternal powers of verſe
From age to age their deeds rehearſe.

9. The muſe forbids the brave to die,
Beſtowing immortality:
10. Still by her aid in bleſt abodes
Alcides feaſts among the Gods;
And royal *Arthur* ſtill is able
To fill his hoſpitable table
With Engliſh beef, and Engliſh knights,
And looks with pity down on *White's*.

To the Hon. Miſs YORKE,

ON HER MARRIAGE TO LORD ANSON.

VICTORIOUS *Anſon* ſee returns
From the ſubjected main!
With joy each Britiſh boſom burns,
Fearleſs of *France* and *Spain*.

Honours his grateful Sovereign's hand,
Conqueſt his own beſtows,
Applauſe unfeign'd his native land,
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

But ſtill, my ſon, *Britannia* cries,
Still more thy merits claim;
Thy deeds deſerve a richer prize
Than titles, wealth, or fame.

Twice wafted ſafe from pole to pole
Th' haſt ſail'd the globe around;
Contains it ought can charm thy ſoul,
Thy fondeſt wiſhes bound?

Is there a treaſure worth thy care
Within th' incircling line?
Say, and I'll weary Heav'n with pray'r
To make that treaſure thine.

Heav'n liſten'd to *Britannia's* voice,
Agreed that more was due:
He choſe—the gods approv'd his choice,
And paid him all in *You*.

CHLOE

CHLOE TO STREPHON,

A SONG.

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for Heav'n's ſake let it ſuffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

Could all your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a maid undo?
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you.

Say, would you uſe that very pow'r
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not purſue;
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard
To fight with love and you.

A SONG.

A SONG.

CEASE, *Sally*, thy charms to expand,
All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,
Hide thoſe eyes, hide that neck and that hand,
And thoſe ſweet flowing treſſes of hair.

Oh! torture me not, for Love's ſake,
With the ſmirk of thoſe delicate lips,
With that head's dear ſignificant ſhake,
And the toſs of the hoop and the hips.

Oh! ſight ſtill more fatal! look there
O'er her tucker what murderers peep!
So—now there's an end of my care,
I ſhall never more eat, drink, or ſleep.

D'you ſing too? a miſchievous thought!
Touch me, touch me not there any more;
Who the devil can 'ſcape being caught
In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?

But why to adviſe ſhou'd I try?
What nature ordains we muſt prove;
You no more can help charming, than I
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

A SONG.

A SONG.

WHEN firſt I ſought fair *Cælia's* love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and ſigh'd in vain,
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore,
She ne'er would eaſe my pain.

At laſt o'ercome ſhe made me bleſt,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forſook her, when poſſeſt,
And fled to others' arms.

But let not this, dear *Cælia*, now
To rage thy breaſt incline;
For why, ſince you forgot your vow,
Should I remember mine?

THE CHOICE.

HAD I, *Pygmalion* like, the pow'r
To make the nymph I wou'd adore;
The model ſhou'd be thus deſign'd,
Like this her form, like this her mind.

Her ſkin ſhou'd be as lilies fair,
With roſy cheeks and jetty hair;
Her lips with pure vermilion ſpread,
And ſoft and moiſt, as well as red;
Her eyes ſhou'd ſhine with vivid light,
At once both languiſhing and bright;
Her ſhape ſhou'd be exact and ſmall,
Her ſtature rather low than tall;
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both ſprightly and ſerene;
Beſides all this, a nameleſs grace
Shou'd be diffus'd all o'er her face;
To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but ſweet.

This for her form: now for her mind;
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettiſh arts,
And vain deſigns of conquering hearts,
Not ſway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain;
But ſoft, tho' bright, like her own eyes,
Diſcreetly witty, gayly wiſe.

I'd have

I'd have her ſkill'd in ev'ry art
That can engage a wand'ring heart;
Know all the ſciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve;
To preſs the hand, and roll the eye,
And drop ſometimes an amorous ſigh;
To lengthen out the balmy kiſs,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliſs;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught,—or me.

I'd have her to ſtrict honour ty'd,
And yet without one ſpark of pride;
In company well dreſt and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outſhine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Well-pleas'd to grace the park, and play,
And dance ſometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to ſpend her hours
In ſolitude, and ſhady bow'rs,
And there, beneath ſome ſilent grove,
Delight in poetry, and love.

Some ſparks of the poetic fire
I fain would have her ſoul inſpire,
Enough, at leaſt, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;
Enough, at leaſt, to make her wiſe,
And fops and fopperies deſpiſe;
Prefer her books, and her own muſe,
To viſits, ſcandal, chat, and news;
Above her ſex exalt her mind,
And make her more than woman-kind.

To a YOUNG LADY,

GOING TO THE WEST INDIES.

FOR univerſal ſway deſign'd,
To diſtant realms *Clorinda* flies,
And ſcorns, in one ſmall iſle confin'd,
To bound the conqueſts of her eyes.

From our cold climes to *India's* ſhore
With cruel haſte ſhe wings her way,
To ſcorch their ſultry plains ſtill more,
And rob us of our only day.

Whilſt ev'ry ſtreaming eye o'erflows
With tender floods of parting tears,
Thy breaſt, dear cauſe of all our woes,
Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But ſtill, if right the muſes tell,
The fated point of time is nigh,
When grief ſhall that fair boſom ſwell,
And trickle from thy lovely eye.

Tho' now, like *Philip's* ſon, whoſe arms
Did once the vaſſal world command,
You rove with unreſiſted charms,
And conquer both by ſea and land:

Yet when (as ſoon they muſt) mankind
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,
You too, like him, will weep to find
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

CHLOE

CHLOE ANGLING.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd ſide
Behold my *Chloe* ſtands!
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
As conſcious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,
Her thoughts ſerenely flow,
Calm as the ſoftly breathing air,
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her ſparkling eyes diſcloſe,
With ſuch ſoft pow'r endu'd,
She ſeems a new-born *Venus*, roſe
From the tranſparent flood.

From each green bank, and moſſy cave,
The ſcaly race repair,
They ſport beneath the cryſtal wave,
And kiſs her image there.

Here the bright ſilver eel enroll'd
In ſhining volumes lies,
There baſks the carp bedropt with gold
In the ſunſhine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
The tim'rous trouts appear;
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With

With equal haſte the thoughtleſs crew
To the fair tempter fly;
Nor grieve they, whilſt her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late;
Ah ſimple fiſh, beware!
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And ſtruggle in the ſnare.

But, Fair-one, tho' theſe toils ſucceed,
Of conqueſt be not vain;
Nor think o'er all the ſcaly breed
Unpuniſh'd thus to reign.

Remember, in a wat'ry glaſs
His charms *Narciſſus* ſpy'd,
When for his own bewitching face
The youth deſpair'd and dy'd.

No more then harmleſs fiſh inſnare,
No more ſuch wiles purſue;
Leſt, whilſt you baits for them prepare,
Love find out one for you.

CHLOE HUNTING.

WHILST thouſands court fair *Chloe's* love,
She fears the dang'rous joy,
But, *Cynthia* like, frequents the grove,
As lovely, and as coy.

With the ſame ſpeed ſhe ſeeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare,
She leaves purſuing ſwains behind,
To languiſh and deſpair.

Oh ſtrange caprice in thy dear breaſt,
Whence firſt this whim began;
To follow thus each worthleſs beaſt,
And ſhun their ſovereign man!

Conſider, Fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both muſt die,
Not ſurer they, when you purſue,
Than we whene'er you fly.

ON

LUCINDA's RECOVERY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

BRIGHT *Venus* long with envious eyes
The fair *Lucinda's* charms had ſeen,
And ſhall ſhe ſtill, the goddeſs cries,
Thus dare to rival Beauty's queen?

She ſpoke, and to th' infernal plains
With cruel haſte indignant goes,
Where Death, the prince of terrors, reigns,
Amidſt diſeaſes, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs ſhe thus applies:
O ſole, in whom my hopes confide
To blaſt my rival's potent eyes,
And in her fate all mortal pride!

Let her but feel thy chilling dart,
I will forgive, tremendous god!
Ev'n that which pierc'd *Adonis'* heart:
He hears, and gives th' aſſenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce *Diſeaſe*,
Impatient for the beauteous prey,
Bids him the loveliеſt fabric ſeize,
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Aſſur'd he meant *Lucinda's* charms,
To her th' infectious *dæmon* flies;
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips diſarms,
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,
Nor doubts, like mortal Fair, t' employ
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the ſpoils of ev'ry grace
The goddeſs picks ſome glorious prize,
Tranſplants the roſes from her face,
And arms young *Cupids* from her eyes.

Now *Death* (ah veil the mournful ſcene!)
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,
Had kinder *Fate* not ſtept between,
And turn'd aſide th' uplifted dart.

What frenzy bids thy hand eſſay,
He cries, to wound thy ſureſt friend,
Whoſe beauties to thy realms each day
Such num'rous crowds of victims ſend?

Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,
As thine own ſilent arrows ſure?
Or who, that once has felt their flame,
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?

Death, thus reprov'd, his hand reſtrains,
And bids the dire diſtemper fly;
The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,
That thouſands may adore, and die.

WRITTEN IN

MR. LOCKE's ESSAY ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

LONG had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry part,
Meaſur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and ſky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet ſtill, ſo learn'd, herſelf ſhe little knew,
Till *Locke's* unerring pen the portrait drew.

So beauteous *Eve* a while in Eden ſtray'd,
And all her great Creator's works ſurvey'd;
By ſun, and moon, ſhe knew to mark the hour,
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;
She knew, when ſporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin and the nimble fawn:
But ſtill a ſtranger to her own bright face,
She gueſs'd not at its form, nor what ſhe was;
Till led at length to ſome clear fountain's ſide,
She view'd her beauties in the cryſtal tide;
The ſhining mirror all her charms diſplays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

WRITTEN IN A

LADY's VOLUME OF TRAGEDIES.

SINCE thou, relentleſs maid, canſt daily hear
Thy ſlave's complaints without one ſigh or tear,
Why beats thy breaſt, or thy bright eyes o'erflow
At theſe imaginary ſcenes of woe?
Rather teach theſe to weep and that to heave,
At real pains themſelves to thouſands give;
And if ſuch pity to feign'd love is due,
Conſider how much more you owe to true.

CUPID

CUPID RELIEVED.

AS once young *Cupid* went aſtray
The little god I found;
I took his bow and ſhafts away,
And faſt his pinions bound.

At *Chloe's* feet my ſpoils I caſt,
My conqueſt proud to ſhow;
She ſaw his godſhip fetter'd faſt,
And ſmil'd to ſee him ſo.

But ah! that ſmile ſuch freſh ſupplies
Of arms reſiſtleſs gave!
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,
And fall again his ſlave.

THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

POOR *Jenny*, am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led aſtray,
To nunn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd, and look'd ſo like a maid,
So ſeldom eat, ſo often pray'd,
She was by all admir'd.

The lady *Abbeſs* oft would cry,
If any ſiſter trod awry,
Or prov'd an idle flattern;
See wiſe and pious Mrs. *Jane*,
A life ſo ſtrict, ſo grave a mien
Is ſure a worthy pattern.

A pert young ſlut at length replies,
Experience, madam, makes folks wiſe,
'Tis that has made her ſuch;
And we, poor ſouls, no doubt ſhou'd be
As pious, and as wiſe, as ſhe,
If we had ſeen as much.

LUSUS PILÆ (AMATORIUS) EX NIVE COACTÆ.

* PETRONII AFRANII EPIGRAMMA.

ME nive candenti petiit modo Julia; rebar
Igne carere nivem, ſed tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidius? noſtrum tamen urere pectus
Nix potuit manibus, Julia, miſſa tuis.
Quis locus inſidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concretâ ſi latet ignis aquâ?
Julia, ſola potes noſtras extinguere flammas
Non nive, non glacie, ſed potes igne pari.

* The only account that could be found, after a diligent ſearch, of the author of this neat and elegant performance, is in Fabricius's Bibliotheca Latina; where Petronius Afranius is placed, amongſt many others, as a writer of Epigrams, without any notice taken of what country he was, at what time he lived, without any one circumſtance to mark who or what he was. This Epigram is inſerted in the appendix to the 11th edition of Epigrammatum Delectus, in uſum Scholæ Etonenſis, printed at London 1740, accompanied by the following note: "Elegans et acutum Epigramma! me judice, ut ut, in tenui materiâ, et affabre undequaque concinnatum et omnibus numeris abſolutum." E.

THE

THE SNOW-BALL.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

WHITE as her hand fair *Julia* threw
A ball of ſilver ſnow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My boſom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whoſe great command
Can thus a ſnow-ball arm;
When ſent, fair *Julia*, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhould we then ſecure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all muſt feel,
Who thus can, by ſtrange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair *Julia*, know,
Canſt quench my fierce deſire,
But not with water, ice, or ſnow,
But with an equal fire.

Εις βαθυλλον.

Η Ταντάλου ποτ' ἦν
Λίθος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὀχθαις.
Καὶ παῖς ποτ' ὄρνις ἦπλη
Παιδίου χελιδών.
Εγὼ δ' ἱστοπλόον εἶην,
Οπως ἀεὶ βλέπῃς με.
Εγὼ χιτὼν γενοίμην,
Οπως ἀεὶ φορῇς με.
Υδωρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
Οπως σὲ χεῖρα λύσω.
Απαλὸν μύρον γενοίμην
Ως σῶ κόμας ἀλείφω
Καὶ τηνίη μετώπῳ.
Καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ.
Καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην,
Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.

ANACREON, Ode XX.

A Rock on Phrygian plains we ſee
That once was beauteous *Niobe:*
And *Progne*, too revengeful Fair!
Now flits a wand'ring bird in air:
Thus I a looking-glaſs wou'd be,
That you, dear maid, might gaze on me;
Be chang'd to ſtays, that ſtraitly lac'd,
I might embrace thy ſlender waiſt;
A ſilver ſtream I'd bathe thee, Fair,
Or ſhine pomatum on thy hair;
In a ſoft ſable tippet's form
I'd kiſs thy ſnowy boſom warm;
In ſhape of pearl that boſom deck,
And hang for ever round thy neck:
Pleas'd, to be ought, that touches you,
Your glove, your garter, or your ſhoe.

A TRANS-

A TRANSLATION OF SOME LATIN VERSES ON THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

THE various pow'rs of blended ſhade, and light,
The ſkilful *Zeuxis* of the duſky night;
The lovely forms, that paint the ſnowy plain
Free from the pencil's violating ſtain,
In tuneful lines, harmonious *Phœbus*, ſing,
At once of light and verſe celeſtial king.

Divine *Apollo!* let thy ſacred fire
Thy youthful bard's unſkilful breaſt inſpire,
Like the fair empty ſheet he hangs to view,
Void, and unfurniſh'd, till inſpir'd by you;
O let one beam, one kind enlightning ray
At once upon his mind and paper play!
Hence ſhall his breaſt with bright ideas glow,
Hence num'rous forms the ſilver field ſhall ſtrew.

But now the muſe's uſeful precepts view,
And with juſt care the pleaſing work purſue.
Firſt chuſe a window that convenient lies,
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes,
Dark be the room, let not a ſtraggling ray
Intrude, to chaſe the ſhadowy forms away,
Except one bright, refulgent blaze, convey'd
Thro' a ſtrait paſſage in the ſhutter made,
In which th' ingenious artiſt firſt muſt place
A little, convex, round, tranſparent glaſs,
And juſt behind th' extended paper lay,

On

On which his art ſhall all its pow'r diſplay:
There rays reflected from all parts ſhall meet,
And paint their objects on the ſilver ſheet;
A thouſand forms ſhall in a moment riſe,
And magic landſcapes charm our wond'ring eyes;
'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,
If *Epicurus'* doctrine teaches true,
The ſubtile parts upon our organs play,
And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what cauſes all theſe wonders flow,
'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,
How thro' the centre of the convex glaſs,
The piercing rays together twiſted paſs,
Or why revers'd the lovely ſcenes appear,
Or why the ſun's approaching light they fear;
Let grave philoſophers the cauſe enquire,
Enough for us to ſee, and to admire.

See then what forms with various colours ſtain
The painted ſurface of the paper plain!
Now bright and gay, as ſhines the heav'nly bow,
So late, a wide unpeopled waſte of ſnow:
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn
The new uncultivated fields adorn;
Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,
There ſlender tow'rs, and little cities riſe:

But

But all with tops inverted downward bend,
Earth mounts aloft, and ſkies and clouds deſcend:
Thus the wiſe vulgar on a pendent land
Imagine our antipodes to ſtand,
And wonder much, how they ſecurely go,
And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part
Above the reach of great *Apelles'* art;
Zephyrs the waving harveſt gently blow,
The waters curl, and brooks inceſſant flow;
Men, beaſts, and birds in fair confuſion ſtray,
Some riſe to ſight, whilſt others paſs away.

On all we ſeize that comes within our reach,
The rolling coach we ſtop, the horſeman catch;
Compel the poſting traveller to ſtay;
But the ſhort viſit cauſes no delay.

Again, behold what lovely proſpects riſe!
Now with the lovelieſt feaſt your longing eyes,
Nor let ſtrict modeſty be here afraid,
To view upon her head a beauteous maid:
See in ſmall folds her waving garments flow,
And all her ſlender limbs ſtill ſlend'rer grow;
Contracted in one little orb is found
The ſpacious hoop, once five vaſt ells around;
But think not to embrace the flying Fair,
Soon will ſhe quit your arms unſeen as air,
In this reſembling too a tender maid,
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.

Enough

Enough w' have ſeen, now let th' intruding day
Chace all the lovely magic ſcenes away;
Again the unpeopled ſnowy waſte returns,
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns,
The bright creation in a moment flies,
And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when ſtill night her gloomy mantle ſpreads,
The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads!
But when the day returns, they wing their flight
To diſtant lands, and ſhun th' unwelcome light.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

IN her own iſle's remoteſt grove
Stands *Venus'* lovely ſhrine,
Sacred to beauty, joy, and love,
And built by hands divine.

The poliſh'd ſtructure, fair and bright
As her own ivory ſkin,
Without is alabaſter white,
And ruby all within.

Above, a cupola charms the view,
White as unſully'd ſnow;
Two columns of the ſame fair hue
Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves,
In which ſuch virtue reigns,
That, bath'd in its balſamic waves,
No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there ſpreads
A fragrant ſpicy grove,
That with its curling branches ſhades
The labyrinths of Love.

Bright Beauty here her captives holds,
Who kiſs their eaſy chains,
And in the ſofteſt cloſeſt folds
Her willing ſlaves detains.

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou, who ne'er theſe ſeas haſt try'd,
Find where this iſland lies,
Let pilot Love the rudder guide,
And ſteer by *Chloe's* eyes.

ON A NOSEGAY

IN THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY'S BREAST*.

IN IMITATION OF WALLER.

DELIGHTFUL ſcene! in which appear
At once all beauties of the year!
See how the Zephyrs of her breath
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath!
See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,
Tho' planted in a bed of ſnow!
Yet ſee how ſoon they fade and die,
Scorch'd by the ſunſhine of her eye!
Nor wonder if, o'ercome with bliſs,
They droop their heads to ſteal a kiſs;
Who would not die on that dear breaſt?
Who would not die to be ſo bleſt?

* Maria Counteſs of Coventry, the eldeſt daughter of John Gunning, Eſq; by his wife Bridget, daughter of John Bourk, Lord Viſcount Mayo in Ireland. She was married to George William, the ſixth Earl of Coventry, March 5, 1752, and departed this life October 1, 1760. Her tranſcendent beauty was the admiration of all who beheld her.

The

The 'SQUIRE and the PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE, 1748.

BY his hall chimney, where in ruſty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair, the penſive 'Squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe juſt fill'd upon a table near
Lay by the London-Evening * ſtain'd with beer,
With half a bible, on whoſe remnants torn
Each pariſh round was annually forſworn.
The gate now claps, as ev'ning juſt grew dark,
Tray ſtarts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
But ſoon diſcerning, with ſagacious noſe,
The well-known ſavour of the parſon's toes,
Lays down his head, and ſinks in ſoft repoſe:
The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why ſit'ſt thou thus, forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the diſtant bells inſpire delight!
See bonfires ſpangle o'er the veil of night!

* The London Evening Poſt, the only paper at that time taken in and read by the enemies to the Houſe of Hanover.

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I ſee;
Joyleſs I hear drums, bells, and fiddles ſound,
'Tis all the ſame—Four ſhillings in the pound.
My wheels, tho' old, are clog'd with a new tax;
My oaks, tho' young, muſt groan beneath the axe:
My barns are half unthatch'd, until'd my houſe,
Loſt by this fatal ſickneſs all my cows:
See there's the bill my late damn'd law-ſuit coſt!
Long as the land contended for—and loſt:
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,
So ſhort my pocket is, ſo long the ſcore;
At ſhops all round I owe for fifty things.—
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I muſt confeſs the times are bad indeed,
No wonder; when we ſcarce believe our creed;
When purblind Reaſon's deem'd the ſureſt guide,
And heav'n-born Faith at her tribunal try'd;
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men ſlaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your tongue:
I'm for the church:—but think the parſons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! free-thinking now ſo rank is grown,
It ſpreads infection thro' each country town;
Deiſtic ſcoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every ſacred thing.

'SQUIRE.

Come, drink;——

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king:

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king; I hate the glaſs ſhou'd ſtand,
Tho' one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will ſcourge this ſinful nation,
Unleſs we ſoon repeal the toleration,
And to the church reſtore the convocation.

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we ſhou'd feel ſufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houſes, prieſt-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honeſt Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

PARSON.

Is not moſt gracious *George* our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wiſh for the Pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I ſuppoſe, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:
But you muſt firſt learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? ſure ſome ſtrange news, a boy with letters;
Oh, ho! here's one, I ſee, from parſon *Sly*:
" My rev'rend neighbour *Squab* being like " to die;
" I hope, if Heav'n ſhould pleaſe to take " him hence,
" To aſk the living would be no offence."

PARSON.

Have you not ſwore, that I ſhou'd *Squab* ſucceed?
Think how for this I taught your ſons to read;
How oft diſcover'd puſs on new-plow'd land,
How oft ſupported you with friendly hand;
When I cou'd ſcarcely go, nor cou'd your worſhip ſtand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honeſt, wiſe, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the biſhops, or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old Preſbyterian raſcal *Sly*.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glaſs, a merry ſong, or ſtory.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honeſt dog, that's truth, indeed—
Talk no more nonſenſe then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy firſt requeſt;
'Tis thine; but firſt a bumper to the beſt.

PARSON.

Moſt noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleaſing's the condition you aſſign?
Give me the ſparkling glaſs, and here, d'ye ſee,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:—
Great queen! who governeſt this earthly ball,
And mak'ſt both kings and kingdoms riſe and fall;
Whoſe wond'rous pow'r in ſecret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;
Diſpenſes mitres, coronets, and ſtars;
Involves far diſtant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids war's ſnaky treſſes ceaſe to hiſs,
And gives them peace again—*nay gave us this:
Whoſe health does health to all mankind impart,
Here's to thy much-lov'd health:

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

—— With all my heart.

* Madam de Pompadour.

GIVEN

GIVEN TO A LADY

WITH A WATCH WHICH SHE BORROWED TO HAVE AT HER BED'S HEAD.

WHILST half aſleep my *Chloe* lies,
And all her ſofteſt thoughts ariſe;
Whilſt, tyrant Honour lay'd at reſt,
Love ſteals to her unguarded breaſt;
Then whiſper to the yielding Fair,
Thou witneſs to the pains I bear,
How oft her ſlave with open eyes,
All the long night deſpairing lies;
Impatient till the roſy day
Shall once again its beams diſplay,
And with it he again may riſe,
To greet with joy her dawning eyes.
Tell her as all thy motions ſtand,
Unleſs recruited by her hand,
So ſhall my life forget to move;
Unleſs, each day, the Fair I love
Shall new repeated vigour give
With ſmiles, and make me fit to live.
Tell her, when far from her I ſtray,
How oft I chide thy ſlow delay;
But when beneath her ſmiles I live,
Bleſt with all joys the Gods can give,
How often I reprove thy haſte,
And think each precious moment flies too faſt.

BELPHEGOR.

BELPHEGOR,

A FABLE.

FROM MACHIAVEL.

——— *Fugit indignata ſub umbras.*

TH' infernal monarch once, as ſtories tell,
Review'd his ſubjects from all parts of hell;
Around his throne unnumber'd millions wait,
He ſcarce believ'd his empire was ſo great;
Still as each paſs'd, he aſk'd with friendly care
What crime had caus'd their fall, and brought them there:
Scarce one he queſtion'd, but reply'd the ſame,
And on the marriage nooſe lay'd all the blame;
Thence ev'ry fatal error of their lives
They all deduce, and all accuſe their wives.
Then to his peers, and potentates around,
Thus *Satan* ſpoke; hell trembled with the ſound.
My friends, what vaſt advantages wou'd flow
To theſe our realms? cou'd we but fully know
The form and nature of theſe marriage chains,
That ſend ſuch crouds to our infernal plains;
Let ſome bold patriot then, who dares to ſhow
His gen'rous love to this our ſtate below,
For his dear country's good the taſk eſſay,
And animate awhile ſome human clay;
Ten years in marriage bonds he ſhall remain,
Enjoy its pleaſures, and endure its pain,
Then

Then to his friends return'd, with truth relate
The nature of the matrimonial ſtate.
He ſpoke; the liſt'ning crowds his ſcheme approv'd:
But who ſo much his prince, or country lov'd,
As thus, with fearleſs heart, to undertake
This hymeneal trial, for their ſake?
At length with one conſent they all propoſe,
That fortune ſhall by lot the taſk impoſe;
The dreaded chance on bold *Belphegor* fell,
Sighing h' obey'd and took his leave of hell.
Firſt in fair *Florence* he was pleas'd to fix,
Bought a large houſe, fine plate, a coach and ſix;
Dreſs'd rich and gay, play'd high, drank hard, and whor'd,
And liv'd in ſhort in all things like a lord:
His feaſts were plenteous, and his wines were ſtrong,
So poets, prieſts, and pimps his table throng,
Bring dedications, ſermons, whores, and plays,
The dev'l was ne'er ſo flatter'd in his days:
The ladies too were kind, each tender dame
Sigh'd, when ſhe mention'd *Roderigo's* name;
For ſo he's call'd: rich, young, and debonnair,
He reigns ſole monarch of the longing fair;
No daughter, ſure, of *Eve* cou'd e'er eſcape
The dev'l, when cloath'd in ſuch a tempting ſhape.
One nymph at length, ſuperior to the reſt,
Gay, beautiful, and young, inſpir'd his breaſt;
Soft looks and ſighs his paſſion ſoon betray'd,
Awhile he woos, then weds the lovely maid.

I ſhall

I ſhall not now, to grace my tale, relate
What feaſts, what balls, what dreſſes, pomp and ſtate,
Adorn'd their nuptial day, leſt it ſhou'd ſeem
As tedious to the reader, as to him,
Who big with expectation of delight,
Impatient waited for the happy night;
The happy night is come, his longing arms
Preſs cloſe the yielding maid in all her charms,
The yielding maid, who now no longer coy
With equal ardour loves, and gives a looſe to joy:
Diſſolv'd in bliſs more exquiſite than all
He e'er had felt in Heav'n, before his fall,
With rapture clinging to his lovely bride,
In murmurs to himſelf *Belphegor* cry'd,
Are theſe the marriage chains? are theſe my fears?
Oh had my ten, but been ten thouſand years!
But ah theſe happy moments laſt not long!
For in one month his wife has found her tongue,
All thoughts of love and tenderneſs are loſt,
Their only aim is, who ſhall ſquander moſt;
She dreams of nothing now but being fine,
Whilſt he is ever guzzling naſty wine;
She longs for jewels, equipage, and plate,
And he, ſad man! ſtays out ſo very late!
Hence ev'ry day domeſtic wars are bred,
A truce is hardly kept, while they're abed;
They wrangle all day long, and then at night,
Like wooing cats, at once they love and fight.

His

His riches too are with his quiet flown,
And they once ſpent, all friends on courſe are gone;
The ſum deſign'd his whole ten years to laſt,
Is all conſum'd before the firſt is paſt:
Where ſhall he hide? ah whither muſt he fly?
Legions of duns abroad in ambuſh lie,
For fear of them, no more he dares to roam,
And the worſt dun of all, his wife's at home.
Quite tir'd at length, with ſuch a wretched life,
He flies one night at once from debts, and wife;
But ere the morning dawn his flight is known;
And crowds purſue him cloſe from town to town:
He quits the public road, and wand'ring ſtrays
Thro' unfrequented woods, and pathleſs ways;
At laſt with joy a little farm he ſees,
Where liv'd a good old man, in health and eaſe;
Matthew his name: to him *Belphegor* goes,
And begs protection from purſuing foes,
With tears relates his melancholy caſe,
Tells him from whence he came, and who he was,
And vows to pay for his reception well,
When next he ſhou'd receive his rents from hell:
The farmer hears his tale with pitying ear,
And bids him live in peace, and ſafety there;
Awhile he did; no duns, no noiſe, or ſtrife,
Diſturb'd him there;—for *Matt* had ne'er a wife.
But ere few weeks in this retreat are paſt
Matt too himſelf becomes a dun at laſt;
Demands his promis'd pay with heat and rage,
Till thus *Belphegor's* words his wrath aſſwage.

My

My friend, we dev'ls, like Engliſh peers, he cry'd,
Tho' free from law, are yet by honour ty'd;
Tho' tradeſmen's cheating bills I ſcorn to view,
I pay all debts that are by honour due;
And therefore have contriv'd long ſince a way,
Beyond all hopes thy kindneſs to repay;
We ſubtle ſpirits can, you know, with eaſe
Poſſeſs whatever human breaſts we pleaſe,
With ſudden frenzy can o'ercaſt the mind,
Let paſſions looſe, and captive reaſon bind:
Thus I three mortal boſoms wil infeſt,
And force them to apply to you for reſt;
Vaſt ſums for cure they willingly ſhall pay,
Thrice, and but thrice, your pow'r I will obey.
He ſpoke, then fled unſeen, like ruſhing wind,
And breathleſs left his mortal frame behind:
The corps is quickly known, and news is ſpread
That *Roderigo's* in the deſert dead;
His wife in faſhionable grief appears,
Sighs for one day, then mourns two tedious years.
A beauteous maid, who then in Florence dwelt,
In a ſhort time unuſual ſymptoms felt;
Phyſicians came, preſcrib'd, then took their fees,
But none could find the cauſe of her diſeaſe;
Her parents thought 'twas love diſturb'd her reſt,
But all the learn'd agreed ſhe was poſſeſt;
In vain the doctors all their art apply'd,
In vain the prieſts their holy trump'ry try'd;
No pray'rs nor med'cines cou'd the dæmon tame,
Till *Matthew* heard the news, and haſt'ning came:

He

He aſks five hundred pounds; the money's pay'd;
He forms the magic ſpell, then cures the maid:
Hence chas'd, the dev'l to two rich houſes flies,
And makes their heirs ſucceſſively his prize,
Who both by *Matthew's* ſkill relieved from pains,
Reward his wond'rous art with wond'rous gains.
And now *Belphegor*, having thrice obey'd,
With reaſon thinks his hoſt is fully pay'd;
Next free to range, to *Gallia's* king he flies,
As dev'ls ambitious ever love to riſe;
Black hideous ſcenes diſtract his royal mind,
From all he ſeeks relief, but none can find,
And vows vaſt treaſures ſhall his art repay,
Whoe'er can chaſe the ſtrange diſeaſe away:
At length, inſtructed by the voice of fame,
To *Matthew* ſends; poor *Matt* reluctant came;
He knew his pow'r expir'd, refus'd to try,
But all excuſes fail'd, he muſt, or die;
At laſt deſpairing he the taſk eſſay'd,
Approach'd the monarch's ear, and whiſp'ring ſaid.
Since force, not choice, has brought thy ſervant here,
Once more, *Belphegor*, my petition hear,
This once at my requeſt, thy poſt reſign,
And ſave my life, as once I reſcu'd thine.
Cruel *Belphegor*, deaf to his requeſt,
Diſdain'd his pray'rs, and made his woes a jeſt;
With tears and ſighs he beg'd, and beg'd again —,
Still the ungrateful fiend but mock'd his pain;

Then turning round he told th' expecting
court,
This dev'l was of a moſt malignant ſort;
And that he could but make one tryal more,
And if that fail'd, he then muſt give him o'er:
Then placing num'rous drums, and trumpets
round,
Inſtructed when he mov'd his hand to ſound,
He whiſper'd in his patient's ear again,
Belphegor anſwer'd all his arts were vain:
He gives the ſign, they ſound; th' outrageous
din
Startles the king, and frights the dev'l within;
He aſks what 'tis, and vows that in his life
He ne'er had heard the like—except his wife;
By Heav'ns 'tis ſhe, *Matt* cries, you'd beſt be
gone,
She comes once more to ſeize you for her own;
Belphegor frighted, not one word replies,
But to th' infernal ſhades for refuge flies;
There paints a dreadful ſketch of marry'd lives,
And feelingly confirms the charge on wives:
Matthew o'erpay'd with honours, fame, and
fees,
Returns to bleſt obſcurity, and eaſe,
With joy triumphant Iö Pæan ſings,
And vows to deal no more with dev'ls or kings.

LIB. III. CARMEN IX.

DIALOGUS HORATII ET LYDIÆ.

HORAT.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quiſquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Perſarum vigui Rege beatior.

LYDIA.

A DIALOGUE

Between the Right Hon. HENRY PELHAM and Madam POPULARITY*.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

H. PELHAM.

1. WHILST I was pleaſing in your eyes,
And you was conſtant, chaſte, and wiſe;
Ere yet you had your favours granted
To ev'ry knave or fool who canted,
In peaceful joy I paſs'd each hour,
Nor envy'd *Walpole's* wealth and pow'r.

* From the commencement of the Spaniſh war in 1739, to the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, ſigned October 7, 1748, the land-tax was raiſed from two ſhillings to four ſhillings. In 1749 it was lowered to three ſhillings, at which rate it was continued till 1752, when Mr. Pelham, at that time the miniſter, reduced it to two ſhillings, at which rate it continued till the time of his death in 1754. This was one, amongſt others, of thoſe popular meaſures which gilded the evening of this miniſter's life, and rendered his death an object of public lamentation. To this event we owe this happy imitation, wrote ſoon after the Land-tax Act of that year paſſed.

MADAM

LYDIA.

Donec non aliâ magis
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORAT.

Me tunc Threſſa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ ſciens;
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcant animæ fata ſuperſtiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi;

MADAM POPULARITY.

2. While I poſſeſs'd your love alone,
My heart and voice were all your own;
But on my ſoul 'twou'd vex a ſaint,
When I've moſt reaſon for complaint,
To hear you thus begin to ſcold:
Think on *Britannia!* proud and old!
Are not her intereſts all your theme,
Your daily labour, nightly dream?

H. PELHAM.

3. My juſt regard I can't deny
For her and her proſperity;
Nor am aſham'd it is ſo great,
That, to deliver her from debt,
From foreign wars and civil ſtrife,
I'd freely ſacrifice my life.

MADAM POPULARITY.

4. To her your warmeſt vows are plighted,
For her I ev'ry day am ſlighted;
Her welfare always is preferr'd,
And my neglected voice unheard:
Examples numerous I cou'd mention,
A peace! bad as the old convention;
Money reduc'd to three per cent,
No pity on the poor who lent;
Armies that muſt for ever ſtand,
And ſtill three ſhillings laid on land.

H. PELHAM.

5. Suppoſe now, Madam, I was willing
For once to bate this grievous ſhilling,

Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcant puero fata ſuperſtiti.

HORAT.

Quod ſi priſca redit Venus,
Diductoſque jugo cogit aëneo:
Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Ejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quanquam ſidere pulchrior
Ille eſt; tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adria:
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

To humour you—I know 'tis wrong,
But you have ſuch a curſed tongue.

MADAM POPULARITY.

6. Why then, tho' rough as winds or ſeas,
You ſcorn all little arts to pleaſe,
Yet thou art honeſt, faith, and I
With thee alone will live and die.

A SIMILE.

CORINNA, in the country bred,
Harbour'd ſtrange notions in her head,
Notions in town quite out of faſhion;
Such as that love's a dangerous paſſion,
That virtue is the maiden's jewel,
And to be ſafe, ſhe muſt be cruel.
Thus arm'd ſhe'ad long ſecured her honour
From all aſſaults yet made upon her,
Had ſcratch'd th' impetuous Captain's hand,
Had torn the Lawyer's gown and band,
And gold refus'd from knights and Squires
To bribe her to her own deſires:
For, to ſay truth, ſhe thought it hard,
To be of pleaſures thus debarr'd,
She ſaw by others freely taſted,
So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and waſted;
Yet, notwithſtanding her condition,
Continu'd firm in oppoſition.
At length a troop of horſe came down,
And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town;
The Cornet he was tall and young,
And had a moſt bewitching tongue.
They ſaw and lik'd: the ſiege begun:
Each hour he ſome advantage won.
He ogled firſt;—ſhe turned away;—
But met his eyes the following day:
Then her reluctant hand he ſeizes,
That ſoon ſhe gives him, when he pleaſes:
Her ruby lips he next attacks:—
She ſtruggles;—in a while ſhe ſmacks:

Her

Her ſnowy breaſt he then invades ;—
That yields too after ſome parades ;
And of that fortreſs once poſſeſt,
He quickly maſters all the reſt.
No longer now, a dupe to fame,
She ſmothers or reſiſts her flame,
But loves without or fear or ſhame.
So have I ſeen the Tory race
Long in the pouts for want of place,
Never in humour, never well,
Wiſhing for what they dar'd not tell,
Their heads with country-notions fraught,
Notions in town not worth a groat,
Theſe tenets all reluctant quit,
And ſtep by ſtep at laſt ſubmit
To reaſon, eloquence, and PITT.
At firſt to Hanover a Plum
Was ſent ;—They ſaid—A trivial ſum,
But if he went one tittle further,
They vow'd and ſwore they'd cry out murder
Ere long a larger ſum was wanted ;
They piſh'd and frown'd—but ſtill they granted :
He puſhed for more, and more agen—
Well—Money's better ſent, than Men :
Here virtue made another ſtand.—
No not a man ſhall leave the land.
What ?—not one regiment to Embden ?
They ſtart—but now they're fairly hem'd in :
Theſe ſoon, and many more are ſent ?—
They're ſilent—Silence gives conſent.
Our troops they now can plainly ſee,
May Britain guard in Germany :

Hanoverians

Hanoverians, Heſſians Pruſſians
Are paid t'oppoſe the French and Ruſſians:
Nor ſcruple they with truth to ſay,
They're fighting for America:
No more they make a fiddle-faddle
About an Heſſian horſe or ſaddle;
No more of continental meaſures,
No more of waſting Britiſh treaſures;
Ten millions, and a vote of credit.—
'Tis right—He can't be wrong, who did it:
They're fairly ſous'd o'er head and ears,
And cur'd of all their ruſtic fears.

A PAS

A PASSAGE IN OSSIAN VERSIFIED.

THE deeds of ancient days ſhall be my theme;
O Lora, the ſoft murmurs of thy ſtream,
Thy trees, Garmallar, ruſtling in the wind,
Recall thoſe days with pleaſure to my mind.
See'ſt thou that rock, from whoſe heath-cover'd crown,
Melvina, three old bended firs look down?
Green is the plain which at its feet is ſpread,
The mountain flower there ſhakes its milk-white head;
Two ſtones, memorials of departed worth,
Uplift their moſs-cap'd heads, half ſunk in earth;
The mountain deer, that crop the graſs around,
See the pale ghoſts who guard the ſacred ground,
Then ſtarting, fly the place, and art a diſtance bound.

On

On ſeeing the Earl of CHESTERFIELD at a BALL, at BATH.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

IN times by ſelfiſhneſs and faction ſour'd,
When dull Importance has all Wit devour'd;
When Rank, as if t' inſult alone deſign'd,
Affects a proud ſecluſion from mankind;
And Greatneſs, to all ſocial converſe dead,
Eſteems it dignity to be ill-bred:—
See! CHESTERFIELD alone reſiſts the tide,
Above all party, and above all pride,
Vouchſafes each night theſe brilliant ſcenes to grace.
Augments and ſhares th' amuſements of the place;
Admires the Fair, enjoys the ſprightly ball,
Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleaſes all.
Hence, tho' unable now this ſtile to hit,
Learn what was once politeneſs, eaſe, and wit.

THE

THE AMERICAN COACHMAN.

CROWN'D be the man with laſting praiſe,
Who firſt contriv'd the pin
From vicious ſteeds to looſe a chaiſe,
And ſave the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and ſkip,
And all controul diſdain;
Defy the terrors of the whip,
And rend the ſilken rein!

Awhile we try if art or ſtrength
Are able to prevail;
But hopeleſs, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

With ready foot the ſpring we preſs,
Out flies the magic plug,
Then, diſengag'd from all diſtreſs,
We ſit quite ſafe and ſnug.

The pamper'd ſteeds, their freedom gain'd
Run off full ſpeed together;
But having no plan aſcertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love miſchief and a courſe,
Enjoying this diſaſter,
Bawl, Stop them! Stop them! till they're hoarſe,
But mean to drive them faſter.

Each

Each claiming now his native right,
  Scorns to obey his brother ;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
  And worry one another.

Hungry at laſt, and blind, and lame,
  Bleeding at noſe and eyes ;
By ſufferings growing mighty tame,
  And by experience wiſe ;

With bellies full of liberty,
  But void of oats and hay ;
They both ſneak back, their folly ſee,
  And run no more away,

Let all who view th' inſtructive ſcene,
  And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glouceſter's honeſt Dean,
  For, Tucker*,—thou'rt the man.

* Early in the unfortunate conteſt between the mother country and her American colonies, the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Dean of Glouceſter, publiſhed a pamphlet, intitled, *An Addreſs and Appeal to the Landed Intereſt ;* in which he propoſed and recommended to the nation a total ſeparation from the colonies, the rejection of them from being fellow members, and joint partakers in the privileges and advantages of the Britiſh Empire, becauſe they refuſe to ſubmit to the authority and juriſdiction of the Britiſh Legiſlature ; offering at the ſame time to enter into alliance of friendſhip and treaties of commerce with them, as with any other ſovereign independent ſtates. Not any one of thoſe who are recorded in the hiſtory of this country in the renowned liſt of her ableſt ſtateſmen, had he lived at this time, could have foreſeen with more ſagacity what

what was likely to happen from that ſad buſineſs, or with greater wiſdom provided a remedy to prevent it, than what the Dean's propoſitions contained. But, alas! they were not attended to by thoſe who only at that time could endeavour to carry them into execution; and, after a long ſtruggle, in which much blood was ſpilt, enormous treaſures waſted, and two Britiſh armies compelled to go into captivity, the parent ſtate ſuffered the diſgrace of being compelled to ſurrender that, of which the dean of Glouceſter long before, with the ſoundeſt policy, adviſed her to make a free-will offering.—This pamphlet was the foundation of the preceding ſhort poem, written about a year after it, in which the author, with that conciſeneſs as to the matter, and humour in the manner, ſo peculiar to himſelf, recommends and ſupports the Dean's plan. E.

AN

AN

ODE

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari.

TO

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

MY LORD,

I BEG to preſent to your lordſhip, the following Ode; for at whoſe ſhrine can it be offered with more propriety, than at your lordſhip's, whoſe taſte for poetry, as well as for every other part of polite literature, is ſo juſtly and univerſally acknowledged? Your lordſhip has yourſelf made no inconſiderable figure in the lyric; but I will not ſo much flatter you, even in a Dedication, as to affirm, that you have perfectly ſucceeded. I allow, that the very few pieces with which you have favoured the public, are as elegant and beautiful as any in our language: I own, that in every one of them there are juſt conception, lively imagination, correct expreſſion, and clear connection; but I know your lordſhip's goodneſs will pardon me, when I preſume to aſſert, that all theſe excellencies are utterly repugnant to the noble frenzy, and ſublime obſcurity of the

Ode

Ode; both which are ſufficiently viſible in this, which I have the honour to lay before your lordſhip, and which I take to be a model of perfection; My obligations, perhaps, may make me partial to its merits, as to the publication of it, I am indebted for this opportunity of aſſuring your lordſhip that I am,

MY LORD,

Your lordſhip's moſt devoted and

Obedient humble ſervant,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE

PREFACE.

THE following Ode was found in the cabinet of a celebrated writer; and is eſteemed, by the beſt judges, to be the moſt perfect compoſition of the kind that is any where to be met with amongſt the productions of the numerous lyric poets of modern times.

That learned and judicious critic, Dr. Joſeph Trap, in his *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, thus deſcribes the moſt excellent compoſers of lyric Poems or Odes. " Conceptus omnium arden-
" tiſſimi; a vulgaribus cogitatis remotiſſimi;
" methodum fugere videntur; tranſitiones
" affectant, quæ nulla arte fieri videntur, nihi-
" lolicet plus artis inſit. Sententiarum nexus
" & copulas negligere amant; modo abrupto
" & improviſo poema incipiunt, & finiunt;
" & furore quodam uſitatis legibus & regulis
" ſuperiore, ab hoc ad illud devolant, nulla lo-
" quendi formulis venia vel obtenta prius,
" aut petita." Which, for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen, I thus tranſlate: " Their
" conceptions are the moſt daring and moſt
" remote from vulgar ideas, or common ſenſe;
" they ſeem to fly from all method; they af-
" fect tranſitions, which appear to be void of all
" art, though in them there is a great deal;
" they are fond of neglecting all connections;
" they begin and end their poem in a man-
" ner abrupt, ſudden, and unexpected; and
" with a madneſs ſuperior to all the laws and
" rules of writing, daſh about from one thing
" to another, without obtaining pardon, or
even

" even condeſcending to aſk it." Theſe rules have been obſerved with great diligence, and ſome ſucceſs, by moſt of the writers of modern Odes; but have never been adhered to with that happy exactneſs, as in the piece which is now before us. It begins in a manner the moſt abrupt and unexpected, and ends as abruptly as it begins. It opens with a moſt ſublime ſpeech of a giant, ſuppoſed to have run mad from ſome diſappointment in ambition or love; and this, in conformity to the ſtricteſt laws of criticiſm, and the example of our moſt admired writers of Odes, is ſo artificially contrived, that the reader, however ſagacious he may be, cannot poſſibly diſcover, before he arrives at the end of the ſecond ſtanza, whether it is the ſpeech of the giant or poet, or any ſpeech at all.

The tranſition from the giant's ſpeech, to that beautiful deſcription of the morning, is truly Pindaric; the ſudden apoſtrophe to the ſun, is perfectly ſublime; and that to the moon no leſs tender and pathetic: the deſcriptions of the four ſeaſons are wonderfully picturesque, and are not, as uſual, copies drawn from the ſcenery of Italian groves, and the plains of Arcadia, but true originals, taken on the ſpot in Old England, and formed of ideas entirely new. And the addreſs to Liberty, which concludes this admirable Ode, is far ſuperior to any thing of that kind, with which we are ſo frequently entertained by our moſt admired poets; as it is more expreſſive of the true ſenſe and ſpirit of an Engliſhman.

Juſt and lively pictures are the very eſſenc of an Ode, as well as of an auction-room, whe ther there are any proper places to hang ther in or not; and ſuch there are in the narrov compaſs of this little piece, of every thing tha is great and beautiful in nature; of the morn ing riſing from the ocean; of the ſun, th moon, and the planetary ſyſtem; of a gian and a hermit; of woods, rocks, and moun tains, and the ſeaſons of the revolving year and in all theſe, the images are ſo entirely new the tranſitions ſo ſudden and unexpected, f void of all apparent art, yet not without muc of that which is quite inviſible; the thought are ſo ſublime, ſo diſtant from all vulgar idea or common ſenſe, that the judicious reade will ſcarcely find in it a ſingle deviation fror the ſevereſt laws of juſt criticiſm; and if h can peruſe this incomparable work without a enthuſiaſtic admiration, he ought to conclud that whatever delight he may receive from pc etry of other kinds, he is one of thoſe unfortu nate genius's who have no taſte for that mo ſublime ſpecies of it, the Ode.

O D E.

I'LL combat Nature, interrupt her courſe,
And baffle all her ſtated laws by force;
Tear from its bed the deeply-rooted pine,
And hurl it up the craggy mountain's ſide;
Divert the tempeſt from its deſtin'd line,
And ſtem the torrent of th' impetuous tide,
Teach the dull ox to dance, the aſs to play,
And even obſtinate Americans t' obey.

Like ſome dread Herald, tygers I'll compel
In the ſame field with ſtags in peace to dwell:
The rampant lion now erect ſhall ſtand,
Now couchant at my feet ſhall lie depreſt;
And if he dares but queſtion my command,
With one ſtrong blow I'll halve him to a creſt.
Thus ſpoke the giant Gogmagog: the ſound
Reverberates from all the echoing rocks around.

Now Morning, rob'd in ſaffron-colour'd gown,
Her head with pink and pea-green ribbands dreſt,
Climbs the celeſtial ſtaircaſe, and looks down
From out the gilt balcony of the Eaſt;
From whence around ſhe ſees
The cryſtal lakes and tufted trees,
The lawns all powder'd o'er with ſtruggling flocks,
The ſcarce-enlighten'd vales, and high o'er-ſhadowing rocks.

Enamour'd with her newly-dawning charms,
Old Ocean views her with deſiring eyes,
And longs once more to claſp her in his arms,
Repenting he had ſuffer'd her to riſe;
Forth from his tumbled bed,
From whence ſhe juſt had fled,
To the ſlow loitering hours he roars amain,
To haſten back the lovely fugitive again.

Parent of life! refulgent lamp of day!
Without whoſe genial animating ray
Men, beaſts, the teeming earth, and rolling ſeas,
Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice
Muſt ſhare one common fate, intenſely freeze,
And all become one ſolid maſs of ice;
Ambition wou'd be froze, and Faction numb,
Speeches congeal'd, and orators be dumb.

Say, what new worlds and ſyſtems you ſurvey!
In circling round your planetary way;
What Beings Saturn's orb inhabit, tell,
Where cold in everlaſting triumph reigns;
Or what their frames, who unconſum'd can dwell
In Mercury's red-hot and molten plains;
Say! for moſt ardently I wiſh to know,
What bodies can endure eternal fire, or ſnow!

And thou, ſweet Moon! canſt tell a ſofter tale;
To thee the maid, thy likeneſs, fair and pale,

In

In penſive contemplation oft applies,
When parted from her lov'd and loving ſwain,
And looks on you with tear-beſprinkled eyes,
And ſighs and looks, and looks and ſighs again;
Say, for thou know'ſt what conſtant hearts endure;
And by thy frequent changes teach the cure.

Thy gentle beams the lonely hermit ſees,
Gleam thro' the waving branches of the trees,
Which, high-embow'ring, ſhade his gloomy cell,
Where undiſturb'd perpetual ſilence reigns;
Unleſs the owl is heard, or diſtant bell,
Or the wind whiſtling o'er the furzy plains.
How bleſt to dwell in this ſequeſter'd ſpot:
Forgetting parliaments; by them forgot!

Now lovely Spring her velvet mantle ſpreads,
And paints with green and gold the flow'ry meads;
Fruit-trees in vaſt white perriwigs are ſeen,
Reſembling much ſome antiquated beau,
Which north-eaſt winds, that blow ſo long and keen,
Powder full oft with gentle flakes of ſnow;
Soft nightingales their tuneful vigils hold,
And ſweetly ſing and ſhake—and ſhake with cold.

Summer ſucceeds; in ev'nings ſoft and warm,
Thrice-happy lovers ſaunter arm in arm;
The gay and fair now quit the duſty town,
O'er turnpike-roads inceſſant chaiſes ſweep,
And whirling, bear their lovely ladings down,
To brace their nerves beneath the briny deep;
There with ſucceſs each ſwain his nymph aſſails,
As birds, they ſay, are caught—can we but ſalt their tails.

Then Autumn, more ſerene, if not ſo bright,
Regales at once our palate, and our ſight;
With joy the ruddy orchards we behold,
And of its purple cluſters rob the vine;
The ſpacious fields are cover'd o'er with gold,
Which the glad farmer counts as ready coin:
But diſappointment oft his hopes attends—
In tythes and mildews the rich proſpect ends.

Laſt, Winter comes; decrepit, old, and dull;
Yet has his comforts too—his barns are full;
The ſocial converſe, circulating glaſs,
And chearful fire, are his: to him belong
Th' enlivening dance that warms the chilly laſs,
The ſerious game at whiſt, and merry ſong;
Nor wants he beauties—ſee the ſun-beams glow
O'er lakes of cryſtal ice, and plains of ſilver ſnow!

Thus

Thus roll the ſeaſons o'er Britannia's land,
But none her freeborn-weather can command,
Seaſons unlike to thoſe in ſervile climes,
  Which o'er Hiſpania's or Italia's plains
Diſpenſe, at regular and ſtated times,
  Succeſſive heat and cold, and drought and
    rains;
Her's ſcorning, like her ſons, to be controul'd,
Breathe heat in winter oft, and oft in ſummer
    cold.

Hail, Liberty, fair Goddeſs of this iſle!
Deign on my verſes, and on me to ſmile;
Like them unfetter'd by the bonds of ſenſe,
  Permit us to enjoy life's tranſient dream,
To live, and write, without the leaſt pretence
  To method, order, meaning, plan, or ſcheme:
And ſhield us ſafe beneath thy guardian wings,
From Law, Religion, Miniſters, and Kings.

WROTE AT THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY's ASSEMBLY,

1787.

FROM *Saliſbury's* Garter dropp'd, th' hiſtorian knows,
Th' illuſtrious Order ſo intitled roſe!
Another *Saliſbury* now our boſoms warms,
With equal elegance and equal charms.
Let then her form, her trophies, and her name,
With juſtice be conſign'd to equal fame;
Let Kings with no leſs pride her Garter wear,
Then every noble Knight may have a pair.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH

On Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HERE lies *Sam Johnſon*:—Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, leſt you wake a ſleeping Bear:
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but ſelf-ſufficient, proud, and vain,
Fond of, and overbearing in diſpute,
A Chriſtian, and a Scholar—but a Brute.

ON A LATE EXECRABLE ATTEMPT ON HIS MAJESTY's LIFE, 1786.

LONG had our gracious *George*, with gentle hand,
And love paternal, Britain's ſcepter ſway'd;
To render this a free and happy land,
Was all for which he wiſh'd to be obey'd.

With radiance bright, tho' mild, his virtues ſhone,
For he of every virtue was poſſeſt,
Which can add luſtre to a Monarch's throne,
Or warm an undiſſembling patriot's breaſt.

Pattern of female excellence! his toils
His Royal Conſort ever ſoothes and ſhares;
Imparting ſweet domeſtic bliſs, with ſmiles
That can diſperſe the heavieſt cloud of cares.

Tho' Faction, Diſappointment's reſtleſs child,
Has ſometimes dar'd to interrupt his peace;
Yet aw'd at once, and charm'd, whene'er he ſmil'd,
She bade diſorder and confuſion ceaſe.

Lov'd and ador'd by all, to all a friend,
Caution ſeem'd needleſs to protect his life;
Till Hell and Madneſs ſent abroad a fiend,
And arm'd that fiend with a deſtructive knife.

But Britain's Guardian Angel, who ſtill watch'd,
To ſhield her favourite ſon from every harm,
Juſt in th' important moment trembling catch'd,
And turn'd aſide th' aſſaſſinating arm.

Let then earth, air, and the high-vaulted ſky,
With praiſes, pray'rs, and loud thankſgivings ring,
Joy fire each breaſt, and ſparkle in each eye,
That Heav'n has thus preſerv'd our Country and our King.

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq.

DE

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

LIBER PRIMUS.

CÆTERA per terras animalia ſorte fruuntu
Quam ſua cuique dedit Natura; nec ampliu
optant.
Solus homo, qui ſcire ſagax, cui ſumma cupidc
Scrutari cauſas et mutua fœdera rerum,
Vanum iter ingreditur; nigris namque im
minet alis,
Et curſu in medio mors intercludit euntem.
Quorſum iſthoc, ſi nil ſapientia dia creârit
Incaſſum? Quorſum hæc divinæ ſemina men
tis,
In proprios ſi non poterunt adoleſcere fructus
Ecquid enim prodeſt rerum cognoſcere cauſas
Jungere venturis præſentia; mente vagari
Solem atque aſtra ſuper, morituro? Scilice
omnes

Un:

* Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq. the ſon of the Rev. Mr Browne, vicar of Burton on Trent, was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards ſettled in Lincoln's-Inn, where he engaged in the profeſſion of the law. In 1759 he publiſhed this Poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*, which was univerſally read, and as univerſally admired, not only for the choice and arrangement of the matter, but the purity of the language, which Lucretius himſelf would have acknowledged as a perfect copy of his ſtile. Struck with the arguments, the diſpoſition of thoſe arguments, and the beauty of the expreſſion, but

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Eſq. *

BOOK I.

TO all inferior animals 'tis giv'n
T' enjoy the ſtate allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain reſearches e'er diſturb their reſt,
No fears of dark futurity moleſt.
Man, only man, ſolicitous to know
The ſprings whence Nature's operations flow,
Plods thro' a dreary waſte with toil and pain,
And reaſons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;
For ſable Death ſtill hov'ring o'er his head,
Cuts ſhort his progreſs, with his vital thread.
Wherefore, ſince Nature errs not, do we find,
Theſe ſeeds of Science in the human mind
If no congenial fruits are predeſign'd?
For what avails to man this power to roam
Thro' ages paſt, and ages yet to come,
T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way
Chain'd to a ſpot, and living but a day?
Since all muſt periſh in one common grave,
Nor can theſe long laborious ſearches ſave,
Were

but above all with the bright contraſt to the obſcurity of the metaphyſical poets of the laſt century; Mr. Jenyns was the firſt who tranſlated it into Engliſh, and whoſe tranſlation, as it was firſt in time, was alſo firſt in propriety and elegance amongſt thoſe with which the public was afterwards favoured.

Mr.

Una manet Lethi lex et commune ſepulchrum.
Nonne ergo ſatius cum Phyllide ludere in umbr ;
Teque, Lyæe pater, lætis celebrare choreis ? 15
Novit enim Bacchus curas depellere, novit
Præteriti ſenſus abolere metumque futuri.
Quare age, vina liques : epulæ, convivia, luſus,
Pſallere docta Chloe, citharæque perita Neæra,
Non abſint ; volucris rape lætus dona diei ; 20
Quærere nec cures quid craſtina proferat hora.
Atqui pertæſum eſt harum citò deliciarum ;
Scilicet, hæc ſatiat vix dum libata voluptas.
Ergo dimiſſis quæramus ſeria nugis.
Accumulentur opes; ducit quò gloria, quòve 25
Ambitio, ſtipatus eas examine denſo
Manè ſalutantum. Quid multa ? Huc denique eòdem
Volveris, ut clames heu ! quantum in rebus inane !
Quænam igitur tentanda via eſt ? Ubi littus amicum ?
Nempe vides ut ſemper avet, dum corpore clauſa eſt, 30
Mens alia ex aliis ſcire, ac ſine fine gradatim
Æternum (ſic fert natura) attingere verum.
Gaudia quinetiam non hæc fugientia poſcit,
At magis apta ſibi, vicibusque obnoxia nullis ;
Gaudia perpetuum non interitura per ævum. 35
Quare

Mr. Browne's happy vein in poetry placed him amongſt the foremoſt of the art in his life-time, the juſtice of which preference poſterity will be enabled to determine, from a collection of his poems publiſhed in octavo, by his only ſon Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq ;----a mark of filial piety, one of the prominent features in his moſt reſpectable and amiable character.

Were it not wiſer far, ſupinely laid,
To ſport with Phillis in the noontide ſhade?
Or at thy jovial feſtivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the ſoul can clear,
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?

Come on then, let us feaſt: let Chloe ſing,
And ſoft Neæra touch the trembling ſtring;
Enjoy the preſent hour, nor ſeek to know
What good or ill to-morrow may beſtow.

But theſe delights ſoon pall upon the taſte;
Let's try then if more ſerious cannot laſt:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame purſue,
Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;
In courts, in camps, in ſenates let us live,
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
Each weak attempt the ſame ſad leſſon brings!
Alas what vanity in human things!

What means then ſhall we try? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the reſtleſs mind?
Who ſtill, you ſee, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immenſe, (ſo Nature's laws ordain)
Ev'n now, though fetter'd in corporeal clay
Climbs ſtep by ſtep the proſpect to ſurvey,
And ſeeks, unwearied, Truth's eternal ray.

No fleeting joys ſhe aſks, which muſt depend
On the frail ſenſes, and with them muſt end;
But ſuch as ſuit her own immortal fame,
Free from all change eternally the ſame.

Quare ſume animum; neque enim ſapientia dia
Fruſtra operam impendit; neque mens arctabitur iſtis
Limitibus quibus hoc periturum corpus; at exſors
Terrenæ labis viget, æternùmque vigebit:
Atque ubi corporeis emiſſa, ut carcere, vinclis,
Libera cognatum repetit, vetus incola, cœlum,
Nectareos latices veri de fonte perenni
Hauriet, ætheriumque perennis carpet amomum.

At verò dum vita manet (ſi vita vocanda eſt
Corporis hæc cæco concluſa putamine) torpet
Vivida vis animi, nec ovantes explicat alas.
Multa tamen veteris retinet veſtigia ſtirpis.
Unde etenim tot res reminiſcitur? Unde tot apto
Ordine diſponit, mox et depromit in uſus?
Quippe haud tam locuples hæc, tamque immenſa ſupellex
Corporis in cellis poterit ſtipata teneri;
Aut vi corporea revocari in luminis oras.

Illa etiam inventrix, varias quæ protulit artes
Suppeditans vitæ decus et tutamen egenæ;
Nomina quæ impoſuit rebus, vocemque ligavit
Literulis; aut quæ degentes more ferarum,
Diſperſoſque homines deduxit in oppida; quæve
Legibus edomuit, fœduſque coegit in unum;

Take courage then, theſe joys we ſhall attain;
Almighty wiſdom never acts in vain;
Nor ſhall the ſoul on which it has beſtow'd
Such pow'rs e'er periſh like an earthly clod;
But purg'd at length from foul corruption's ſtain,
Freed from her priſon and unbound her chain,
She ſhall her native ſtrength, and native ſkies regain:
To heav'n an old inhabitant return,
And draw nectareous ſtreams from truth's perpetual urn.

Whilſt life remains, (if life it can be call'd
T' exiſt in fleſhly bondage thus enthrall'd)
Tir'd with the dull purſuit of worldly things,
The ſoul ſcarce wakes, or opes her gladſome wings,
Yet ſtill the godlike exile in diſgrace
Retains ſome marks of her celeſtial race;
Elſe whence from mem'ry's ſtore can ſhe produce
Such various thoughts, or range them ſo for uſe?
Can matter theſe contain, diſpoſe, apply?
Can in her cells ſuch mighty treaſures lie?
Or can her native force produce them to the eye.

Whence is this pow'r, this foundreſs of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts,
Which names impos'd, by letters marked thoſe names,
Adjuſted properly by legal claims,

Quænam iſthæc niſi vis divinior, ætheriuſque
Senſus, et afflatu cœleſti concita virtus?

Jam quorum undanti eloquium fluit amne, rapitque
Quò velit affectus, tonitruque et fulgura miſcet;
Divitias trahit unde ſuas? Vigor igneus ille
Num mortale ſonat? Quid cenſes carmina vatum?
Sive etenim flexu numerorum vique canora,
Oblectet varia dulcedine lapſus ad aures;
Seu, ſpecioſa canens rerum miracula, fictis
Ludat imaginibus, peragretque per intima cordis;
Nil parvum ſpirat, nil non ſublime Poeta.
Cumque ſuper terris quæ fiunt, quæque tuemur
Omnia, curriculo volventia ſemper eodem,
Non explent animum, varia et magis ampla petentem;
* Sanctus adeſt vates, per quem ſublimior ordo,
Pulcrior et ſpecies, et mentis idonea votis
Exoritur, vitæ ſpes auguriumque futuræ.

Quid, qui cœleſtes nôrunt deſcribere motus;
Sidera, qua circa ſolem, qua lege cometæ

* Si quis rem acutius introſpiciat, firmum ex Poesi ſumitur argumentum, magnitudinem rerum magis illuſtrem, ordinem magis perfectum, et varietatem magis pulchram animæ humanæ complacere, quam in natura ipſa, poſt lapſum reperire ullo modo poſſit. Quapropter, cum res geſtæ, et eventus, qui veræ hiſtoriæ ſubjiciuntur, non ſint ejus amplitudinis, in qua anima humana ſibi ſatisfaciat, Præſto eſt Poesis quæ facta magis Heroica confingat.— Bacon de Augmentis Scientiarum, Lib. II. E

Immenſum

From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and governments design'd?
What can this be, but ſome bright ray from heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniſcience giv'n?

When now the rapid ſtream of eloquence
Bears all before it, paſſion, reaſon, ſenſe,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their eſſence from a mortal ſource?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled ſcenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and ſublime?
Whilſt things on earth roll round from age to age,
The ſame dull farce repeated on the ſtage;
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleaſing and more perfect than the true;
The mind, who always to perfection haſtes,
Perfection, ſuch as here ſhe never taſtes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foreſees a ſyſtem more complete.

Of thoſe what think you, who the circling race
Of ſuns, and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying thro' unbounded ſpace
Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-ſearching ſoul,
That now can traverſe heav'n from pole to pole,
From thence deſcending viſits but this earth,
And ſhall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Cou'd

Immenſum per inane rotentur, ut æthere vaſto
Aſtra alia illuſtrent alios immota planetas;
Nonne hanc credideris mentem, quæ nunc quoq; cœlum
Aſtraque pervolitat, delapſam cœlitus, illuc
Unde abiit remeare, ſuaſque reviſere ſedes?

Quid tandèm hæc fierent niſi quædam in mente ſubeſſet
Vis ſua, materiæ mixtura immunis ab omni?
Conſcia porrò ſibi eſt, vult, nonvult, odit, amatque,
Et timet, et ſperat; gaudet, mœretque ſua vi
Ipſa; miniſterio neque corporis indiget ullo;
Viribus ipſa ſuis inter ſe comparat, et res
Sejungit rebus; vaga diſſociataque veri
Membra minutatim legit, ac concinnat amice.
Elicit hinc rerum cauſas, atque artibus artes
Hinc alias aliis ſuper extruit ordine pulcro;
Et magis atque magis ſumma ad faſtigia tendit
Unde omnis ſeries cauſarum apparet, et omnis
Numinis à ſolio ad terram demiſſa catena.
Denique et in ſeſe deſcendit, et aſpicit intus
Rerum ideas, quo quæque modo naſcantur; et unde
Cogitet, ac prope jam ſua quæ ſit fabrica novit.
Tantane corporea eſt virtus? An machina vires
Percipit ulla ſuas, aut quid ſibi præbeat eſcam?
Omne etenim corpus nihil eſt niſi machina, motu
Impulſa externo, non interiore ſuoque.

Vulgi igitur ſtudiis noli altæ mentis acumen
Metiri; aſt illos, etiam nunc laude recentes,

Contemplare

Cou'd ſhe thus act, unleſs ſome power unknown,
From matter quite diſtinct and all her own,
Supported and impell'd her? She approves
Self-conſcious, and condemns; ſhe hates, and loves,
Mourns, and rejoices, hopes, and is afraid,
Without the body's unrequeſted aid:
Her own internal ſtrength her reaſon guides,
By this ſhe now compares things, now divides,
Truth's ſcatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to cauſes ties,
And rears ch' aſpiring fabric to the ſkies:
From whence, as on a diſtant plain below,
She ſees from cauſes conſequences flow,
And the whole chain diſtinctly comprehends,
Which from the Almighty's throne to earth deſcends:
And laſtly, turning inwardly her eyes,
Perceives how all her own ideas riſe,
Contemplates what ſhe is, and whence ſhe came,
And almoſt comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with ſuch pow'rs endu'd,
Or conſcious of thoſe pow'rs ſuppoſe they cou'd?
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulſe not its own.

Rate not th' extenſion of the human mind
By the plebeian ſtandard of mankind,
But by the ſize of thoſe gigantic few,
Whom Greece and Rome ſtill offer to our view;

Contemplare viros tellus quos Attica, vel quos
Roma, nec alterutri cedens tulit Anglia, nutrix
Heroum, dum tempus erat, melioribus annis.

Quid tibi tot memorem divino pectore vates,
Totve repertores legum, fandive potentes?
Quid, per quos venit ſpectanda ſcientia; dudùm
Informi cooperta ſitu, lucemque peroſa?
Ante alios verò Baconus, ut ætherius ſol,
Effulgens, artes aditum patefecit ad omnes.
Hic à figmentis ſophiam revocavit ineptis
Primus; quàque regit fida experientia greſſus,
Securum per iter, Newtono ſcilicet idem
Deſignatque viam, et præcurſor lampada tradit.

Illuſtres animæ! Si quid mortalia tangunt
Cœlicolas, ſi gentis adhuc cura ulla Britannæ;
Vos precor, antiquum vos inſtaurate vigorem;
Ut tandem excuſſo nitamur ad ardua ſomno,
Virtutis veræ memores, et laudis avitæ.

Nempe horum egregias reor haud ſine numine dotes

Enaſci

Or Britain, well-deſerving equal praiſe,
Parent of heroes too in better days.

Why ſhou'd I try her num'rous ſons to name
By verſe, law, eloquence, conſign'd to fame?
Or who have forc'd fair Science into ſight
Long loſt in darkneſs, and afraid of light.
O'er all ſuperior, like the ſolar ray,
Firſt Bacon uſher'd in the dawning day,
And drove the miſts of ſophiſtry away;
Pervaded nature with amazing force,
Following experience ſtill throughout his courſe,
And finiſhing at length his deſtin'd way,
To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illuſtrious ſouls! if any tender cares
Affect angelic breaſts for man's affairs,
If in our preſent happy heav'nly ſtate,
You're not regardleſs quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degenerate land again be bleſt
With that true vigour which ſhe once poſſeſt;
Compel us to unfold our ſlumb'ring eyes,
And to our antient dignity to riſe.

Such wond'rous pow'rs as theſe muſt ſure be giv'n
For moſt important purpoſes by Heav'n;
Who bids theſe ſtars as bright examples ſhine,
Beſprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the ſoul its origin ſublime.

That

Enaſci potuiſſe ; Deum quin tempore in omni
Conſperſiſſe, velut ſtellas, hinc inde locorum
Splendidiora animi quaſi quædam lumina ; ut iſtis
Accenſa exemplis ſe degener efferat ætas,
Agnoſcatque ſuî quàm ſit ſublimis origo.

Præterea eſſe aliquid verè quod pertinet ad nos,
Morte obita, nemo ſecum non concipit ; intus,
Monſtratum eſt intus ; teſtatur docta vetuſtas ;
Publica vox clamat ; neque gens tam barbara quæ non
Proſpiciat trans funus, et ulteriora requirat.

Hinc ſeritur, tardè creſcens, et poſthuma merces,
Quercus, natorum natis quæ profit : et ingens
Pyramidum moles ſtat inexpugnabilis annis.

Hinc curâ illa omnis vivendi extendere metas,
Nomine victuro : tanti eſt hinc fama ſuperſtes,
Ingenio ut quiſquis præcellit, nulla recuſet
Ille ſubire pericla, nec ullos ferre labores,
Si modo venturi ſpeciem ſibi vindicet ævi,
Gloriaque ad ſeros veniat manſura nepotes.

Nonne videmus uti convictus criminis, ipſo
Limine ſub mortis, culpam tamen abneget omnem ;

Mendax

That there's a ſelf which after death ſhall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe;
That ſomething's ours, when we from life depart,
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wiſe of learn'd antiquity proclaim.
This truth, the public voice declares the ſame;
No land ſo rude but looks beyond the tomb
For future proſpects in a world to come.

Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant ſlow oaks poſterity to ſhade;
And hence vaſt pyramids, aſpiring high,
Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.

Hence is our love of fame, a love ſo ſtrong,
We think no dangers great, or labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remoteſt times in glory to deſcend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Diſowning ev'ry crime for which he dies;
Of life profuſe, tenacious of a name,
Fearleſs of death, and yet afraid of ſhame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind,
T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earneſt of a life to come:
For if when dead we are but duſt or clay,
Why think of what poſterity ſhall ſay?

Her

Mendax, ut ſibi conſtet honos atque integra fama?
Nempe animis hæc inſevit natura futuri
Indicia obſcuraſque notas; hinc ſolicita eſt mens,
De ſe poſteritas quid ſentiat; at nihil ad nos
Poſtera vox, erimus ſi nil niſi pulvis et umbra;
Sera venit, cineres nec tangit fama quietos.

Quid porrò exequiæ voluere? Quid anxia cura
Defunctis ſuper, et moles operoſa ſepulcri?
Pars etenim terræ mandant exſangue cadaver,
Et tumulo ſerta imponunt, et ſacra quotannis
Perſolvunt; tanquam poſcant ea munera manes:
Extructa pars ritè pyra, cremat inſuper artus,
Colligit et cineres, fidaque reponit in urna;
Ut ſic relliquæ durando ſæcula vincant.

Quid memorem fluctu quos divite Nilus inundans
Irrigat? His patrius mos non exurere flamma,
Non inhùmare ſolo; ſed nudant corpora primùm
Viſceribus, terguntque; dehinc vim thuris odoram
Et picis infundunt, lentoque bitumine complent:
His demùm exactis, vittarum tegmine multo
Conſtringunt, pars ut ſibi quæque cohæreat aptè;

Picta

Her praiſe or cenſure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the ſilent urn.

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
And marble monument that ſpeaks in vain,
With all thoſe cares which ev'ry nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in different ways;
Some in the flower-ſtrewn grave the corpſe have laid,
And annual obſequies around it paid,
As if to pleaſe the poor departed ſhade;
Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And ſtore their aſhes in the faithful urn;
But all in one great principle agree,
To give a fancy'd immortality.

Why ſhou'd I mention thoſe, whoſe ouzy ſoil
Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing Nile,
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pyres;
But, waſhing firſt th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, ſpice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Then with ſtrong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and ſound;
And laſtly paint the varniſh'd ſurface o'er
With the ſame features which in life it wore:
So ſtrong their preſage of a future ſtate,
And that our nobler part ſurvives the body's fate.

Nations

Picta ſuperficiem decorat viventis imago.
Uſque adeò ingenita eſt ſpes, et fiducia cuique
Conſignata, fore ut membris jam morte ſolutis
Reſtet adhuc noſtri melior pars; quam neque fati
Vis perimet, nec edax poterit delere vetuſtas.

Aſpice quas Ganges interluit Indicus oras:
Illic gens hominum medios ſe mittit in ignes,
Impatiens vitæ; vel ad ipſa altaria divûm
Sponte animam reddit, percuſſa cupidine cæca
Migrandi, ſedes ubi fatâ dedêre quietas;
Ver ubi perpetuum, et ſoles ſine nube ſereni.

Nec minùs uxores famâ celebrantur Eoæ:
Non illæ lacrymis, non fœmineo ululatu
Fata virûm plorant; verùm, (mirabile dictu!)
Conſcenduntque rogum, flammaque vorantur eâdem.
Nimirùm credunt veterum ſic poſſe maritûm
Ire ipſas comites, tædamque novare ſub umbris.

Aſpice quà Boreas æternaque frigora ſpirant,
Invictas bello gentes: par omnibus ardor;
Par lucis contemptus agit per tela, per ignes,
Indomita virtute feros: hoc concitat œſtrum,
Hos verſat ſtimulos, ecquid niſi dulcis imago
Promiſſæ in patriam meritis per ſæcula vitæ?

Adde

Nations behold, remote from reaſon's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his ſandy ſtreams,
Of life impatient ruſh into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Perſuaded the loos'd ſoul to regions ſlies,
Bleſt with eternal ſpring and cloudleſs ſkies.

Nor is leſs fam'd the oriental wife
For ſtedfaſt virtue, and contempt of life:
Theſe heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their huſbands loſt, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, ſtrange to tell! their funeral piles aſcend,
And in the ſame ſad flames their ſorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the ſhades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.

In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimouſly run,
Nor fire, nor ſword, nor inſtant death they ſhun:
Whence this diſdain of life in ev'ry breaſt,
But from a notion on their minds impreſt,
That all who for their country die are bleſt?
Add too to theſe the once-prevailing dreams,
Of ſweet Elyſian groves, and Stygian ſtreams:
All ſhew with what conſent mankind agree
In the firm hope of immortality.

Grant

Adde iſthuc quæ de campis narrantur amœnis
Elyſii, Stygioque lacu, Phlegethontis et unda.

Fraude ſacerdotum ſint hæc confiƈta; quid ad rem?
Non fraudi locus ullus enim niſi primitùs eſſet
Inſita notities, licet imperfecta, futuri:
Subſtratum agnoſcunt etenim ficta omnia verum.

At quia difficile eſt mentem ſine corpore quid ſit
Per ſe concipere, et craſſo ſejungere ſenſu,
Corporeas illi tribuit plebecula formas;
Dat ſimiles vultus, dat membra ſimillima veris-
Et certis habitare locis dat corporis inſtar.
Unde alii, quibus hæc prava et delira videntur,
Nec conſtat quo more animus poſt fata ſuperſit
Extingui omnino communi funere cenſent.
Vel quia diſcendi nequeunt perferre laborem
Vel quia turpe putant quidvis neſcire fateri.
Namque opus haud tenue eſt ſincerum excernere ficto.
Diſcute ſegnitiem idcirco, neque reſpue verum,
Fabellas propter quas interſperſit iniquus
Sive dolus, ſeu vana fuât petulantia vatûm.

Quid, nonne eſſe Deum conſenſus comprobat omnis,
Conſenſus, qui vox Naturæ ritè putatur?

At

Grant theſe th' inventions of the crafty prieſt,
Yet ſuch inventions never cou'd ſubſiſt,
Unleſs ſome glimm'rings of a future ſtate
Were with the mind coæval and innate:
For ev'ry fiction, which can long perſuade,
In truth muſt have its firſt foundations laid.

Becauſe we are unable to conceive,
How unembody'd ſouls can act, and live,
The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
And habitations in peculiar places;
Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wiſe,
Struck with the glare of ſuch abſurdities,
Their whole exiſtence fabulous ſuſpect,
And truth and falſehood in a lump reject;
Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or elſe too proud that ignorance to own.
For hard's the taſk the daubing to pervade
Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid;
Yet let that taſk be ours; for great the prize:
Nor let us Truth's celeſtial charms deſpiſe,
Becauſe that prieſts or poets may diſguiſe.

That there's a God from Nature's voice is clear,
And yet what errors to this truth adhere!
How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiply'd their gods, and now ſubjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind!

At quàm falſa homines, indignaque numine fingunt!
Quippe humana deo tribuunt, numerumque deorum
Multiplicant, juxta ac ſpes erigit aut metus angit
Inſtabiles animos; quid enim? quæ profore credunt
Hæc divos ſibi præſentes, at numina læva
Quæ metuêre putant; valuitque inſania tantùm,
Beſtiolas ut deformes pro numine, et ipſum
Cæpe etiam et porrum, coleret lymphata vetuſtas.

Hæc igitur reputans ſophiæ dux Atticus ille
Affore prædixit perfecto temporis orbe,
* *Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus ætas*
Auxilium adventumque Dei; qui, ſolis ut ortus,
Diſcuteret tenebras animi, et per cæca viarum
Duceret, ipſe regens certo veſtigia filo.

Interea multis licuit dignoſcere ſignis
Natura monſtrante, velut per nubila, verum.
Ergo age qua ducit nos conjectura ſequamur,
Nec ſpernamus opem ſi quam Ratio ipſa miniſtrat.

* Virg. Æn. viii. 2co.

Haud

Nay, ſuperſtition ſpreads at length ſo wide,
Beaſts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.

Th' Athenian ſage, revolving in his mind
This weakneſs, blindneſs, madneſs of mankind
Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,
When time ſhould ripen the decrees of fate,
Some God would light us, like the riſing day,
Thro' error's maze, and chaſe theſe clouds away.
Long ſince has time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our ſearch diſcoveries may be made
By Nature, void of this celeſtial aid:
Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor ſcorn plain reaſon, when ſhe deigns to teach.

That mind and body often ſympathize
Is plain; ſuch is this union nature ties:
But then as often too they diſagree,
Which proves the ſoul's ſuperior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full ſtrength we find,
Whilſt various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilſt the mind its force retains,
The body ſinks with ſickneſs and with pains:
Now did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they'd ſicken, and alike they'd mend.
But ſure experience, on the ſlighteſt view,
Shews us, that the reverſe of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite ſenſeleſs, and half cloſ'd its eyes

Haud equidem inficior mentem cum corpore multis
Conſentire modis ; lex mutua fœderis illa eſt :
Aſt eadem in multis diſpar ſe diſparis eſſe
Naturæ probat ac divina ſtirpe profectam.

Sæpe videmus uti ſolido ſtant robore vires
Corporeæ, cum mens obtuſior ; invalidoque
Corpore ineſt virtus perſæpe acerrima mentis.
Quinetiam interitu ſi corporis intereat mens,
Conſimili pacto par eſt ægrotet ut ægro
Corpore, quod fieri contrà quoque ſœpe videmus.
Namque ubi torpeſcunt artus jam morte propinqua
Acrior eſt acies tum mentis, et entheus ardor ;
Tempore non alio facundia ſuavior, atque
Fatidicæ jam tum voces morientis ab ore.

Corporeis porrò ſi conſtat mens elementis,
Quî fit ut in ſomnis, cum clauſa foramina ſenſûs,
Nec ſpecies externa manet quæ pabula menti
Sufficiat, magis illa vigens, tum denique veras
Expromat vires, tum ſe plaudentibus alis
Tollat, avi ſimilis, cavea quæ forte reclúſa
Fertur ad alta volans, cœloque exultat aperto.

The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inſpires.

Of like materials were they both compoſ'd,
How comes it, that the mind, when ſleep has cloſ'd
Each avenue of ſenſe, expatiates wide,
Her liberty reſtor'd, her bonds unty'd?
And like ſome bird who from its priſon flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the ſkies.

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It muſt have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of theſe muſt will, perceive, deſign,
And draw confus'dly in a different line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the reſt,
Or ſtamp the ruling paſſion in the breaſt?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring theſe parts;
Juſt as if circles wiſer were than ſquares;
But ſurely common ſenſe aloud declares
That ſite and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cauſe of thought,
With what ſtrange pow'rs muſt motion then be fraught?
Reaſon, ſenſe, ſcience, muſt derive their ſource
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pully's force:

Tops

Jam ſi corporea eſt animi natura, neceſſe eſt
Partibus hæc eadem conflata ſit infinitis;
Ergo et ſenſus erit cuique, et ſua cuique libido
Particulæ, totidemque animi in diverſa trahentes.
Has inter turbas atque in certamine tanto
Dic, quo more queat verum conſiſtere et æquum;
Et vitæ tenor unus, et hæc ſibi conſcia virtus.

Materiæ ſed fortè ſitu certaque figura
Vis animi conſit;——tanquam quadrata rotundis
Plus ſaperent;—— partes ſeu demis an addis eòdem
Rès redit, ac quali fuerint corpuſcula forma,
Tantundem ad mentem eſt color ac fiet albus an ater.

At quodam ex motu ſit vis quæ cogitat omnis:
Quid non conficiat motus? Nempe ipſa voluntas,
Diſcurſus, ratio, rerumque ſcientia conſtant
Vectibus ac trochleis; pueri, credo, actus habena
Concipit ingenium. ſapit et ſub verbere turbo:
Nec non lege pari, liquor ut calefactus aheno eſt,
Eloquii tumet atque exundat divite vena.

Unde

Tops whip'd by ſchool-boys ſages muſt commence,
Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into ſenſe,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth?
Not ſure from matter, from dull clods of earth;
But from a living ſpirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine:
Juſt as th' Almighty Univerſal Soul
Informs, directs and animates the whole.

Ceaſe then to wonder how th' immortal mind,
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder if ſhe e'er cou'd die,
So fram'd, ſo faſhion'd for eternity;
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
Which time can diſſipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whoſe pow'rs within themſelves, and their own eſſence lie;

If to conceive how any thing can be
From ſhape extracted and locality
Is hard; what think you of the Deity?
His Being not the leaſt relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To ſhape, or ſize, ſimilitude, or place,
Cloath'd in no form, and bounded by no ſpace.
Such then is God, a ſpirit pure refin'd
From all material droſs, and ſuch the human mind.

Unde autem exoritur motus? Mens ſcilicet una,
Mens, non corpus iners, fons eſt et origo movendi:
Utque Deus Mundum, ſic molem corporis omnem,
Arbitrio nutuque ſuo, mens dirigit intus.
Define quapropter mirari quomodo poſſit
Vivere mens omni detracto corpore, miror
Hoc potiùs qua vi poterit labefacta perire:
Utpote quæ nullis conſiſtat partibus, ac non
Divelli queat externo violabilis ictu
Tum porrò ipſa ſuî motrix eſt, non aliundè
Inſtincta; at quodcunque ſua virtute movet ſe,
Vivet in æternum, quia ſe non deſeret unquam.

Verùm haud conceptu facile eſt exiſtere quidvis
Poſſe quidem, formam ſi dempſeris et poſituram.
Quidnam igitur cenſes de Numine? Nam neque formam
Mens (quà ſcire licet) recipit divina, nec ullo
Circumſcripta loco eſt, niſi forte putaveris ipſum
Materiam eſſe Deum; ſin vero Spiritus Idem,
Integer et, puruſque, et fæce remotus ab omni
Corporis, humana pariter de mente putandum:
Ecquid enim per ſe pollet magis, aut magis hauſtus
Indicat ætherios, genus et divinitùs ortum?
Atque adeo dum corporei ſtant fœdera nexûs,
Exit ſæpe foras tamen, effugioque parat ſe;

For in what part of eſſence can we ſee
More certain marks of immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herſelf for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and ſeek her native home.

Go then forgetful of its toil and ſtrife,
Purſue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like ſome poor fly, who lives butfor a day
Sip the freſh dews, and in tht ſunſhine play,
And into nothing then diſſolve away.
Are theſe our great purſuits, is this to live?
Theſe all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give!
How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who ſearch for truth in a ſuperior ſtate?
Not groping ſtep by ſtep, as we purſue,
And following reaſon's much entangled clue,
But with one great and inſtantaneous view.

But how can ſenſe remain, perhaps you'll ſay,
Corporeal organs if we take away!
Since it from them proceeds, and with them muſt decay.

Why not? or why may notthe ſoul receive
New organs, ſince ev'n art can theſe retrieve?
The ſilver trumpet aids th' obſtructed ear,
And optic glaſſes the dim eye can clear;
Anceſe in mankind new faculties create,
Thd lift him far above his native ſtate;

Ac veluti terrarum hoſpes, non incola, ſurſum
Fertur, et ad patrios geſtit remeare penates.

I nunc, uſuram vitæ mirare caducam;
Sedulus huc illuc, ut muſca, nitentibus alis
Pervolita, rorem deliba, veſcere et aura
Peuliſper, mox in nihilum rediturus et exſpes.
Hæccine vitaï ſumma eſt? Sic irrita vota?
Huc promiſſa cadunt? En quantò verius illa,
Illa eſt vita hominis, dabitur cum cernere verum,
Non, ut nunc facimus, ſenſim, longaſque coacti
Ire per ambages meditando, at protinus uno
Intuitu, nebulaque omni jam rebus adempta.

At ne ſcire quidem poterit mens, forte reponas,
Senſibus extinctis; hoc fonte ſcientia manat;
Hoc alitur creſcitque; hoc deficiente, peribit.

Quid vero infirmis cum ſenſibus, arte miniſtra,
Suppeditet vires ſua quas Natura negavit?
Arte oculis oculos mens addidit, auribus aures.

Hinc ſeſe in vita ſupra ſortemque ſitumque
Evehit humanum; nunc cœlo devocat aſtra,
Intima nunc terræ referat penetralia victrix;
Quæque oculos fugiunt, tenuiſſima corpora promit
In lucem, panditque novi miracula mundi.

Call down revolving planets from the ſky,
Earth's ſecret treaſures open to his eye,
The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How cou'd the mind, did ſhe alone depend
On ſenſe, the errors of thoſe ſenſes mend?
Yet oft, we ſee, thoſe ſenſes ſhe corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects.
In diſtances of things, their ſhapes, and ſize,
Our reaſon judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the ſoul's pre-eminence,
Superior to, and quite diſtinct from ſenſe?
For ſure 'tis likely, that, ſince now ſo high,
Clog'd and unfledg'd ſhe dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature ſhe ſhall her ſtrength diſplay,
And ſoar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how theſe pow'rs we ſhall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our ſearch is vain:
Can any one remember or relate
How he exiſted in the embryo ſtate?
Or one from birth inſenſible of day
Conceive ideas of the ſolar ray?
That light's deny'd to him, which others ſee,
He knows, perhaps you'll ſay,—and ſo do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that's worthy of a wiſh or fear:
He, whoſe ſublime purſuit is God and truth,
Burns, like ſome abſent and impatient youth,

Quid porro errores ſensûs cum corrigit, et cum
Formamque et molem mens intervallaque rerum
Judice ſe, contra ſensûs ſuffragia cernit?
Nonne hæc ſejunctam ſenſu vim ſigna fatentur,
Semen et ætherium? Quare hac compage ſoluta,
Credibile eſt animum, qui nunc præludia tentat,
Excurſuſque breves, tum demum poſſe volatu
Liberiore frui, verumque excurrere in omne.

Si quæras quî fiat, adhuc neque noſcere fas eſt,
Nec refert noſtra; ſciſne iſtam matris in alvo
Vitam qualis erat? Num nôrit amœna colorum
A partu cæcus? Verùm inquis hic quoque ſentit
Eſſe aliis, ſibi quod nato ad meliora negatur.

Mens itidem nihil hîc terrarum quicquid ubique eſt
Par votis videt eſſe ſuis; quin omnia ſordent
Præ forma æterni, ſervat quam pectore, Pulcri,
Ingenii cui ſit vigor, et ſublimia cordi.
Hoc ergo exoptat ſolum ſibi, totus in hoc eſt:
Abſens, abſentis tabeſcit amore perenni;
Congreſſuſque hominum vitans, ut verus amator,
Et nemora, et fontes petit, et ſecreta locorum;

Solus

To join the object of his warm desires,
Thence to sequester'd shades, and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In Wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well-satisfy'd, returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay,
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then! no farther launch into the main:
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continu'd woe:
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The fun'rals of our friends, who go before:
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither hurry'd by a gen'rous scorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit,
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Cou'd

Solus ubi ſecum poſſit meditarier, atque
Nunc Sophia, ingentes nunc carmine fallere curas.

Quocirca ille mihi felix vixiſſe videtur,
Qui poſtquam aſpexit mundi ſolenne theatrum
Æquo animo, hunc ſolem, et terras, mare, nubila, et ignem;
Protinus unde abiit, ſatur ut conviva, remigrat.
Nempe hæc, ſeu centum vivendo conteris annos,
Seu paucos numeras, eadem redeuntia cernes;
Et nihil his melius, nihil his ſublimius unquam:
Omne adeo in terris agitur quod tempus, habeto
Ut commune forum; peregre vel euntibus amplum
Hoſpitium, temere fluitans ubi vita moratur,
Mille inter nugas jactata, negotia mille.
Qui prior abſcedit, portum prior occupat; Eja!
Totos pande ſinus, ne fortè viatica deſint.
Quid ceſſas? ſubeunt morbique et acerba tuorum
Funera, et inſidiis circùm undique ſepta ſenectus.

Quò feror? Haud etenim injuſſu decedere [illegible] eſt
[illegible] vitæ qui nos ſtatione locavit

Spemque

Cou'd I a firm perſuaſion once attain
That after death no Being wou'd remain;
To thoſe dark ſhades I'd willingly deſcend,
Where all muſt ſleep, this drama at an end:
Nor life accept altho' renew'd by Fate
Ev'n from its earlieſt, and its happieſt ſtate.

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each bleſſing in her power to give,
Genius, and ſcience, morals, and good ſenſe,
Unenvy'd honors, wit, and eloquence,
A num'rous offspring to the world well known
Both for paternal virtues, and their own:
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the ſame dull circle round, and round;
The ſoul requires enjoyments more ſublime,
By ſpace unbounded, undeſtroyed by time.

And let the thought reſtrain thy impious hand.
The race of Man is one vaſt marſhall'd army,
Summon'd to paſs the ſpacious realms of time;
Their leader the Almighty. In that march,
Ah! who may quit his poſt! when high in air
The chos'n Archangel rides, whoſe right hand wields
Th' imperial ſtandard of Heav'n's Providence,
Which deadly ſweeping through the vaulted ſky,
O'erſhadows all creation.

Spemque metumque inter, ducis ut vexil[illegible]
ſequamur
Quic quid erit, Deus ipſe jubet ferre; erg[illegible]
ferendum*.

Sin mihi perſuaſum fixumque in men[illegible]
maneret
Nil ſupereſſe rogo, vellem migrare repentè
Hinc; et abire omnes ubi, ſeriùs, ociùs, a[illegible]
Dramate, in æterna ſopiti nocte quieſcent.
Immo Deus mihi ſi dederit renovare juventam,
Utve iterum in cunis poſſim vagire; recuſem.

Non ſi contingant vitam quæcunque beârint;
Ingenii vis, eloquium, prudentia, mores
Invidiâ ſine partus honos, longo ordine nati,
Clari omnes, patria pariter virtute, ſuâque;
Non tantâ mercede iſthac, dignarer eandem
Ire viam toties, et eodem volvier orbe:
Splendidiora quidem mens expetit; illius altis
Par votis nil eſt mutabile, nil periturum.

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* With what original ſublimity of thought and language was this argument enforced by Mr. Maſon, in his Elfrida, before this Poem was publiſhed! Athelweld, on his marriage with Elfrida being diſcovered to King Edgar, in the agony of diſtreſs intimates the dreadful purpoſe of ſuicide, from which the Chorus diſſuades him in the following moſt beautiful lines,

——— Forbear, forbear!
Think what a ſea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling ſoul, who launches forth
Unlicens'd to Eternity. Think, think,

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq.

BOOK II.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

ERGO aliis Deus in rebus quaſcunque creavit
Argumenta animi dedit haud obſcura benigni;
Omnibus, excipias modò nos, licet eſſe beatis.
Nos, opus in terris princeps, nos mentis imago
Divinæ, pœnis nos exercemur iniquis.
Haud ita;—longè abſint iſti de numine queſtus.

Attamen humanam mecum circumſpice vitam;
Agnoſces, quanta urgeat undique turba malorum,
Non hunc, aut illum, fert ut Fortuna; ſed omne
Pæne catervatim genus, ac diſcrimine nullo.
Millia quot belli rabies, quot ſæva tyrannis
Corpora dat morti, duris oneratve catenis;
Inque dies, varias cruciandi excogitat artes!
Quid, quos dira fames, ad victum ubi cuncta ſuperſunt,
Abſumit miſeros, aut quos vis effera morbi
Corripit, aut lento paulatim angore peredit

Inſontes

BOOK II.

GOD then thro' all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourſelves; ourſelves of all
His works the chief on this terreſtrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unbleſt
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the reſt.
But hold, preſumptuous! charge not Heav'n's decree
With ſuch injuſtice, ſuch partiality.

Yet true it is, ſurvey we life around,
Whole hoſts of ills on every ſide are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the ſpecies meditate the blow:
What millions periſh by each other's hands
In War's fierce rage? or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languiſh out their lives in chains,
Or loſe them in variety of pains;
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In ſpite of Nature's liberality?
(Thoſe, ſtill more num'rous, I to name diſdain,
By lewdneſs and intemperance juſtly ſlain;)
What numbers guiltleſs of their own diſeaſe
Are ſnatch'd by ſudden death, or waſte by ſlow degrees?

Inſontes ? neque enim dignabor dicere, vulgò
Quot Venus aut Vinum peſſundedit ac ſua culpa.

Quid profit Virtus ? ſanctorum ubi præmia morum ?
Virtuti tribuo quantum licet ; ut mala vitæ,
Quæ prohibere nequet, doceat lenire ferendo ;
Spe recreet meliore ; hominem ſibi concilietque ;
Irarum et tumidos et amorum temperet æſtus :
Verùm adèo non tutela eſt, certuſque ſatelles
Contra omnes caſus, ſæpe ut (ſi dicere fas eſt)
Sæpe etiam et Virtus in aperta pericula mittat.
Expedit eſſe malis, dominum qui ferre ſuperbum
Coguntur : probitatem omnes odêre tyranni:
Quàm multi bene promeriti de civibus, horum
Quos conſervârunt cæco perière furore !
Jam verò ingenio ſi quis valet, omnis in illum
Invida conjurat plebecula, dente parati
Rodere vipereo, famæque aſpergere virus.
Hæc porro ut meritis obſtantem diſſipet umbram ;
Muneraque emergens vix demùm publica tractet :
Sudandum ingrata eſt hominum pro gente, ferendum
Probrorum genus omne, adeunda pericula, vel quæ
Seditio attulerit vulgi, ambitiove potentûm.

Audiat

Where then is Virtue's well deſerv'd reward!—
Let's pay to virtue ev'ry due regard,
That ſhe enables man, let us confeſs,
To bear thoſe evils, which ſhe can't redreſs,
Gives hopes, and conſcious peace, and can aſſuage
Th' impetuous tempeſts both of luſt and rage;
Yet ſhe's a guard ſo far from being ſure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where Vice prevails ſevereſt is their fate,
Tyrants purſue them with a threefold hate;
How many ſtruggling in their country's cauſe,
And from their country meriting applauſe,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be inſlav'd,
And periſh'd by the hands themſelves had ſav'd?
Soon as ſuperior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to purſue!
The man ſo form'd, they all conſpire to blame,
And Envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame;
Shou'd he at length ſo truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule, with honeſt views, the ſtate,
Then muſt he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and diſgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes ſeditious and aſpiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who wou'd be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched ſtate.

Audiat hæc, ſibi qui nomen, qui poſcit honores;
Demens; nec novit ſe quanta incommoda cingant.

Vivitur an meliùs privatim? Non minus iſthic,
Cernis ut ira, libido, ſcelus dominentur ubique;
Fraus et amicitiam ſimulans; livorque malignus;
Jurgiaque inſidiæque, et iniquæ retia legis.

Attamen eſt, vitæ lenimen, amabilis uxor;
Lætus agis ſecura domeſticus otia; dulces
Arrident circùm, properant et ad oſcula nati;
Mox obrepentis decus et tutela ſenectæ.

Hic eſt aut nuſquam quod quærimus; eſto, ſed iſthæc
Nullæne interea corrumpunt gaudia curæ?
Quid mala commemorem, ſi quando, ut ſæpius, ambos
Diſcolor ingenium ſtudia in contraria ducat?
Adde quod in trutina mores expendere juſta
Haud facile, ante ineunt quam fœdus uterque jugale:
Nec ſi pœniteat, fas eſt abrum pere vinclum;
Sors at dura manet; conjecta eſt alea vitæ.

Præterea natos ecquis præſtabit honeſto
Ingenio imbutos, pulcrique bonique tenaces;

Sin

Is private life from all theſe evils free?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we ſee,
Deceit, that Friendſhip's maſk inſidious wears,
Quarrels, and feuds, and law's entangling ſnares.

But there are pleaſures ſtill in human life,
Domeſtic eaſe, a tender loving wife,
Children, whoſe dawning ſmiles your heart engage,
The grace and comfort of ſoft-ſtealing age:

If happineſs exiſts, 'tis ſurely here,
But are theſe joys exempt from care and fear?
Need I the miſeries of that ſtate declare,
When different paſſions draw the wedded pair?
Or ſay how hard thoſe paſſions to diſcern,
Ere the dye's caſt, and 'tis too late to learn?

Who can inſure, that what is right, and good,
Theſe children ſhall purſue? or if they ſhou'd,
Death comes when leaſt you fear ſo black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are ſnatch'd away.

We ſay not that theſe ills from Virtue flow;
Did her wiſe precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin;
But 'tis our lot in this to ſuffer, and to ſin.

Obſerving

Sin hac parte tuis reſpondent omnia votis;
Heu! minimè cum reris, in ipſo flore juventæ,
Mors inopina domûs ſpem protinùs abripit omnem.

At non hæc Virtus mala parturit: immo fatemur,
Munia ſi peragat ſua quiſque fideliter, eſſet
Nil potius Virtute; redirent aurea jam tum
Sæcula; verùm ævo non vivere contigit aureo.

His animadverſis, quidam primordia mundi
Bina, Deos fingunt binos; quorum alter iniquo
Præditus ingenio, ſcelus omne immittit in orbem;
Alter opem præſens affert, medicina malorum.
Hinc varius vitæ color, hinc pravique bonique
Miſta ſeges, roſeiſque latens malus anguis in hortis.
Siccine res ergo eſt confecta? Sed illa poteſtas,
Quæſierim, par ſit, quam Dis adſcribis, an impar:
Si par illa quidem, ruerent aut cuncta repente
In Chaos antiquum, nihil aut potuiſſet oriri;
Quippe bonum res eſt ſemper contraria pravo:
Sin impar, mora nulla foret quin cederet alter
Alterius vi debellatus, et omnia deinceps
Deleret victor priſcæ veſtigia litis.

Auſer

Obſerving this, ſome ſages have decreed
That all things from two cauſes muſt proceed;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that ſupremely good.
From this ariſe the miſeries we endure,
Whilſt that adminiſters a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd ſtill with bliſs and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiſcuous grow,
And pois'nous ſerpents make their dead repoſe
Beneath the covert of the fragrant roſe.

Can ſuch a ſyſtem ſatisfy the mind?
Are both theſe Gods in equal power conjoin'd,
Or one ſuperior? Equal if you ſay,
Chaos returns, ſince neither will obey;
Is one ſuperior? good or ill muſt reign,
Eternal joy, or everlaſting pain.
Which e'er is conquer'd muſt entirely yield,
And the victorious God enjoy the field:
Hence with theſe fictions of the *Magi's* brain!
Hence ouzy *Nile*, with all her monſtrous train!

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatſoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are uſeleſs things;
Himſelf half ſtarving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be ſo wond'rous wiſe!
By the ſame reaſoning too he pain denies;

Roaſt

Aufer abhinc igitur ſtulta hæc commenta Magorum,
Et quæ cœnoſus fert monſtra biformia Nilus.

Stoicus an meliùs ? Nempe hic non eſſe bonorum
In numero centèt, nos quæ miramur ineptè:
Divitias, famam, quodcunque acceſſerit extra,
Pro nihilo ſapiens habet; aut hæc poſſidet unus;
Poſſidet, ignotus licet ac pauperrimus; Euge!
Quàm pulcrum ſapere eſt! ſimili ratione dolorem
Haud putat eſſe malum, ſibi conſentaneus idem.
Comburas igni; tradas ferrove ſecandum:
In cruce ſuſſigas; nunquam extorquebis, ut iſthæc
Eſſe mala agnoſcat: Quidnam ergo? Incommoda dicit.
Quid tibi viſa valetudo? Quid gratia formæ,
Stoice? Quid validæ vires? Sunt hæc bona, necne?
Non optanda quidem ſunt, at ſumenda; Sophiſtam
Quis ferat hunc, verbis non re diverſa docentem?

Quid multa? Externis ſine rebus poſſe beatè
Vivere te ſperes, ſi nil niſi ſpiritus eſſes:

Interea

ſt him, or flea him, break him on the wheel,
act he will not, tho' he can't but feel:
's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
ıt then? an inconvenience 'tis, he'll own:
ıt vigour, health, and beauty? are theſe good?
they may be accepted, not purſued:
ırd to ſquabble thus about a name,
ɔbling with diff'rent words that mean the ſame.
:, were you not fram'd of fleſh and blood,
might be bleſt without external good;
know, be ſelf-ſufficient as you can,
are not ſpirit quite, but frail and mortal man.

ıt ſince theſe ſages, ſo abſurdly wiſe,
ıly pretend enjoyments to deſpiſe,
.uſe externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
· mine, now thine, the bleſſings of an hour;
r value then, that ſtrength of mind, they boaſt,
ften varying, and as quickly loſt?
:ad-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
a ſlow fever wipes it quite away.

Interea quinam ſis Stoice, noſſe memento;
Natus homo es, qui mente itidemque ex corpore conſtat.

Sin vero, acciderint quæcunque extrinſecus, iſthæc
Dat Fortuna adimitque; benigna, maligna viciſſim
Nunc mihi nunc alii; neque ſunt quæ noſtra vocemus;
Quid ſapiente illo fiet, qui non minus ac nos
Momento dubiæ fluitat mutabilis horæ?
Vim porro hanc animi, pendent unde omnia quæ Tu
Exoptanda putas, quàm ſæpe retundere morbus,
Sæpe ſolet delere, ut vix veſtigia reſtent!
Ille etiam qui conſiliis, ille alter et armis
Rem qui reſtituit, cum ſpes haud ulla, Britannam,
Teſtantur quantùm virtus, ſapientia quantùm
Poſſit, etingenii quàm ſit flos ipſe caducus.

Tum porro ille recens, quem poſtera vidimus ætas,
Scribendi omne tulit qui punctum, ſive facetas
Mimi ageret partès, ſeu rhetoris atque poetæ;
Eheu! Quantus erat! Nec longum tempus, et idem
Defuncta ſpirans jam mente, ſuîque ſuperſtes:
Uſque adeo externis nihil inviolabile telis.

Condonanda

See * one whoſe councils, one † whoſe conquering hand
Once ſav'd Britannia's almoſt ſinking land:
Examples of the mind's extenſive pow'r,
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.

Him let me add, whom late we ſaw excel
‡ In each politer kind of writing well;
Whether he ſtrove our follies to expoſe
In eaſy verſe, or droll, and hum'rous proſe;
Few years alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit,
See ſelf-ſurviving he's an ideot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future ſtate we ceaſe to live.
For here the virtuous ſuffer much, 'tis plain;
If pain is evil, this muſt God arraign;
And on this principle confeſs we muſt,
Pain can no evil be, or God muſt be unjuſt.

Blind man! whoſe reaſon ſuch ſtrait bounds confine,
That ere it touches truth's extremeſt line,
It ſtops amaz'd, and quits the great deſign.

* Lord Somers. † Duke of Marlborough. ‡ Dean Swift.

Own

Condonanda tamen ſententia, Stoice, veſtra eſt:
Nam ſi poſt obitum neque præmia ſint neque pœnæ,
Heu! quò perventum eſt! Heu quid jam denique reſtat!
Scilicet humanas gerit aut res Numen iniquè,
Aut nil curat, iners; aut, ſi bene temperat orbem,
Nemo bonus miſer eſt, nemo improbus eſſe beatus
In vita poſſit, gens ut ſibi Stoica fingit.

O cæcas hominum mentes! confinia veri
Qui ſimul attigerint, hærent; finemque ſub ipſum,
Attonitis ſimiles, opera imperfecta relinquunt.
Juſtitiamne Dei te, Stoice, poſſe fateri,
Cernere nec quid ritè velit? Quin ſtrenuus audes
Pergere ad æternam, ducit quà ſemita, vitam?
" Quicquid id eſt, celat nox, circumfuſa tenebris."
Non iſthoc, tua te potius fiducia cæcat;
Hinc nox, hinc illæ tenebræ; quia nempe triumphas,
Nondum propoſiti victor; quia ponere totum
Neſcius, in ſpatii medio conſiſtis; ut omnes
Sive magi Perſæ, ſeu Græcula turba Sophorum.
En quantis unus portentis pullulat error!

Accipe

Own you not, Stoic, God is juſt and true?
Dare to proceed; ſecure this path purſue:
'Twill ſoon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future juſtice, and a life to come.
This path, you ſay, is hid in endleſs night,
'Tis ſelf-conceit alone obſtructs your ſight:
You ſtop, ere half your deſtin'd courſe is run,
And triumph when the conqueſt is not won;
By this the Sophiſts were of old miſled:
See what a monſtrous race from one miſtake is bred!

Hear then my argument:—confeſs we muſt,
A God there is, ſupremely wiſe and juſt:
If ſo, however things affect our ſight,
As ſings our bard, *whatever is, is right.*
But is it right, what here ſo oft appears,
That vice ſhou'd triumph, virtue ſink in tears?
The inference then, that cloſes this debate,
Is, that there muſt exiſt a future ſtate.
The wiſe extending their enquiries wide
See how both ſtates are by connection ty'd;
Fools view but part, and not the whole ſurvey,
So crowd exiſtence all into a day.
Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That juſtice never will reſume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile aſſaſſins fly.
"But rules not God by general laws divine:
"Man's vice or virtue change not the deſign:"

Accipe rem quò nunc deducam. Quiſque fatemur
Eſſe Deum ; Jam ſi ſapiens, juſtuſque ſit Author,
Hunc Mundi ornatum qui protulit atque gubernat,
Quodcunque eſt fit ritè ; canit prout ille poeta ;
Nec patitur jus faſve, bonis ut ſit male ſemper,
Improbitas aut ſemper ovans incedat ; at iſthuc
Rés redit, omnino ſi morte extinguimur omnes.
Quodcunque eſt fit ritè, velis ſi cernere ſummam ;
Contra, ſi noſtri nihil ultra funera vivit.
Vir bonus et ſapiens vitam connectit utramque.
At ſunt, hærentes verborum in cortice nudo,
Singula qui, non rerum ingens ſyſtema tuentur,
Atque hodierna omnem cogunt in tempora ſcenam.
Advolat huc furum turba omnis, et omnis adulter ;
Hanc ſibi perfugio petit et ſicarius aram.

cilicet ipſe rato ſtatuit Deus ordine leges,
Quas temerare poteſt nemo ; probus improbus an ſit
Quid refert ? nihil hîc reſcindere homuncio poſſit,
Nil mutare ; ſuum ſervant res uſque tenorem.

Dic

What laws are theſe? inſtruct us if you can:—
There's one deſign'd for brutes, and one for man:
Another guides inactive matter's courſe,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity ſubſiſts between
Far diſtant worlds, and ties the vaſt machine.

The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds, and beaſts of every kind?
By all the ſandy deſart's ſavage brood,
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;
Of theſe none uncontroul'd, and lawleſs rove,
But to ſome deſtin'd end ſpontaneous move:
Led by that inſtinct, heav'n itſelf inſpires,
Or ſo much reaſon as their ſtate requires;
See all with ſkill acquire their daily food,
All uſe thoſe arms, which nature has beſtow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilſt that care they need;
In theſe lov'd offices compleatly bleſt,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears moleſt.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views;
God thro' the wonders of his works purſues,
Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal cauſe;
For ſure in nothing we approach ſo nigh
The great example of divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's ſoul
Knows not ſelf-center'd for itſelf to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:

Dic mihi quas leges narras, quive iſte ſit ordo?
Altera namque homini eſt, animalibus altera brutis;
Altera lex rerum maſſæ rationis egenti.

Eſt ſua materiæ gravitas; hinc, non propria vi
Attrahit, attrahitur; varios hinc incita motus
Conficit, hinc ſtat compages et machina mundi.

Quid dicam quibus eſt vitæ ſpirabile donum,
Alituum genus an pecudes; an ſæva ferarum
Semina; fœcundo vel quæ fovet ubere pontus?
Non horum quivis temerè et ſine lege vagatur;
Quin, ſive afflatu divinæ contigit auræ,
Seu rationis habent quantum deſiderat uſus,
His aliqua prodire tenus datur; En ſibi ſolers
Quiſque parat victum; ſua tractat gnaviter arma;
Atque edit fœtus, atque eſca nutrit amica
Quos peperit, prodeſt teneris dum cura parentum.
Hic labor, hæc vitæ eſt omnis dulcedo; nec ultra
Aut cupit aut metuit, ſatis hoc in munere felix.

Latior aſt homini campus patet; Ille, ſagaci
Ingenio, Artificis dignoſcit ſigna ſupremi,

Immenſum

Its mighty orb embraces firſt his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends
But to the meaneſt animal deſcends.

Wiſe Nature has this ſocial law confirm'd
By forming man ſo helpleſs, and unarm'd;
His want of other's aid, and power of ſpeech
T'implore that aid this leſſon daily teach:
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single how weak, and impotent they are!
But view them in their complicated ſtate,
Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their ſtrength how great,
When ſocial virtue individuals joins,
And in one ſolid maſs, like gravity, combines!

This then's the firſt great law by Nature given,
Stamp'd on our ſouls and ratify'd by Heav'n!
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliſs muſt ſpring from ſocial love.

Why deviate then ſo many from this law?
See paſſions, cuſtom, vice, and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from eaſt to weſt,
How few, alas! how very few are bleſt!
Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,
What poverty and indolence combine,
To cloud with error's miſts the human mind!
No trace of man, but in the form we find.

Immenſum per opus, tot miris fertile, mundum.
Talibus indiciis, rerum dominumque patremque
Ille in vota vocat; pulcrique imbutus amore
Exemplar ſibi divinum proponit, ut inde
Poſſit et ipſe ſuos imitando effingere mores.
Pulcriusutque nihil, nihil ut divinius eſt quàm
Proſpiciens aliis Bonitas, diffuſaque latè;
Ille aliena, ſibi putat haud aliena; nec axem
Vertitur uſque ſuum circa, ſibi providus uni;
At patriam, at genus omne hominum, genus omne animantûm
Ingenti, ſe diffundens, complectitur orbe.

Hæc ſtabilivit item Natura perennia vitæ
Jura, hominem per ſeſe inopem cum finxit; ut alter
Alterius depoſcat opem, et ſua quiſque viciſſim
Conſilia in medium promat, ſermone miniſtro.
Confer cum reliquis etenim viventibus; Ecquid
Eſt hominis forma magis ad tutamen inerme?
Quanta ſed huic virtus et inexpugnabile robur;
Si communis amor, gravitas velut, alligat uno
Fœdere, conſociatque inter ſe diſſita membra?

And are we free from error and diſtreſs,
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bleſs?
Whom true religion leads? (for ſhe but leads
By ſoft perſuaſion, not by force proceeds;)
Behold how we avoid this radiant ſun,
This proffer'd guide how obſtinately ſhun,
And after Sophiſtry's vain ſyſtems run!
For theſe as for eſſentials we engage
In wars, and maſſacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are ſlain,
Miſtaken zeal, how ſavage is thy reign!

Unpuniſh'd vices here ſo much abound,
All right, and wrong, all order they confound;
Theſe are the giants, who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the ſky;
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or ſeeing ſpares,
And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares?
He ſees; and will at laſt rewards beſtow,
And puniſhments, not leſs aſſur'd for being ſlow.

Nor doubt I, tho' this ſtate confus'd appears,
That ev'n in this God ſometimes interferes;
Sometimes, leſt man ſhou'd quite his pow'r diſown,
He makes that power to trembling nations known:

But

Lex igitur, lex hæc animis inſculpta, benigno
Hæc nutu ſancita Dei eſt; hanc comprobat ipſa
Utilitas; huc quemque trahit nativa voluptas.

Quorſum abeunt tamen iſta? Videſne effræna libido,
Vel mala conſuetudo, vel ipſa inſcitia, quantas
Dent latè ſtrages, hominum pars quantula felix!
Contemplator enim, quà ſol oriturve, caditve;
Aut loca quæ Boreas, aut quæ tenet ultimus Auſter;
Perpetuove jacet tellus ubi torrida ab igni:
Quanta ibi pauperiès et inertia! quanta ferinis
Offuſa eſt animis caligo, inſanus et error!
Vix hominis, præter ſormam, veſtigia cernas.

Quid nos, uberiora Deus quibus ipſe ſalutis
Lumina dat, ducitque manu, ſanctiſſima cuſtos,
Relligio; ducit, non vi trahit imperioſa?
Ecce renitentes jubar immortale diemque
Odimus oblatam, commentaque vana tenemus;
Vana Sophiſtarum gloſſemata, luce relicta.
His pro quiſquiliis heu! digladiamur, ut aris,
Implacabiliter: quot cædes inde, cruorque
Fraternus! Pietas quot parturit impia facta!

Uſque

But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As Superſtition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and uſurps his throne.

Nor know I not how much a conſcious mind
Avails to puniſh, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, muſt feel
The fury's ſcourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal, tho' thou hop'ſt to run,
Thyſelf thou can'ſt not, nor thy conſcience ſhun:
What muſt thou ſuffer when each dire diſeaſe,
The progeny of vice, thy fabric ſeize?
Conſumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of ſpaſms, and gout, and ſtone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone ſupply,
Life thy ſole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Shou'd ſuch a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright,
He looks within, and ſhudders at the ſight:

When

Uſque adeo morum vitioſa licentia miſcet
Fas omne atque nefas, graſſata impunè per orbem.
Illa gigantea eſt vis, quæ reſcindere cœlum
Conatur, monteſque imponere montibus audet.
Aſpicit hæc Deus, an nequicquam fulmina librat?
Pectora an humani nihil immortalia tangit?
Aſpicit; improperata licèt, ſua quemque ſequentur
Præmia pro meritis; neque pœna incerta morando eſt.

Haud equidem humanis dubito quin nunc quoque rebus
Ipſe interveniat Deus, et ne funditus omnis
Intereat ſenſus divini Vindicis, edat
Per gentes exempla modis inſignia miris.
Parciùs iſta tamen; non, ut temeraria fingit
Uſque Superſtitio, torquet quæ Numinis iram
In quoſcunque velit, ſuaque eripit arma Tonanti.

Nec ſum animi ignarus quid mens ſibi conſcia poſſit;
Ut neque ſit virtus jam nunc mercede ſine ulla,
Nec nullas dum vita manet des, improbe, pœnas;
Quanquam homines, fallas haud te tamen effugis ipſe:
Te Diræ ultrices agitant, te Cura remordet
Sæva comes, memorique habitat ſub pectore vindex.

When threatening Death uplifts his pointed dart
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidſt diſeaſe and pains!
Why this, if after it no ſenſe remains?
Why ſhou'd he chuſe theſe miſeries to endure,
If Death cou'd grant an everlaſting cure?
'Tis plain there's ſomething whiſpers in his ear,
(Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverſe how happy thoſe we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind?
Prais'd by each tongue, by every heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd:
Their eaſy aſpects ſhine with ſmiles ſerene,
And all is peace, and happineſs within:
Their ſleep is ne'er diſturb'd by fears or ſtrife,
Nor luſt, nor wine, impair the ſprings of life.
Him Fortune cannot ſink, nor much elate,
Whoſe views extend beyond this mortal ſtate;
By age when ſummon'd to reſign his breath,
Calm, and ſerene, he ſees approaching death,
As the ſafe port, the peaceful ſilent ſhore,
Where he may reſt, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conſcience has a coward made;
Whilſt he, who Virtue's radiant courſe has run,
Deſcends like a ſerenely ſetting ſun,
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
And Hope anticipates his future joys.

So

Quid tibi ſæpe graves cum morbi, debita luxûs
Dona, pthiſes lentæ, tormenta et acuta podagræ,
Atque tumens hydrops, ſpaſmuſque, urenſque maraſmus
Incubuêre, cohors funeſta? hinc degitur ævi
Portio ſi qua manet crudeli exeſa dolore;
Et quorum in vita poſita eſt ſpes unica, tædet
Vivendi, mortemque ſimul cupiuntque timentque.

Sin horum ad ſeros aliquis pervenerit annos
Non habet unde iſthoc compenſet; nam neque dulces
Carpit amicitiæ fructus, neque laude bonorum
Paſcitur, atque ſua, quoties anteacta revolvit;
At ſocii jam tum luxûs fugère prioris,
Vilis adulator vacuas quoque deſerit ædes;
Atque illum, ſi quando oculos converterit intus,
Terret imago ſui, ſeſe et dum reſpicit horret.
Ille etiam cum Mors adſtat, telumque coruſcat
Jam jamque intentans ictum, quas non adit artes
Anxius, ut miſerum medica vi proroget ævum
Pauliſper, mille et per curas vita trahatur?
Quòd ſi vita referta malis, noſtrique ſuperſtes
Poſt mortem nihil eſt, cur ultima territat hora?
Sic eſt, hæret adhuc quam ſpernere velle videtur.
Neſcio quæ ſortis cura importuna futuræ,

So good, ſo bleſt th' illuſtrious *Hough** we find,
Whoſe image dwells with pleaſure on my mind;
The mitre's glory, Freedom's conſtant friend,
In times which aſk'd a champion to defend;
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,
His ſenſes perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the ſtage;
Or like ſome victor in th' Olympic games,
Who, having run his courſe, the crown of glory claims.

From this juſt contraſt plainly it appears,
How conſcience can inſpire both hopes and fears;
But whence proceed theſe hopes, or whence this dread,
If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promiſe, and preſage
The ſure arrival of a future age!
Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wiſe,
Nor doat on life, nor peeviſhly deſpiſe.
An honeſt man, when Fortune's ſtorms begin,
Has Conſolation always ſure within,
And if ſhe ſends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he, who ſits ſo looſe to life,
Should too much ſhun its labours, and its ſtrife;
And ſcorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this buſtling ſcene;

* Biſhop of Worceſter.

Or,

At contra quibus innocua et ſine crimine vita eſt,
Quique alios norûnt ſibi devincire merendo,
Aut qui præclaris ditârunt ſæcla repertis,—
Illis nectareo manans de fonte ſerenat
Conſcia laus animum, tranquillaque temperat ora.
Non metus abrumpit ſomnos, non invida cura;
Non Venus aut Bacchus vires minuêre, neque illos
Res aut adverſæ frangunt inflantve ſecundæ
Cui ſpes ulterior, caſus munitur ad omnes.
Ergo ſenectutem labentes leniter anni
Cum ſenſim attulerint, mortem iſta mente propinquam
Aſpicit, ut longis qui tempeſtatibus actus
Portum in conſpectu tenet, effugiumque malorum.
Scilicet hunc unum mortis vicinia terret,
Qui ſibi præmetuit ſi quid poſt funera reſtet;
Non hunc qui rectè vitam ſanctèque peregit.
Hic, ſeſe excutiens ſibi plaudit, et aureus ut ſol
Uſque ſub occaſum diffuſo lumine ridet:
Hic, matura dies cum mortis venerit, ævum
Suſpicit immortale, hic ſpe meliore triumphans
Cœlicolûm jam nunc prælibat gaudia votis.
Talis erat grata ſemper quem mente recordor
Ille, decus mitræ, libertatiſque ſatelles,
Dum tanti tempus propugnatoris egebat
Houghius; hic, numeros prope centenarius omnes
Cum vitæ explêrat; florenti plenus honore,

Senſibus

Or, when his country's ſafety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid:
Who ſcorns life moſt muſt ſurely be moſt brave,
And he, who pow'r contemns, be leaſt a ſlave:
Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.

But ſtill his merit you can not regard,
Who thus purſues a poſthumous reward;
His ſoul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future ſtate,
Embraces Virtue from a nobler ſenſe
Of her abſtracted, native excellence,
From the ſelf conſcious joy her eſſence brings,
The beauty, fitneſs, harmony of things.
It may be ſo: yet he deſerves applauſe,
Who follows where inſtructive Nature draws;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And ſoars triumphant on her wings to heav'n

Say what this venal virtuous man purſues,
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth uſurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where Nature points the road,
Riſing in Virtue's ſchool, till he aſcends to God.

But we th' inglorious common herd of Man,
Sail without compaſs, toil without a plan;
In Fortune's varying ſtorms for ever toſt,
Shadows purſue, that in purſuit are loſt;

Mere

Senſibus integris, ſine morbo, experſque doloris,
Vivendique ſatur, ſic vita exibat, ut actor
E ſcena egregius toto plaudente theatro;
Aut qui poſt ſtadium ſumma cum laude peractum
Victor Olympiacæ poſcit ſibi præmia palmæ.

His patet indiciis animi vis conſcia quantùm
Spe foveat, crucietve metu mortalia corda.
Unde ſed iſte metus, quid ſpes velit illa rogârim,
Si nil ſperandum eſt, obita nil more timendum?
En ut venturo conſpirent omnia ſæclo!

Quocirca in terris benè ſeu res ſeu malè cedat,
Vir ſapiens nec amat vitam neque tetricus odit:
Intus enim quo ſe duro in diſcrimine rerum
Conſoletur, habet; ſin aura faventior afflet,
Immemor haud vivit quàm lubrica, quàmque caduca
Fortunæ bona ſint; bona ſi quis cenſet habenda,
Perdere quæ metuit, quæve aſpernatur adeptus.

Nec vereare quidem ne fortè ad munia vitæ
Segnior hinc animus detrectet ferre labores,
Atque pericla ſubire, vocet ſi publicus uſus:
Liberum et erectum potiùs, rebuſque in agendis

Fortem

Mere infants all, till life's extremeſt day,
Scrambling for toys, then toſſing them away.
Who reſts of immortality aſſur'd
Is ſafe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliſs;
For good and ill, in this imperfect ſtate,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.
With Wiſdom's richeſt harveſt Folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the roſe;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wiſh we perfectly obtain:
God may perhaps (might human Reaſon's line
Pretend to fathom infinite deſign)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the reſtleſs mind
No happineſs compleat on earth may find;
And, by this friendly chaſtiſement made wiſe,
To heav'n her ſafeſt beſt retreat may riſe.

Come then, ſince now in ſafety we have paſt
Thro' Error's rocks, and ſee the port at laſt,
Let us review and recollect the whole.——
Thus ſtands my argument.——The thinking ſoul
Cannot terreſtrial, or material be,
But claims by nature immortality;
God, who created it, can make it end,
We queſtion not, but cannot apprehend
He will; becauſe it is by him endued
With ſtrong ideas of all perfect good:

With

Fortem hominem invictumque facit, casusque per omnes
Roborat externarum hæc despicientia rerum.

Hunc tamen incusas, ut quem, spes unica mercis
Non veræ virtutis amor, non sensus honesti
Servat in officio; nempe huic est sordida virtus
Qui rectè facit ut post mortem præmia carpat.
Ille bonus verè est, quem, spes si nulla futuri,
Ad pulcrum atque decens per se super omnia ducit
Morum dulce melos, & agendi semita simplex.
Esto; nec ille malus qui non hic hæret, at illam
Quò natura trahit metam scit rite tueri;
Semper et innatis ultra mortalia votis
Fertur ovans, pulcrumque petit sine fine supremum.

Ergo age dic sodes quæ præmia, quid sibi sperat
Mercedis? namque haud sectatur vilia rerum
Illum, non usura vorax, non turba sequentûm,
Non mendax plausus, fucataque gloria; non quæ
Prava per incautum spargit mendacia vulgus
Ambitio tenet, aut titulorum splendor inanis:
At quò verus honos, quò fert natura, decusque
Humani generis jubet ire, viriliter ibit:
Virtutesque alias aliis virtutibus addens,
Donec in hac vitæ sese exercere palæstra
Cogitur, ingenium fata ad meliora parabit.

Cætera

With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our earthly ſtate;
With ſure preſages of a life to come,
All falſe and uſeleſs; if beyond the tomb
Our beings ceaſe: we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands
Shou'd due rewards, and puniſhments receive,
And this by no means happens whilſt we live;
It follows that a time muſt ſurely come,
When each ſhall meet their well-adjuſted doom:
Then ſhall this ſcene, which now to human ſight
Seems ſo unworthy wiſdom infinite,
A ſyſtem of conſummate ſkill appear,
And ev'ry cloud diſpers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt

Cætera pars hominum ferimur jactante procella
Ut ratis, huc illuc; et per diverſa viarum
Conatu ingenti fugientem prendimus umbram.
Ac veluti infantes pueri crepitacula poſcunt
Ardenti ſtudio, mox, parta relinquere gaudent
Sic etiam in plenis homines pueraſcimus annis.
At bene perſuaſum cui ſit, non eſſe ſupremam
Hanc animi vitam, reſtare ſed altera fata,
Salva illi res eſt, neque ſpe lactatur inani.
Quippe ubi mens hominis purum ſimplexque requirat
Irrequieta bonum, non ſperat ſorte potiri
Jam nunc felici: quid enim? nunc, vivimus omnes
Pravum ubi commiſtum recto eſt; ubi triſtia lætis;
Ipſa ubi delirans inhiat ſapientia nugas;
Atque in odoratis florent aconita roſetis:
Omnia miſta quidem, fluxa omnia, ludicra demum
Omnia, nec votis eſt quod reſpondeat uſquam.
Forſan et ipſe Deus, divinum exquirere ſi fas
Conſilium, ſic res attemperat, uſque ſecundis
Adverſas miſcens, et amaris dulcia condit;
Spernere ut hinc diſcat terreſtria mens, et amicis
Caſtigata malis, cœlo ſpem ponat in uno,
Quo domus et patria eſt, requies ubi ſola laborum.
Quare age, jam tandem memorata recollige mecum.

Quippe

Doubt we of this! what ſolid truth remains,
That o'er the world a wiſe diſpoſer reigns?
Whilſt all creation ſpeaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main deſign?
Not ſo: the day ſhall come, (pretend not now
Preſumptuous to enquire or when, or how)
But after death ſhall come th' important day,
When God to all his juſtice ſhall diſplay;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a juſt proportion puniſh and reward.

Quippe viam emenſus dubiam, ſcopuloſque latentes
Erroris nunc prætervectus et æquora cæca
Conſpicio portum. Nempe hæc quæ cogitat et vult,
Mens haud terrenis conflata eſt ex elementis;
Ergo naturâ eſt quiddam immortale ſuapte.
Verùm hanc interea Deus hanc extinguere poſſit;
Eſto, Deus poſſit ſi fert divina voluntas;
At non extinguet: neque enim vis illa ſciendi
Tot res humana tam longè ſorte remotas;
Nec porro Æterni nunquam ſatiata cupido;
Nec deſiderium noſtris in mentibus hærens
Perfecti, fruſtra eſt. Jam ſi fas juſque reqirunt
Ut ſceleri malè ſit, benè virtutique, nec illa
Alterutri ſors obtingat, dum vivitur iſtic;
Reſtat ut hoc alio fiat diſcrimen in ævo.
Tum vero quæ nunc rudis, et ſapiente bonoque,
Si genus humanum ſpectes, haud Numine digna eſt
Scena, revelabit dempta ſe nube, colorque
Verus erit rebus, veruſque videbitur ordo.
Hoc niſi credideris, dic, qua ratione probetur
Omnino eſſe Deum ſummo qui conſilio res
Juſtitiaque regit; num cætera ſcilicet aptè
Dirigit, hac quæ præcipua eſt in parte laborat?
Haud ita; tempus erit, noli quo quærere more,
Hoc ſatis eſt, hoc conſtat, erit poſt funera tempus;
Cum Deus, ut par eſt æquos excernet iniquis,
Sontibus inſontes, et idonea cuique rependet.

PIECES,

RELIGIOUS,

MORAL,

METAPHYSICAL,

AND

POLITICAL.

THE

WORLD.

NUMBER CXXV.

[AD the many wiſe philoſophers of anti-
ity, who have ſo often and ſo juſtly com-
ed the life of man to a race, lived in the
ſent times they would have ſeen the pro-
ety of that ſimile greatly augmented; for
we obſerve the behaviour of the polite part
this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we
ll ſee that their whole lives are one conti-
ed race; in which every one is endeavour-
; to diſtance all behind him, and to over-
e, or paſs by, all who are before him:
ry one is flying from his inferiors, in pur-
t of his ſuperiors who fly from Him with
ıal alacrity.

Were not the conſequences of this ridicu-
s pride of the moſt deſtructive nature to
public, the ſcene would be really enter-
ning. Every tradeſman is a merchant, eve-
merchant is a gentleman, and every gentle-
n one of the nobleſs. We are a nation

of gentry, *populus generoſorum:* we have no ſuch thing as common people amongſt us: between vanity and gin, the ſpecies is utterly deſtroyed. The ſons of our loweſt mechanics, acquiring with their learning at charity-ſchools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, deſpiſe their paternal occupations, and are all ſoliciting for the honourable employments of tidewaiters and exciſemen.—Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women; or preſumptuouſly exerciſe that genteel profeſſion, which uſed to be peculiarly reſerved for the politely-educated, but unportioned daughters of their ſuperiors. Attorneys clerks and city prentices dreſs like cornets of dragoons, keep their miſtreſſes and their hunters, criticiſe at the play, and toaſt at the tavern. The merchant leaves his compting houſe for St. James's; and the country-gentleman his own affairs for thoſe of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of diſtinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dreſs, equipage and expences of every kind. The nobility who can aim no higher, plunge themſelves into debt and dependance, to preſerve their rank; and are even there, quickly overtaken by their unmerciful purſuers.

The ſame fooliſh vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our ſuperiors, induces us alſo to be, or pretend to be their inſeparable compa-

nions;

nions; or as the phraſe is to keep the *beſt company*; by which is always to be underſtood, ſuch company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and conſequently deſpiſe and avoid us, in the ſame manner as we ourſelves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleaſures of ſocial life, and all the advantages of friendly converſe utterly deſtroyed. We chuſe not our companions for their wit and learning, their good humour or good ſenſe, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatneſs was communicable, like the powers of the load-ſtone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to deſtroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his underſtanding at a gaming-houſe with the *beſt company*, than to improve them all in the converſation of the moſt ingenious and entertaining of his equals; and every ſelf-conceited girl in faſhionable life, chuſes rather to endure the affected ſilence and inſolent head-ach of my lady ducheſs for a whole evening, than to paſs it in mirth and jollity with the moſt amiable of her acquaintance. For ſince it is poſſible that ſome of my readers who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *beſt company*, ſhould imagine that amongſt ſuch there is ever the beſt converſation, the moſt lively wit, the moſt profound judgment, the moſt engaging affability and politeneſs; it may be

be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the caſe; but that frequently in ſuch company little is ſaid and leſs attended to; no diſpoſition appears either to pleaſe others, or to be pleaſed themſelves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's underſtandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleaſant to obſerve how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has ſubſiſted for half a century laſt paſt; in which the former have been perpetually purſued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their reſources for ſuperior diſtinction; out of innumerable faſhions in dreſs, and variety of diverſions, every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as ſoon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themſelves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themſelves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourſe to full-bottomed periwigs, and toupees, to high-heads, and low heads, and no heads at all: trade has beſtowed riches on their competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteely on one ſide of Temple bar, as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapſide, as in the purer regions of Groſvenor ſquare and Hill-ſtreet.

With

With as little ſucceſs have opera's, oratorio's, ridotto's, and other expenſive diverſions been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradeſmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to inſult the *good company*, their cuſtomers, at their own expence: and like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this ſtratagem has in ſome meaſure been obviated by the prudenoe of the *very beſt company*, who, for this, and many other wiſe conſiderations, have uſually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majeſty and the Royal Family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's, which now appears, as it uſually fares with the ſeat of war, deſolate and uninhabited, and totally deſerted on both ſides: except that on a twelfth-night, the *bad company* never fail to aſſemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at laſt to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant aſſemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined that they could neither be imitated nor intruded on. But here again they were grievouſly miſtaken; for no ſooner was the ſignal given, but every little lodging-

lodging-houſe in town, of two rooms and a cloſet on a floor, or rather of two cloſets and a cup-board, teemed with card tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the ſmaller the houſes, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more eaſily effected. Nor could intruſion be better guarded againſt, than imitation; for by ſome means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dreſs, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to looſe great ſums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of ſome ſuch eminent and extraordinary qualifications, their blebeian enemies ſoon broke through the ſtrongeſt of their barriers, and mingled in the thickeſt of their ranks, to the utter deſtruction of all ſuperiority and diſtinction.

But though it muſt be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad ſituation, yet I would not have them deſpair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, ſo viſible in a mixture of *fierté* and dejection. They have ſtill one aſylum left to fly to, which with all their advantages of birth and education, it is ſurpriſing they ſhould not long ſince have diſcovered; but ſince they have not, I ſhall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long deſerted forts of true Britiſh grandeur, their princely ſeats and magnificent caſtles in their ſeveral countries, and there,

there, arming themſelves with religion and virtue, hoſpitality and charity, civility and friendſhip, bid defiance to their impertinent purſuers: and though I will not undertake that they ſhall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet ſo averſe are all ranks of people at preſent to this ſort of retirement, ſo totally diſuſed from the exerciſe of theſe kinds of arms, and ſo unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promiſe, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and there only, that they may enjoy their favourite ſingularity, unmoleſted for half a century to come.

THE

THE

WORLD.

NUMBER CLIII.

HAVING been frequently preſſed by Sir John Jolly, (an old friend of mine poſſeſſed of a fine ſeat, a large park, and a plentiful eſtate) to paſs a few weeks with him in the country, I determined laſt autumn to accept his invitation, propoſing to myſelf the higheſt pleaſure from changing the noiſe and hurry of this buſtling metropolis, for the agreeable ſilence. and ſoothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly ſet out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, ſituated in a moſt delicious and romantic ſpot, which (the owner having fortunately no TASTE) is not yet defaced by IMPROVEMENTS. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the tow'ring hills, and fertile vales, the winding ſtreams, the ſtately woods,

woods, the ſpacious lawns, which, gilded by the ſunſhine of a beautiful morning, on every ſide afforded a moſt enchanting proſpect; and I pleaſed myſelf with the thoughts of the happy hours I ſhould ſpend amidſt theſe paſtoral ſcenes, in reading, in meditation, or in ſoft repoſe, inſpired by the lowing of diſtant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many ſhakes by the hand by my old friend, whom I had not ſeen for many years, except once when he was called to town by a proſecution in the King's bench, for miſunderſtanding the ſenſe of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonſenſe. He is an honeſt gentleman of a middle age, a hale conſtitution, good natural parts, and abundant ſpirits; a keen ſportſman, an active magiſtrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without ſome ambition of acquiring a ſeat in parliament, by his intereſt in a neighbouring borough: ſo that between his purſuits of game, of juſtice, and popularity, beſides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it, for amuſement, every moment of his time is ſufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the ſame age, and has been handſome; but though years have ſomewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the leaſt her reliſh for company, cards, balls, and all manner of public diverſions.

On

On my arrival, I was firſt conducted into the breakfaſt-room, which, with ſome ſurpriſe, I ſaw quite filled with genteel perſons of both ſexes, in diſhabille, with their hair in papers; the cauſe of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanneſs of the apartment ſhe was obliged to allot me, "By reaſon the houſe was "ſo crouded with company during the time "of their races, which, ſhe ſaid, began that "very day for the whole week, and for which "they were immediately preparing." I was inſtantly attacked by all preſent with one voice, or rather with many voices at the ſame time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no oppoſition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itſelf.

As ſoon as the ladies and the equipages were ready, we iſſued forth in a moſt magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or ſix miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, juſt as the ordinary was making its appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this ſumptuous entertainment, which conſiſted of cold fiſh, lean chickens, ruſty hams, raw veniſon, ſtale game, green fruit, and grapeleſs wines, deſtroyed at leaſt two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and ſuits of cloaths, by the unfortunate effuſion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race-ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but

that amongſt much diſorder and drunkenneſs, few limbs, and no necks were broken: and from theſe Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pick-pockets. laſted till it was dark, we gallopped back to the town through a ſoaking ſhower, to dreſs for the aſſembly. But this I found no eaſy taſk; nor could I poſſibly accompliſh it, before my cloaths were quite dried upon my back; my ſervant ſtaying behind to ſettle his betts, and having ſtowed my portmanteau into the boot of ſome coach which he could not find, to ſave himſelf both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

Being at laſt equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the ſmell of a ſtable over which it was built, the ſavour of the neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow candles, rum punch, and tobacco diſperſed over the whole houſe, and the balſamic effluvia's from many ſweet creatures who were dancing, with almoſt equal ſtrength contended for ſuperiority. The company was numerous and well-dreſt, and differed not in any reſpect from that of the moſt brilliant aſſembly in London, but in ſeeming better pleaſed, and more deſirous of pleaſing; that is happier in themſelves, and civiller to each other. I obſerved the door was blocked up the whole night by a few faſhionable young men, whoſe faces I remember to have ſeen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor ſpeak to any

any one, except now and then in whiſpers to a young lady, who ſat in ſilence at the upper end of the room, in a hat and negligee, with her back againſt the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thruſt out, a ſneer on her lips, a ſcowl on her forehead, and an invincible aſſurance in her eyes. This lady I had alſo frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have ſince learnt, that ſhe had been toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too cloſe and preſumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted moſt of the company, yet obtained the deſired effect: for I overheard ſeveral of the country ladies ſay "It was a pity they were ſo proud; "for to be ſure they were prodigious well-bred "people and had an immenſe deal of wit." A miſtake they could never have fallen into, had theſe patterns of politeneſs condeſcended to have entered into any converſation. Dancing and cards, with the refreſhment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day-break, when our coaches being ready, with much ſolicitation, and more ſqueezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than ſix had before artificially ſeated themſelves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived ſafely at home.

It was now the middle of harveſt, which had not a little ſuffered by our diverſions; and therefore our coach-horſes were immediately degraded

degraded to a cart; and having reſted during our fatigues, by a juſt diſtribution of things, were now obliged to labour, while we were at reſt. I mean not in this number to include myſelf; for, though I hurried immediately to bed, no reſt could I obtain for ſome time, for the rumbling of carts, and the converſation of their drivers juſt under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obſtacles, and I fell aſleep; but had ſcarce cloſed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noiſe, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, ſetting out to meet my friend, and ſome choice ſpirits, whom we had juſt left behind at the aſſembly, and who choſe this manner of refreſhment after a night's debauch, rather than the more uſual and inglorious one of going to bed. Theſe ſounds dying away by their diſtance, I again compoſed myſelf to reſt; but was preſently again rouſed by more diſcordant tongues, uttering all the groſſneſs of Drury-lane, and ſcurrility of Billingſgate. I now waked indeed with ſomewhat more ſatisfaction, at firſt thinking, by this unpaſtoral dialogue, that I was once more returned ſafe to London; but I ſoon perceived my miſtake, and underſtood that theſe were ſome innocent and honeſt neighbours of Sir John's who were coming to determine their gentle diſputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were reſolved to make all poſſible uſe of this

ſuſpenſion of juſtice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of ſleep; and it was well I did; for I was was preſently alarmed by a confuſion of voices, as loud, though ſomewhat ſweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidſt much gigling, laughing, ſqueaking, and ſcreaming, I could diſtinguiſh only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Frieſland hen—rouge—Red Lion at Brentford—ſtays padded—ram's horn—ſaucy minx—impertinent coxcomb.* I ſtarted up, dreſſed me, and went down, where I found the ſame polite company, who breakfaſted there the day before, in the ſame attitude, diſcourſing of their friends, with whom they had ſo agreeably ſpent the laſt night, and to whom they were again haſtening with the utmoſt impatience. I was ſaluted with a how d'ye from them all at the ſame inſtant, and again preſſed into the ſervice of the day.

In this manner I went through the perſecutions of the whole week, with the ſufferings and reſolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the laſt: for at the concluſion of it, Sir John obligingly requeſted me to make my ſtay with him as long as I poſſibly could, aſſuring me, that though the races were now over, I ſhould not want diverſions; for that next week he expected Lord Rattle, Sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the

the full moon, they ſhould pay and receive all their neighbouring viſits, and ſpend their evenings very ſociably together; by which is ſignified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added with a ſmile, and much delight in her eyes, that ſhe believed they ſhould not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that ſhe hoped I ſhould not think the country ſo dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I reſolved to leave it immediately, and told them, I was extremely ſorry that I was hindered by particular buſineſs from any longer enjoying ſo much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it neceſſary for me to be in town. My friend ſaid he was no leſs concerned; but that I muſt not poſitively go, till after to-morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, ſome of whom were facetious companions, and ſung well. This determined me to ſet out that very evening; which I did with much ſatisfaction; and made all poſſible haſte, in ſearch of ſilence and ſolitude, to my lodgings. next door to a braſier's, at Charing-croſs.

THE

WORLD.

NUMBER CLVII.

ONE can ſcarce paſs an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently aſſerted, that the preſent generation of ſervants in this country are the proudeſt, and the lazieſt, the moſt profligate, inſolent, and extravagant ſet of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indiſputable truth I always readily give my aſſent, with but one ſingle exception, which is that of their maſters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous ſmiles of many a wiſe face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I ſhall here venture to ſhew, that the pride and lazineſs of our ſervants, from whence their profligacy, inſolence, and extravagance muſt unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the ſame imperfections in ourſelves.

In

In the firſt place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is moſt honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies; and all who are really ſuch by birth or education, having alſo too much of the ſame pride, however neceſſitous, to ſubmit to any ſervitude however eaſy, we are obliged to take the loweſt of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel perſonages, we think proper ſhould attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and ſilver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be diſtinguiſhed from his maſter, but by being better dreſt; and Joan, who uſed to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d'Hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the leaſt genteel part of the company. Their diverſions, too, are no leſs polite than their appearance; in the country they are ſportſmen, in town they frequent plays, operas, and taverns, and at home have their routs and their gaming tables.

But leſt thus exalting our ſervants to an equality with ourſelves ſhould not ſufficiently augment their pride, and deſtroy all ſubordination, we take another method ſtill more effectually to compleat the work, which is, debaſing ourſelves to their meanneſs by a ridiculous

culous imitation of their dreſſes and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long ſtaff, and buckſkin breeches: hence, amongſt the ladies, the round-eared cap, the ſtuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather ſhoe: and hence many perſons of the higheſt rank daily employ themſelves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domeſtics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of theſe honourable offices. Since then we make uſe of ſo much art to corrupt our ſervants, have we reaſon to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take ſo much pains to inform them of their ſuperiority, and our weakneſs, can we be ſurpriſed that they deſpiſe us, or diſpleaſed with thir inſolence and impertinence?

As the pride of ſervants thus proceeds from the pride, ſo does their lazineſs from the lazineſs, of their maſters: and indeed, if there is any characteriſtic peculiar to the young people of faſhion of the preſent age, it is their lazineſs, or an extreme unwillingneſs to attend to any thing that can give them the leaſt trouble or diſquietude; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the diſpoſitions of providence, and the nature of things. They would have great eſtates without any management,

great

great expences without any accounts, and great families without any diſcipline or œconomy; in ſhort, they are fit only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs, ready roaſted. From this principle, when the pride they have infuſed into their ſervants has produced a proportionable degree of lazineſs, their own lazineſs is too prevalent to ſuffer them to ſtruggle with that of their ſervants; and they rather chuſe that all buſineſs ſhould be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it; and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to ſupport it: from whence it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domeſtics are very numerous, they will not ſo much as wait upon themſelves; and was it not for the friendly aſſiſtance of chair-women, porters, chair-men, and ſhoe-blacks, procured by a generous diſtribution of coals, candles, and proviſions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In ſuch it is often as difficult to procure conveniences, as in a deſart iſland; and one frequently wants neceſſaries in the midſt of profuſeneſs and extravagance. In ſuch families I have ſometimes been ſhut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the uſe of fire and water for half a day; and, though during my impriſonment I have ſeen numberleſs ſervants continually

tinually paſſing by, the utmoſt I could procure of them was, a promiſe that they would ſend ſomebody to relieve my neceſſities, which they never performed. In ſuch I have ſeen, when a favourite dog has diſcharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all intreated to depute ſome one to remove the nuiſance with the utmoſt expedition, but no one has been found in ſuch a houſe mean enough to undertake ſuch an employment; and ſo it has lain ſmoaking under the noſes of the illuſtrious company during the whole evening.

I could produce innumerable inſtances, minute indeed and unobſerved, but well worthy obſervation, of the encroachments of our ſervants on our eaſineſs and indolence, in the introduction of moſt of the faſhions that have prevailed for ſeveral years paſt in our equipages, and domeſtic œconomy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleaſure, eaſe, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but few: our coaches are made uneaſy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmoſt rapidity, for their own amuſement. Glaſſes before are laid aſide, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inſpection, but be drunk or aſleep without any obſervation. Family liveries are diſcarded, becauſe badges

badges of ſervility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addreſſed of their enormities. By their careleſſneſs and idleneſs they have obliged us to hire all our horſes, and ſo have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impoſitions on the road they have forced us into poſt-chaiſes, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themſelves, as it beſt ſuits their own eaſe and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor reſolution to repreſs, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourſelves; by which means they have ſhaken off the trouble and condeſcenſion of attending us. By their profuſion and miſmanagement in houſekeeping, they have compelled us to allow them board-wages; by which means they have obtained a conſtant excuſe to loiter at public-houſes, and money in their pockets to ſquander there in gaming, drunkenneſs, and extravagance. The laſt of theſe is an evil of ſo gigantic a ſize, ſo conducive to the univerſal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and ſo entirely deſtructive of all family order, decency, and œconomy, that it well deſerves the conſideration of a legiſlature, who are not themſelves under the influence of their ſervants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

From

From what has been ſaid, it plainly appears, that every man in this country is ill-ſerved in proportion to the number and dignity of his ſervants; the parſon, or the tradeſman, who keeps but two maids and a boy, not exceeding twelve years old, is uſually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worſe; but perſons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own ſetting up, are neglected, abuſed, and impoveriſhed by their dependants; and the King himſelf, as is due to his exalted ſtation, is more impoſed on, and worſe attended, than any one of his ſubjects.

THE

WORLD.

NUMBER CLXIII.

THERE was an ancient ſect of philoſophers, the diſciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the ſouls of men, and all other animals exiſted in a ſtate of tranſmigration; and that when by death they were diſlodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinſtated in another, happier or more miſerable, according to their behaviour in the former: ſo that when any perſon made his exit from the ſtage of this world, he was ſuppoſed only to retire behind the ſcenes to be new dreſſed, and to have had a new part aſſigned him, more or leſs agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance of the laſt.

This doctrine of tranſmigration, I muſt own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the moſt rational gueſſes of the human mind into a future

a future ſtate. I ſhall here therefore endeavour to ſhew the great probability of its truth, from the following conſiderations. Firſt from its juſtice, ſecondly from its utility, and laſtly from the difficulty we lie under to account for the ſufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

Firſt then, the juſtice of this ſyſtem exceeds that of all others; becauſe by it the great law of retaliation may be more ſtrictly adhered to: for by means of this metamorphoſis, men may ſuffer in one life the very ſame injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very ſame perſons, by a change only of ſituation. Thus, for inſtance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has ſported with the miſeries of his ſlaves, may in the next feel all the miſeries of ſlavery under a maſter as unmerciful as himſelf. The relentleſs and unjuſt judge may be impriſoned, condemned, and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have compoſed for the edification of others; and ſoldiers may be plundered and raviſhed in the perſons of defenceleſs peaſants, and innocent virgins. The lawyer reviving in the character of a client, may be tormented with delay, expence, uncertainty, and diſappointment; and the phyſician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take phyſic in another. All thoſe who under the honourable denomination

nation of ſportſmen, have entertained themſelves with the miſeries and deſtruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the ſhapes of hares, partridges, and woodcocks; and all thoſe, who under the more illuſtrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devaſtation of their own ſpecies, may be maſſacred by each other in the forms of invincible game-cocks, and pertinacious bull dogs. As for ſtateſmen, miniſters, and all great men devoted to great buſineſs, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more ſeverely puniſhed, than by being obliged to reaſſume their former characters, and to live the very ſame lives over again.

In the next place, the utility of this ſyſtem is equal to its juſtice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this tranſmigration, all the neceſſary inconveniences, and all the burthenſome offices of life being impoſed on thoſe only, who by their miſbehaviour in a former ſtate have deſerved them, become at once juſt puniſhments to them, and at the ſame time benefits to ſociety; and ſo all thoſe who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their ſufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppreſſed his country in the ſituation of a prince, in that of a ſlave may be compelled to do it ſome ſervice by his labour. The highwayman who has ſtopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and aſſiſt them

in

in the ſhape of a poſt-horſe. The metaphorical buck, who has terrified ſober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make them ſome compenſation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors, who have laid waſte the world by their ſwords, may be obliged, by a ſmall alteration in ſex and ſituation, to contribute to its repeopling by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of child-birth.

For my own part, I verily believe this to be the caſe. I make no doubt but that Louis the Fourteenth is now chained to the oar in the gallies of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin the highwayman is ſeveral times a day ſpurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that Lord * * * and Sir Harry * * * * are now actually roaſting for a city feaſt. I queſtion not but that Alexander the Great and Julius Cæſar have died many times in child-bed ſince their appearance in thoſe illuſtrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the Twelfth is at this inſtant a curate's wife in ſome remote village, with a numerous and increaſing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from pariſh to pariſh in the perſon of a big bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

Laſtly, the probability of this ſyſtem appears from the difficulty of accounting for the ſufferings of many innocent creatures without it:

it: for if we look around us, we cannot but obſerve the great and wretched variety of this kind; numberleſs animals ſubjected, by their own natures, to many miſeries, and by our cruelties to many more; incapable of crimes, and conſequently incapable of deſerving them; called into being, as far as we can diſcover, only to be miſerable for the ſervice or diverſion of others leſs meritorious than themſelves; without any poſſibility of preventing, deſerving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole exiſtence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of their preſent life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all theſe difficulties, and reconciles all theſe ſeemingly unjuſt diſpenſations with the ſtricteſt juſtice: it informs us, that theſe their ſufferings may be by no means undeſerved, but the juſt puniſhments of their former miſbehaviour in a ſtate, where, by means of their very vices, they may have eſcaped them. It teaches us that the purſued and perſecuted fox was once probably ſome crafty and rapacious miniſter, who had purchaſed by his ill-acquired wealth that ſafety which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity or human malevolence can invent, was once ſome relentleſs tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, impriſoned, and at laſt ſtarved to death in a cage, may have been ſome un-

forgiving creditor; and the widowed turtle, pining away life for the loſs of her mate, ſome faſhionable wife rejoicing at the death of her huſband, which her own ill-uſage had occaſioned.

Never can the delicious repaſt of roaſted lobſters excite my appetite, whilſt the ideas of the tortures in which thoſe innocent creatures have expired, preſent themſelves to my imagination. But when I conſider that they muſt have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good ſtomach and a good conſcience, and pleaſe myſelf with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a ſacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of maſſacred Indians. Never can I repoſe myſelf with ſatisfaction in a poſt-chaiſe, whilſt I look upon the ſtarved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horſes, condemned to ſuch exquiſite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once muſt undoubtedly have exiſted in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquiſition, I gallop on with as much eaſe as expedition; and am perfectly ſatisfied, that in purſuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the ſtricteſt juſtice.

I very well know that theſe ſentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewiſe,

wiſe, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and falſe notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themſelves juſt and ſerious, and carry with them the ſtrongeſt probability of their truth; ſo ſtrong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have ſome good effect on the conduct of thoſe polite people, who are too ſagacious, learned, and courageous to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to conſider how wretched will be her condition, if after twenty or thirty years ſpent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and ſoft carpets, ſhe ſhould at laſt be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horſes; and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after waſting his eſtate, his health, and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he ſhould again revive in the ſituation of one of his creditors.

THE

WORLD.

NUMBER CLXXVIII.

NOT long ſince, I met at St. James's coffee-houſe, an old acquaintance of mine, Sir Harry Prigg; who having been long ruſticated and much altered, I ſhould never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the uſual civilities had paſſed between us, amongſt many other queſtions, he aſked me when I had ſeen our old ſchool-fellow, Sir John Jolly. I anſwered, that I had laſt ſummer ſpent ſome days with him at his country-ſeat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a perſon of a more faſhionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing from its exceſs of gaiety and hoſpitality, which, according to my unpolite taſte, were by no means conſiſtent with the ſoft and ſerious pleaſures of a rural retirement. He ſaid, he perfectly agreed with me in my ſentiments, and

and paſſed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was ſure, would exactly ſuit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment; adding, that he ſhould go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not ſo much out of inclination, as curioſity to ſee a new ſcene of country life, formed on principles ſo oppoſite to what I had before experienced, and promiſed to attend him at the time appointed.

But firſt it will be proper to give ſome account of the birth, parentage, and education of my friend. He came young to his title, and a ſmall eſtate, and was ſoon after ſent to the univerſity; where his title abſurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and his eſtate, though ſmall, an allowance ſufficient to ſupport that rank at that place, he there contracted an affectation of grandeur, and a pert kind of ſelf-importance, which he has ever ſince retained, and which neither poverty nor ſolitude has yet been able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the uſual advantages of that ſort of education, ſuch as the arts of ſporting, toaſting, billiards, and coachmanſhip, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had addreſs and qualifications ſufficient to introduce himſelf into what he ſtill calls the beſt of company; that is, the company of ſmarts, bucks, jockeys, and gameſters. Nor was he deficient in point of gallantry;

gallantry; for he ſoon commenced an intrigue with the ſiſter of one of theſe his friends. Whether his intentions were at firſt honourable, is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them ſo, being acquainted, that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that he muſt either fight or marry; the latter of which he courageouſly choſe, as being the moſt daring action of the two. This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than underſtanding, more underſtanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-ſhaped, carried her head very high, and being the younger daughter of the younger ſon of the firſt couſin of an Iriſh baron, looked upon herſelf as a woman of quality. In a little time Sir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry: and ſhe no leſs deſpiſed him for being compelled: ſo that finding little happineſs at home, they were obliged to ſeek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming tables, at no ſmall expence. This could not continue long; ſo that before one winter was at an end, they diſcovered that the town air would not agree with them, and ſo retired to their country ſeat, about forty miles from London; whither I ſhall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed, I attended early at their lodgings in town, where I found the poſt-chariot at the door, and my friend ſtanding by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to

to mount the box; ſaying at the ſame time, that coachmen were ſuch inſolent and expenſive raſcals, there was no keeping them, and that therefore he always choſe to be his own. In the parlour ſat my lady and Colonel Macſhean, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with Sir Harry, and not leſs ſo with her ladyſhip; and in the paſſage ſtood a French woman, in a ſack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no ſooner diſpoſed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myſelf, with her woman on a low ſtool at our feet, were ſtuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a ſniveling footboy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their baggage, and myſelf into the bargain, were conveyed without the expence of either a ſtage-coach or a waggon.

Nothing paſſed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyſhip ſpoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill ſtate of health; to which, having no expectation of a fee, I paid little attention. They both declared, that nobody but a carrier would dine at an inn, wherefore they never ſtopped on the road; ſo with the aſſiſtance of a freſh pair of horſes, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about ſunſet we arrived at our journey's end. The Colonel got there before us, having rode poſt: for

for Sir Harry frequently declared to us both, that, though his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horſes; that it was not the faſhion of that country; neither my Lord**, nor the Duke of ***, nor himſelf did it.

It was not long before the dinner made its appearance; which was ſo very genteel, that had it not been rendered uneatable, by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half ſufficient, after ſo many miles travelling, and ſo long faſting. At the concluſion we had mead, which paſſed for tokay, and elder wine, which Sir Harry ſwore was the beſt Burgundy in England, and that he himſelf had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glaſs of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us, "that when the ſmoke of London, and the bad hours incident to keeping good company, would no longer agree with his own or his wife's conſtitution, he had determined to ſeek health and quiet in an elegant retirement. He had been offered indeed a ſeat in parliament, and a conſiderable employment; but his crazy conſtitution would not permit him to accept of the one, nor his ſound principles of the other. Retirement was their object; therefore all they dreaded was the horrible irruptions of a country neighbourhood; but this

"they

" they had happily prevented. That indeed " on their firſt coming, every family within " ten miles round, tormented them with their " impertinent viſits; but they returned none, " affronted them all, and ſo got rid of them. " Don't you think we did right, my dear?" turning to his wife. " I think" anſwered ſhe in a ſurly and dejected voice, " that it is better " to forget the uſe of one's tongue, than to " converſe with ſquire's wives, and parſons " daughters." " You are right, madam," added the Colonel, with an oath and a loud laugh; " for what can one learn in ſuch a damned " company?" " To-morrow," ſays my friend, addreſſing himſelf to me, " you ſhall ſee that " we want no company, and that we can ſuf- " ficiently amuſe ourſelves with building and " planting, with improvements and alterations, " which I dare ſay will be honoured with your " approbation."

Accordingly the next morning, as ſoon as breakfaſt was finiſhed, my lady and the Colonel retired into her dreſſing-room to cribbage, and Sir Harry and myſelf to reconnoitre the place. The houſe ſtands at the end of a dirty village, and cloſe by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water, and before it a gooſe-common, on which he beſtows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplora-

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ble æra of Engliſh architecture which introduced high doors, long windows, ſmall rooms, and corner chimneys; and of gardening, which projected gravel walks, clipt yews, and ſtrait lined avenues, with a profuſion of brick walls, iron paliſado's and leaden images. But all theſe defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taſte. His doors are ſo reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows are ſo contracted, that you have ſcarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midſt of the front, one large bow-window is ſtuck on, reſembling a piece of whited brown paper plaiſtered on a broken noſe; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear ſtill leſs? but having never yet been finiſhed, for want both of caſh and credit, it remains at preſent only a repoſitory for broken china, a pair of backgammon tables, and children's play-things. His brick-walls are converted into chimneys and ovens, and his yew-trees ſupply them with faggots, his iron-work is ſold to the blackſmiths, and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious uſe of covering the pariſh-church: his gravel walks are ſown with graſs; and he frequently repeats that frugal, yet genteel maxim, that ſheep are the beſt gardeners. His horſe-pond being made ſerpentine, is become uſeleſs, leſt it ſhould

be

be trod up; and his fences, being all Chineſe, are no fences at all; the horſes leaping over, and the hogs walking under them at their pleaſure. The tranſplanted avenue is expiring in leafleſs platoons; the kitchen-garden, for conveniency, is removed two furlongs from the houſe; and the kitchen itſelf unjuſtly turned out of doors, for ſmelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

When our ſurvey was finiſhed, our amuſements were all at an end; for within doors the pleaſures both of ſociety and ſolitude were equally wanting. Of our converſation I have given a ſpecimen; and books there were none, except a ſmall one containing tunes for the French horn, belonging to Sir Harry, and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a methodiſt prayer-book, the property of her ladyſhip. I began now to wiſh for a little of my friend's hoſpitality, of which there was not here the leaſt appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and inſults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though uſually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the ſmall, though nobody at home could drink it, was not ſuffered to be given away. The ſervants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the

the tradeſmen who brought their bills, were only paid by a wrangle, or a draught on ſometenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near, except the parſon of the pariſh, and Alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchaſed a conſiderable part of it from Sir Harry. With theſe they lived in a ſtate of perpetual hoſtilities: they quarrelled with the Alderman for preſuming to buy an eſtate which they wanted to ſell; and the parſon quarrelled with them, becauſe he was in poſſeſſion of the only living in the gift of Sir Harry, and the Alderman had a much better to diſpoſe of. By the encouragement of theſe good neighbours, and their own ill conduct, conſiſting of a ſtrange mixture of inſolence and avarice, of meanneſs and magnificence, they were deſpiſed, perſecuted, and affronted by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poiſoned, their game deſtroyed, their hedges broke, and their hay-ſtacks ſet on fire. They were hiſſed and hooted at; and now and then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an inſult at which they were highly enraged, but the meaning of which neither Sir Harry, nor my lady, not even with the aſſiſtance of the Colonel, could ever gueſs at.

I ſoon grew weary of this land of contention and uneaſineſs; and having recourſe to

to the old excuſe of urgent buſineſs, I took my leave, and went poſt to town; reflecting all the way with ſurpriſe on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themſelves at once miſerable and ridiculous; and lamenting that the happineſs and innocence of rural life are now ſcarce any where to be found.

SHORT

SHORT BUT SERIOUS

REASONS

FOR A

NATIONAL MILITIA.

Militia potior. HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1757.

IN this age of levity and ridicule, it is extremely difficult to procure a ſerious attention to any propoſal, however important, or however wiſely calculated for the public benefit; but ſure if there ever was a propoſition deſerving attention from every true Engliſhman, it is this for the eſtabliſhment of a National Militia, now under the conſideration of the legiſlature; on the ſucceſs of which I ſincerely think, that our glory abroad, our ſecurity at home, and our very being as a nation, entirely depend.

So manifeſt is the truth of this to the meaneſt and moſt abſurd underſtandings. that I never met with one of that kind who has not been

been clearly convinced of it; to ſuch therefore I ſhall not here addreſs myſelf, but to the wiſe and ſagacious only, many of whom, to my great ſurpriſe, I have found of a very different opinion: to theſe then I ſhall endeavour to prove, in as few words as poſſible, the truth of the following propoſitions:

1ſt, That ſuch a militia may ſoon be rendered not at all inferior to our preſent regular forces.

2d, That it will effectually ſecure our liberties, properties, and religion.

3dly, That it will ſtrengthen the hands of government.

4thly, That it will reduce the price of proviſions and manufactures, and extend our trade.

5thly, That it will increaſe the number of our people; and

Laſtly, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public.

Firſt, then, I ſhall endeavour to prove that a militia may very ſoon be rendered not at all inferior to our preſent regular forces: and whoever will look back on the behaviour of theſe forces for ſome years paſt both by land and ſea, will be convinced that this is no very arduous undertaking; nor be under any doubt but that after a few days exerciſe they will behave as valiantly as our regiments at Falkirk, Preſton Pans, or Oſwego; or our fleets in the Mediterranean

Mediterranean*. Nor can I indeed comprehend from whence their inferiority ſhould proceed; unleſs ſtrong-beer ſhould inſpire leſs true courage than gin; or being trained in a country church-yard, produce a leſs familiarity with death than performing the ſame exerciſe in the gay ſcenes of Hyde-Park or St. James's. If it be objected that they will be deficient in military knowledge and experience; I anſwer, they will fight the better: the utility of theſe qualifications in the day of battle is a vulgar error, propagated like all others, for want of reaſoning; for all fighting being in its own nature contradictory to common ſenſe, it can never be promoted by knowledge: military knowledge therefore can never be that ſort of knowledge which enables men to fight; but that which enables them to find out good reaſons for not fighting; or if they ſhould be bad, to call in the aſſiſtance of councils of war and court-martials to make them better. Much leſs ſure will experience induce men to fight, unleſs we can believe that wounds and bruiſes, like coffee and tobacco, though diſagreeable at firſt taſting, grow pleaſant by frequent repetitions.

* Since the writing of this, the bravery and conduct of our regular forces, both by ſea and land, in every quarter of the globe, have been ſo unexampled, that, notwithſtanding the author's partiality for the Militia, he is candid enough to acknowledge, that he begins to have ſome ſmall doubts, whether thoſe corps may ever be able altogether to equal them.

Secondly, That ſuch a militia will ſecure our liberties, properties, and religion. The liberties we ſo juſtly value in this country are theſe, that every one may think and write, and ſay and do whatever he pleaſes; our properties comprehend all things of which we are in poſſeſſion, by whatever means they have been acquired; theſe can certainly no way be ſo effectually ſecured to us as by the uſe of arms, by which we may at all times defend ourſelves from the attacks of judges and juries, from writs and ejectments, from gaols and pillories, with all the tyranny of juſtices, and impertinence of conſtables, grievances not to be endured in a free country. As to our religion, a ſcheme of this kind muſt have moſt ſalutary effects, ſince a bill only for its eſtabliſhment has already produced unanimity between our church divines and diſſenters in one ſenſible and pious opinion*; an event perhaps not eaſy to be remembered on any other occaſion.

Thirdly, That it will ſtrengthen the hands of government, which in this nation being, by the conſent of all true patriots, allowed to be the ſole right of the loweſt of the people, or mob, with whom ſuch patriots wonderfully agree in their political ſentiments, what can ſo effectually ſecure to them the dominion they now exerciſe over us, as putting arms into their hands, and teaching them how to uſe

* In oppoſing that part of it which enacted, that the Militia ſhould be exerciſed on Sundays.

them?

them? This muſt certainly ſtrengthen the hands of theſe our governors, and conſequently of government itſelf.

Fourthly, it will reduce the price of our proviſions and manufactures, and extend our trade; becauſe when the good people of England are thus armed and diſciplined, they will be nabled to take away meat, corn, and malt, and all other proviſions, from foreſtallers and ingroſſers, butchers, millers, and farmers, at a reaſonable price, of which they themſelves muſt always be the beſt and moſt impartial judges. When the price of proviſions is thus happily reduced, that of our manufactures muſt inevitably fall in due proportion; and the reduction of theſe muſt as certainly carry more of them to foreign markets, and conſequently extend our Trade. The truth of this has been ſo often demonſtrated by all writers on trade, and all whoſe trade is writing, that it is here needleſs to ſay any more on the ſubject.

Fifthly, That it will increaſe the number of our people: to be convinced of which, gentle reader, figure to thyſelf all the handſomeſt young fellows in every county, each armed like the hero in a romance, dreſt, powdered, and toupeed by the reforming hand of a genteel ſerjeant; then turn thy eyes to the numerous groupe of fair ſpectators in Sunday gowns, and clean linen, who will not fail to attend ſo tempting a ſhow; then if thou haſt not loſt all feeling both mental and corporeal, thou canſt not doubt but that ſo much valour on one ſide,

and ſo much beauty on the other, will certainly produce much mutual affection, and that this will as infallibly be the cauſe of much procreation, and in a great meaſure repair the loſſes occaſioned by our migrations to America, and the depredations of gin. If it be objected that to balance this, many lives will be loſt by the inſtitution of theſe forces, by the accidental diſcharge of their firelocks, or the too valiant uſe of their ſwords in drunken quarrels; I anſwer theſe accidents may ſometimes happen; but, as on the moſt moderate computation, every one in theſe corps will probably beget three children before he kills one man, it cannot fail to increaſe the number of our people. Though this good effect of this truly national ſcheme has not, that I know of, been obſerved by any author, who has undertaken to recommend it to the public, yet it has not eſcaped the quick-ſighted eyes of our ſagacious legiſlature*; who on this very account, have this year voted a large ſum to the Foundling Hoſpital, and propoſe to increaſe it ſtill further as ſoon as theſe national forces begin to act in the ſervice of their country.

Laſtly, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public, and this by a method ſo extremely obvious, that it is ſurpriſing the wiſdom of Parliament has not

* This ſeſſions the Parliament voted a much greater ſum to the Foundling Hoſpital, than had ever been before thought on.

diſcovered it. The method I mean is no more than this: that as every man who attends on the days of exerciſe, and continues ſober, is by the preſent bill to receive ſixpence, I would have it further enacted, that every one who is drunk on thoſe days, ſhould pay the ſaid ſum of ſixpence, to be applied towards the ſupport of this national force, a very ſmall penalty, ſure, for ſo great a neglect of duty where the ſafety of his country is at ſtake. Now, whoever has been preſent at a fair, a ſeſſions, a horſe-race, an aſſizes, a cricket-match, or a viſitation, or any other numerous meeting in the country, muſt know, that on the moſt enlarged computation, the number of ſober cannot exceed the proportion of one in ten of thoſe who are drunk; and there is no reaſon that I know of to ſuppoſe that the majority will be leſs on this occaſion. If ſo, the public, we ſee, will receive nine times the ſum every day that it will be required to pay, and conſequently the remaining eight parts will amply ſupply theſe forces with arms, ammunition, cloaths, and accoutrements. But if this ſhould not be found quite ſufficient, conſidering how frequently they will probably be loſt, a ſmall matter laid on oaths, many of which they will readily learn, from the inſtructions of their ſerjeants, would realy ſupply all deficiencies; and if the landed officers of theſe corps would ſubmit to the ſame penalties, it would much increaſe the fund; but as theſe gentlemen, who

who are to receive nothing for being ſober, may think it hard to pay ſixpence for being drunk, I would by no means inſiſt on their being included, eſpecially as I doubt not but the ſum thus raiſed will be ſufficient to defray all expences, and totally to indemnify the public revenues.

The objections made to this ſcheme are ſo frivolous and abſurd, that they are by no means worthy of obſervation; but of one or two I will juſt take notice. It is aſſerted, that gentlemen of eſtates in the country, will never ſubmit to the duty of officers without pay; but whoever conſiders how ready theſe gentlemen are, on all occaſions, to execute the offices of juſtices of the peace, commiſſioners of taxes, and turf pikes; how earneſt to ſpend half their time, and all their eſtates, to acquire ſeats, and to attend their duty in Parliament, from whence no poſſible advantage can accrue, muſt be ſatisfied that this is but an unjuſt ſuſpicion, founded on no reaſon, and inconſiſtent with the true zeal which they have ever ſhewn in the cauſe of their country.

It is alſo apprehended, that many of theſe gentlemen, by indolence, corpulency, age, or gout, will be rendered incapable of fighting; but the very reverſe of this is certainly true, becauſe theſe very infirmities will make it impoſſible for them to run away.

And now having demonſtrated the truth of every one of my propoſitions beyond the power of all miniſterial ſcribblers to diſprove, I ſhall

ſhall conclude, by recommending this neceſſary ſcheme to the protection of all true lovers of their country, earneſtly wiſhing, that nothing may prevent it from being put in execution as ſoon as poſſible: then, O Britain, O my country, will I congratulate thee on the conſummation of thy proſperity, and the happy period of all thy calamities. Long have thy true patriots wiſhed to ſee thee engaged ſingly in a war with France, which, from thy natural ſuperiority, muſt always be attended with glory and ſucceſs: long haſt thou groaned under the oppreſſions of mercenary allies abroad, and rapacious miniſters at home: but at laſt the time, the happy time is arrived, when our wiſhes are all fulfilled, and our misfortunes wiped away; when we are in full poſſeſſion of ſuch a glorious war, without any allies, or any adminiſtration at all.

——— *quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda Dies en attulit ultro!

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

ON THE

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES

OF THE

PRESENT HIGH PRICE OF

PROVISIONS.

Privatus illis cenſus erat brevis,
Commune magnum.

THE high price of proviſions, and all the neceſſaries of life, is an evil ſo inconvenient to all conditions of men, and ſo intolerable to ſome, that it is not ſurpriſing that all ſhould ſuffer it with much diſcontent, and many be drove by it into deſpair, or into riots, rapine, and all kinds of diſorders. The latter, indeed, we cannot but expect, if we conſider, that the enemies of all government and ſubordination, ſo numerous in this country, will not fail to avail

avail themſelves of this favourable opportunity, to ſpread univerſal diſſatisfaction, and inflame the minds of the people to ſeek redreſs by ſuch infamous and dangerous methods. This they endeavour, too ſucceſsfully, to effect, by daily repreſenting in the public papers, that this calamity ariſes from the artifices of monopolizers, regraters, foreſtallers, and engroſſers, encouraged, or at leaſt connived at, by miniſters deſirous of oppreſſing the people, and parliaments inattentive to their complaints. It is hard to ſay, whether the ignorance of theſe writers, or their malevolence, is ſuperior; or, whether the abſurdity of their principles, or the miſchief of them, is the greateſt: but one may venture to affirm, that our people, notwithſtanding the preſent ſcarcity, are ſtill better fed than taught. This undoubtedly makes it neceſſary, at this time, that the true cauſes of this evil ſhould be explained to them; which, if it leſſens not their wants, may in ſome meaſure abate their ill-founded indignation.

To this end I ſhall endeavour to ſhow, as conciſely as poſſible, that the preſent high price of proviſions ariſes principally from two ſources; the increaſe of our national debts, and the increaſe of our riches; that is, from the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. From what cauſes theſe have been increaſed, and what have been the effects of that increaſe, ſhall be the ſubject of the few following pages. It

It will ſurely be unneceſſary to enquire into the cauſes of the late immenſe increaſe of our national debt; whoever remembers the many millions annually borrowed, funded, and expended, during the laſt war, can be under no difficulty to account for its increaſe. To pay intereſt for theſe new funds, new taxes were every year impoſed, and additional burthens laid on every comfort, and almoſt every neceſſary of life, by former taxes, occaſioned by former wars, before ſufficiently loaded. Theſe muſt unavoidably increaſe the prices of them, and that in a much greater proportion than is uſually underſtood: for a duty laid on any commodity does not only add the value of that duty to the price of that commodity, but the dealer in it muſt advance the price double or treble times that ſum; for he muſt not only repay himſelf the original tax, but muſt have compenſation for his loſſes in trade by bad debts, and loſs of intereſt by his increaſed capital. Beſides this, every new tax does not only affect the price of the commodity on which it is laid, but that of all others, whether taxed or not, and with which, at firſt ſight, it ſeems to have no manner of connection. Thus, for inſtance, a tax on candles muſt raiſe the price of a coat, or a pair of breeches: becauſe, out of theſe, all the taxes on the candles of the wool-comber, weaver, and the taylor, muſt be paid: a duty upon ale muſt raiſe the price of ſhoes; becauſe from them all the taxes upon

ale

ale drank by the tanner, leather-dreſſer, and ſhoemaker, which is not a little, muſt be refunded. No tax is immediately laid upon corn, but the price of it muſt neceſſarily be advanced; becauſe, out of that, all the innumerable taxes paid by the farmer on windows, ſoap, candles, malt, hops, leather, ſalt, and a thouſand others, muſt be repaid: ſo that corn is as effectually taxed, as if a duty by the buſhel had been primarily laid upon it; for taxes, like the various ſtreams which form a general inundation, by whatever channels they ſeparately find admiſſion, unite at laſt, and overwhelm the whole. The man therefore, who ſold ſand upon an aſs, and raiſed the price of it during the late war, though abuſed for an impoſition, moſt certainly acted upon right reaſons; for, though there were no new taxes then impoſed either on ſand or aſſes, yet he found by experience, that, from the taxes laid on almoſt all other things, he could neither maintain himſelf, his wife, or his aſs, as cheap as formerly; he was therefore under a neceſſity of advancing the price of his ſand, out of which alone all the taxes which he paid muſt be refunded. Thus, I think it is evident beyond all doubt, that the increaſe of taxes muſt increaſe the price of every thing, whether taxed or not; and that this is one principal cauſe of the preſent extraordinary advance of proviſions, and all the neceſſaries of life.

The

The other great ſource, from whence this calamity ariſes, is certainly our vaſt increaſe of riches; the cauſes and conſequences of which, I will now briefly conſider. That our riches are in fact amazingly increaſed within a few years, no one, who is in the leaſt acquainted with this country, can entertain a doubt: whoever will caſt his eyes on our public works, our roads, our bridges, our pavements, and our hoſpitals, the prodigious extenſion of our capital, and in ſome proportion that of every conſiderable town in Great-Britain; whoever will look into the poſſeſſions and expences of individuals, their houſes, furniture, tables, equipages, parks, gardens, cloaths, plate, and jewels, will find every where round him ſufficient marks to teſtify to the truth of this propoſition. This great increaſe of private opulence is undoubtedly owing to the very ſame cauſe which increaſed our national debt; that is, to the enormous expences and unparalleled ſucceſs of the late war; and indeed very much ariſes from that very debt itſelf. Every million funded is in fact a new creation of ſo much wealth to individuals, both of principal and intereſt; for the principal being eaſily transferable, operates exactly as ſo much caſh; and the intereſt, by enabling ſo many to conſume the commodities on which taxes are laid for the payment of it, in a great meaſure, produces annually an income to diſcharge itſelf. Of all the enormous ſums then expend-

ed,

ed, little beſides the ſubſidies, granted to German Princes, was loſt to the individuals of this country, though the whole was irrecoverably alienated from the public; all the reſt annually returning into the pockets of the merchants, contractors, brokers, and ſtock-jobbers, enabled them to lend it again to the public, on a new mortgage the following year. Every emiſſion of paper credit by bank-notes, exchequer and navy bills, ſo long as they circulate, anſwers all the purpoſes of ſo much additional gold and ſilver as their value amounts to: if we add to theſe the immenſe riches daily flowing in ſince that period from our commerce extended over every quarter of the globe, from the new channels of trade opened with America, and the amazing ſums imported from the Eaſt Indies, it will not ſure be difficult to account for the opulence of the preſent times, which has enabled men to increaſe their expences, and carry luxury to a pitch unknown to all former ages.

The effects of this vaſt and ſudden increaſe of riches, are no leſs evident than their cauſe: the firſt, and moſt obvious effect of the increaſe of money, is the decreaſe of its value, like that of all other commodities; for money being but a commodity, its value muſt be relative, that is, dependant on the quantity of itſelf, and the quantity of the things to be purchaſed with it. In every country where there is great plenty of proviſions, and but little money, there

there proviſions muſt be cheap, that is, a great deal of them will be exchanged for a little money: on the contrary, where there are but little proviſions in proportion to the number of conſumers, and a great plenty of money, or what paſſes for money, there they will inevitably be dear; that is a great deal of money muſt be given to purchaſe them. Theſe effects muſt eternally follow their cauſes in all ages and in all countries; and that they have done ſo, the hiſtory of all countries in all ages ſufficiently informs us. The value of money at the time of the Norman conqueſt, was near twenty times greater than at preſent; and it has been gradually decreaſing from that period, in proportion as our riches have increaſed; it has decreaſed not leſs than one-third during the preſent century; and I believe one half at leaſt of that third ſince the commencement of the laſt war, which I doubt not, could it be exactly computed, would be found to be in due proportion to the increaſe of its quantity, either in real or fictitious caſh; and that the price of proviſions is advanced in the ſame proportion, during the ſame period.

The increaſe of money does not only operate on the price of proviſions by the diminution of its own value, but by enabling more people to purchaſe, and conſequently to conſume them; which muſt unavoidably likewiſe increaſe their ſcarcity, and that muſt ſtill add more to their price. Twenty rich families will

conſume

conſume ten times as much meat, bread, butter, ſoap, and candles, as twenty poor families conſiſting of the ſame number; and the prices of all theſe muſt certainly riſe in proportion to the demand. This effect of the increaſe of wealth in many countries of Europe, is very viſible at this day, and in none more than in the northern parts of this iſland, who having of late acquired riches by the introduction of trade, manufactures, and tillage, can now well afford to eat roaſt beef, and therefore conſume much of thoſe cattle, with which they were formerly glad to ſupply us; and will not part with the reſt but at prices greatly advanced. The conſumption of every thing is alſo amazingly increaſed from the increaſe of wealth in our metropolis, and indeed in every corner of this kingdom; and the manner of living, throughout all ranks and conditions of men, is no leſs amazingly altered: the merchant who formerly thought himſelf fortunate, if in a courſe of thirty or forty years, by a large trade and ſtrict œconomy, he amaſſed together as many thouſand pounds, now acquires in a quarter of that time double that ſum, or breaks for a greater, and vies all the while with the firſt of our nobility, in his houſes, table, furniture, and equipage: the ſhopkeeper, who uſed to be well contented with one diſh of meat, one fire, and one maid, has now two or three times as many of each; his wife has her tea, her card-parties, and her dreſſing

dreſſing-room; and his prentice has climbed from the kitchen fire to the front boxes at the play-houſe. The loweſt manufacturer and meaneſt mechanic will touch nothing but the very beſt pieces of meat, and the fineſt white bread; and if he cannot obtain double the wages for being idle, to what he formerly received for working hard, he thinks he has a right to ſeek for a redreſs of his grievances, by riot and rebellion. Since then the value of our money is decreaſed by its quantity, our conſumption increaſed by univerſal luxury, and the ſupplies which we uſed to receive from poorer countries, now alſo grown rich, greatly diminiſhed, the preſent exorbitant price of all the neceſſaries of life can be no wonder.

From what has been here offered, I think this may be readily accounted for, without having recourſe to foreſtallers, regraters, engroſſers, monopolizers, higlers, badgers, bounties, poſt-chaiſes, turnpike-roads, enlarging of farms, and the extenſion of the metropolis, with all that ridiculous catalogue of cauſes, which have been aſſigned by eſſay-writers to this evil, and frequently adopted by the abſurdity of their readers. How far all or any of theſe have accidentally, collaterally, or locally contributed to augment the price of proviſions, I cannot determine, nor do I think it of much importance to enquire: becauſe I am ſatisfied, whatever may have been their effects, they could have

had none at all, had they not been aſſiſted by the firſt and great cauſe, the increaſe of riches; for no artifices of traders can make their commodities dear in a poor country; that is, ſell things for a great deal of money, where there is little to be found. It ſeems therefore to no purpoſe, to ſearch out for cauſes of the preſent high price of proviſions, from facts, whoſe operations are uncertain, and reaſons at beſt but ſpeculative, when it is ſufficiently accounted for from theſe two great principles, the increaſe of taxes, and the increaſe of riches, principles as abſolutely indiſputable, and as demonſtrable as any mathematical problem.

I ſhall now make ſome curſory obſervations and ſhort concluſions on the principles here advanced, which, allowing theſe to be true, can admit of no doubt. Firſt then, although the price of proviſions is at preſent very high, they cannot with propriety be ſaid to be dear. Nothing is properly dear, except ſome commodity, which, either from real or fictitious ſcarcity, bears a higher price than other things in the ſame country, at the ſame time. In the reign of Henry II. the value of money was about fifteen times greater than in the preſent age: a fowl then was ſold for a penny, which cannot now be bought under fifteen pence; but fowls are not for that reaſon dearer now, than they were at that time; becauſe one penny was then earned with as much labour, and when earned

earned would fetch as much of every thing at market, as fifteen will in theſe days: was the value of money now as great, and the price of other things as ſmall, as in theſe times, and proviſions bore the ſame price as at preſent, they would then be dear indeed, and the pamphleteers would have good reaſon to impute their dearneſs to the frauds of engroſſers and monopolizers; but as the price of every thing beſides, of houſes, furniture, cloaths, horſes, coaches, fees, perquiſites, and votes, are all equally advanced; nay, as every pamphlet, which uſed to be ſold for one ſhilling, has now inſcribed on its title-page, price eighteen-pence, their own works are a confutation of their arguments; for nonſenſe is a commodity in which there are too many dealers ever to ſuffer it to be monopolized or engroſſed. It is certainly therefore improper to ſay that proviſions are dear, but we ſhould rather affirm, what is the real fact, that money is cheap, and if the complainants would uſe this expreſſion inſtead of the other, and at the ſame time conſider, that this ariſes from the ſucceſs of our arms, and the extenſion of our trade, I am perſuaded, that if they were not leſs diſtreſſed, they would certainly be leſs diſſatisfied, and would, perhaps, by degrees, comprehend, that, in a country engaged in expenſive wars and ſucceſsful commerce, there muſt be heavy taxes, and great riches; and that where there are taxes and

riches, there the prices of proviſions, and all other things, muſt be high, in ſpite of all the efforts of miniſters or parliaments, who ought by no means to be blamed, for not effecting impoſſibilities, and counteracting the nature of things.

Secondly, this cheapneſs of money in its conſequences affects different conditions of men in a very different manner; to ſome it operates exactly in the ſame manner as real dearneſs and ſcarcity, at the ſame time that to others it gives conſiderable advantages. All thoſe who ſubſiſt on ſettled ſtipends, muſt inevitably be ruined by it: merchants, and traders of all kinds, are greatly benefited; but the labourer and the land-owner are moſt grievouſly oppreſſed. Thoſe who ſubſiſt on ſettled ſtipends muſt be ruined; becauſe; if their incomes cannot be advanced in proportion to the decreaſe of the value of money, and the conſequent increaſe of the prices of every thing, the ſame nominal ſum which would afford affluence in one age, will not prevent ſtarving in another; of which we have numerous examples in our ſchools, colleges, alms-houſes, and other charitable foundations. Merchants and traders are conſtantly gainers by it; becauſe they can always raiſe the prices of whatever they deal in, faſter than the value of money decreaſes: but the labourer, having nothing to ſubſiſt on but his daily work, muſt ever be behind hand in advancing the price of his labour;

labour; becauſe he is not able to wait till it acquires its due proportion of value, and therefore by it he muſt ſuffer extremely.— The land-owner likewiſe cannot raiſe his rents in any proportion to the fall of the value of money; becauſe the charges of cultivation, the family-expences of the occupiers, and the maintenance of an increaſing poor, all burthens inſeparable from his land, muſt all riſe in proportion to that fall; and theſe muſt perpetually retard his progreſs. The price of labour and of land muſt by degrees advance, as money decreaſes in value; but, as theſe are the laſt that will feel its effects, the labourer muſt, in the mean time, be miſerably pinched, and the land-owner dreadfully impoveriſhed by it. This is not ſpeculation, but a fact which is too well verified by experience at this time, through every part of this kingdom, where the labourer, with his utmoſt induſtry, cannot now procure a belly-full for himſelf and his family; and, notwithſtanding all the late improvements in agriculture, the very ſame eſtates in land which formerly maintained a large family in ſplendor and hoſpitality, can now ſcarce repair and pay window-tax for a ſpacious manſion-houſe, and ſupply the owner of it with the neceſſaries of life. When I hear a merchant, contractor, or broker calling out for war, arguing for new loans and new taxes, I wonder not, becauſe I know that they are enriched by them, and I know

alſo

alſo that they have ſagacity enough to know it too: but when I hear a landed gentleman talk the ſame language, when I ſee him eager for war, which muſt involve him in new diſtreſſes, encouraging loans, whoſe intereſt he muſt pay, pleading for taxes, which muſt lie an eternal mortgage upon his eſtate, exulting in acquiſitions of territories and commerce, which muſt daily increaſe his expences, and diminiſh his income, and triumphing in victories which muſt undo him, I own I am ſurpriſed, but at the ſame time rejoice to find, that, in this enlightened age, there is ignorance ſtill left amongſt us, ſufficient to produce ſo diſintereſted a patriot.

Laſtly, from the foregoing premiſes one conſequence evidently appears, which ſeems to have eſcaped the ſagacity of our wiſeſt politicians, which is, that a nation may; nay muſt inevitably be ruined, who every year increaſes her debts, notwithſtanding her acquiſitions by conqueſt or commerce bring in double or treble the ſums which ſhe is obliged to borrow: and this by a chain of cauſes and conſequences, which the efforts of no human power or wiſdom are able to diſunite. New debts require new taxes; and new taxes muſt increaſe the price of proviſions: new acquiſitions of wealth, by decreaſing the value of money, ſtill aggravate this evil, and render them ſtill dearer; this dearneſs of proviſions muſt augment the price of labour; this muſt advance the price of all manufactures;

tures; and this muſt deſtroy trade; the deſtruction of trade muſt ſtarve the poor, expel the manufacturers, and introduce univerſal bankruptcy, riot, and confuſion. Artificers of all kinds will, by degrees, migrate into cheaper countries: the number of clergy, whoſe education muſt grow more expenſive, and incomes leſs valuable, will be inſufficient for parochial duty: the pay of navies and armies muſt be augmented, or they will no longer defend a country which cannot maintain them; but rather themſelves become her internal and moſt dangerous enemies.

From what has been here ſaid, I think it plainly appears, that the preſent exorbitant price of proviſions, and all the neceſſaries of life, chiefly ariſes from the increaſe of our taxes, and of our riches; that is, from public poverty and private opulence, the fatal diſeaſe which has put a period to all the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing empires of the world: their deſtructive effects have been ſufficiently known in all ages; but the remedy ſucceſsfully to be applied to them, is yet a ſecret. No acquiſition of foreign wealth can be effectual for this purpoſe: was our whole national debt to be at once paid off, by the introduction of all the treaſures of the Eaſt, it would but accelerate our deſtruction; for ſuch a vaſt and ſudden influx of riches would ſo enhance our expences, and decreaſe the value of money, that we ſhould at once be overwhelmed with luxury and want. The moſt

moſt conciſe method of cure would be to take ſuperabundant wealth from individuals, and with it diſcharge the debts of the public; but here juſtice, liberty, and law, would obſtruct our progreſs with inſurmountable difficulties. Whoever therefore would attempt this ſalutary, but arduous undertaking, muſt not begin by extirpating engroſſers and regraters, nor by deſtroying rats and ſparrows, thoſe great foreſtallers of the public markets; but by gradually paying off that debt, not only by œconomy, but by the moſt avaricious parſimony, and as far as poſſible, by narrowing thoſe channels, through which riches have flowed in ſuch torrents into the pockets of private men: he muſt be deaf to all mercantile application for opening new inlets of commerce at the public expence; he muſt boldly reſiſt all propoſitions for ſettling new colonies upon parliamentary eſtimates; and moſt carefully avoid entering into new wars: in ſhort, he muſt obſtinately refuſe to add one hundred thouſand pounds to the national debt, though by that means millions could be introduced through the hands of individuals. How far theſe meaſures are practicable, or conſiſtent with the honour, dignity, or even advantage of this country in other reſpects, I cannot determine; but this I will venture to affirm, that by no others this calamity, ſo loudly and ſo juſtly at this time complained of, can ever be redreſſed.

By

By what has been here thrown out, I would by no means be underſtood to mean to diſcourage the legiſlature from enquiring into abuſes, of which I doubt not but there are many, and applying to them the moſt efficacious and ſpeedy remedies; much leſs to diſapprove the ſalutary meaſures they have already taken to redreſs this evil, the wiſeſt, and perhaps the only ones which are practicable for that end. I propoſe only to leſſen the unreaſonable expectations many have formed of their ſucceſs, and the indignation conſequent from their diſappointment; and to ſtem a little thoſe torrents of abſurdities, with which one is overwhelmed in all companies both male and female. Every politician at a coffee-houſe has a noſtrum for this diſeaſe, which he pronounces infallible; and abuſes adminiſtration for not immediately adopting it. Projectors every day hold forth ſchemes unintelligible and impracticable; for not executing which, government is arraigned; the ignorant ſupport them, the factious make uſe of them, and oppoſitions, knowing what it is to be hungry, pathetically bewail the miſeries of the poor. The dowager at the quadrille table inveighs loudly againſt the cruelty of parliament, for diſregarding the voice of the people, and ſuffering proviſions to continue at ſo exorbitant a price; calls a king; and if ſhe happens to be beaſted, grows more outrageous againſt the miniſtry; while the ſilent old general, her unfortunate

fortunate partner, in three ſentences recommends military execution on all butchers, bakers, poulterers, and fiſhmongers, as the moſt equitable and moſt effectual remedy. Were theſe impertinences productive of no miſchief, they would be only ridiculous, and unworthy of a ſerious confutation; but as

Hæ nugæ ſeria ducunt
In mala;

as they tend to deceive, to diſappoint, and to exaſperate the minds of the vulgar, and to leave thoſe of their betters diſcontented, and diſſatisfied with government; whatever ſhall explain the true and fundamental cauſes of this calamity to the people, and give ſome check to the nonſenſe, which is every where wrote, talked, and propagated on this ſubject, is an attempt, which may render great and important ſervice both to the ſocial and the political world.

THE OBJECTIONS TO THE TAXATION OF OUR AMERICAN COLONIES, BY THE LEGISLATURE OF GREAT BRITAIN BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1765.

THE right of the legiſlature of Great Britain to impoſe taxes on her American colonies, and the expediency of exerting that right in the preſent conjuncture, are propoſitions ſo indiſputably clear, that I ſhould never have thought it neceſſary to have undertaken their defence, had not many arguments been lately flung out, both in papers and converſation, which with inſolence equal to their abſurdity deny them both. As theſe are uſually mixt up with ſeveral patriotic and favourite words, ſuch as Liberty, Property, Engliſhmen, &c. which are apt to make ſtrong impreſſions on that more numerous part of mankind, who have ears but no underſtanding, it will not, I think, be improper to

to give them ſome anſwers: to this therefore I ſhall ſingly confine myſelf, and do it in as few words as poſſible, being ſenſible that the feweſt will give leaſt trouble to myſelf, and probably moſt information to my reader.

The great capital argument, which I find on this ſubject, and which, like an elephant at the head of a Nabob's army, being once overthrown, muſt put the whole into confuſion, is this: that no Engliſhman is, or can be taxed, but by his own conſent: by which muſt be meant one of theſe three propoſitions; either that no Engliſhman can be taxed without his own conſent as an individual; or that no Engliſhman can be taxed without the conſent of the perſons he chuſes to repreſent him; or that no Engliſhman can be taxed without the conſent of the majority of all thoſe, who are elected by himſelf and others of his fellow-ſubjects to repreſent them. Now let us impartially conſider, whether any one of theſe propoſitions are in fact true: if not, then this wonderful ſtructure which has been erected upon them, falls at once to the ground, and like another Babel, periſhes by a confuſion of words, which the builders themſelves are unable to underſtand.

Firſt then, that no Engliſhman is or can be taxed but by his own conſent as an individual: this is ſo far from being true, that it is the very reverſe of truth; for no man that I know of is taxed by his own conſent; and an Engliſhman, I believe, is as little likely to be ſo taxed, as any man in the world.

Secondly,

Secondly, that no Engliſhman is, or can be taxed, but by the conſent of thoſe perſons, whom he has choſe to repreſent him; for the truth of this I ſhall appeal only to the candid repreſentatives of thoſe unfortunate counties which produce cyder, and ſhall willingly acquieſce under their determination.

Laſtly, that no Engliſhman is, or can be taxed, without the conſent of the majority of thoſe, who are elected by himſelf, and others of his fellow-ſubjects, to repreſent them. This is certainly as falſe as the other two; for every Engliſhman is taxed, and not one in twenty repreſented: copyholders, leaſeholders, and all men poſſeſſed of perſonal property only, chuſe no repreſentatives: Mancheſter, Birmingham, and many more of our richeſt and moſt flouriſhing trading towns ſend no members to parliament, conſequently cannot conſent by their repreſentatives, becauſe they chuſe none to repreſent them; yet are they not Engliſhmen? or are they not taxed?

I am well aware, that I ſhall hear Locke, Sidney, Selden, and many other great names quoted, to prove that every Engliſhman, whether he has a right to vote for a repreſentative or not, is ſtill repreſented in the Britiſh parliament; in which opinion they all agree: on what principle of common ſenſe this opinion is founded I comprehend not, but on the authority of ſuch reſpectable names I

ſhall

ſhall acknowledge its truth; but then I will aſk one queſtion, and on that I will reſt the whole merits of the cauſe: Why does not this imaginary repreſentation extend to America, as well as over the whole iſland of Great Britain? If it can travel three hundred miles, why not three thouſand; if it can jump over rivers and mountains, why cannot it ſail over the ocean? If the towns of Mancheſter and Birmingham ſending no repreſentatives to parliament, are notwithſtanding there repreſented, why are not the cities of Albany and Boſton equally repreſented in that aſſembly? Are they not alike Britiſh ſubjects? are they not Engliſhmen? or are they only Engliſhmen when they ſolicit for protection, but not Engliſhmen when taxes are required to enable this country to protect them?

But it is urged, that the colonies are by their charters placed under diſtinct Governments, each of which has a legiſlative power within itſelf, by which alone it ought to be taxed; that if this privilege is once given up, that liberty which every Engliſhman has a right to, is torn from them, they are all ſlaves, and all is loſt.

The liberty of an Engliſhman is a phraſe of ſo various a ſignification, having within theſe few years been uſed as a ſynonymous term for blaſphemy, bawdy, treaſon, libels, ſtrong beer, and cyder, that I ſhall not here preſume to define its meaning; but I ſhall venture

venture to aſſert what it cannot mean; that is, an exemption from taxes impoſed by the authority of the parliament of Great Britain; nor is there any charter, that ever pretended to grant ſuch a privilege to any colony in America; and had they granted it, it could have had no force: their charters being derived from the crown, and no charter from the crown can poſſibly ſuperſede the right of the whole legiſlature: their charters are undoubtedly no more than thoſe of all corporations, which empower them to make bye laws, and raiſe duties for the purpoſes of their own police, for ever ſubject to the ſuperior authority of parliament; and in ſome of their charters, the manner of exerciſing theſe powers is ſpecified in theſe expreſs words, "according to the courſe "of other corporations in Great Britain:" and therefore they can have no more pretence to plead an exemption from this parliamentary authority, than any other corporation in England.

It has been moreover alledged, that, though parliament may have power to impoſe taxes on the colonies, they have no right to uſe it, becauſe it would be an unjuſt tax; and no ſupreme or legiſlative power can have a right to enact any law in its nature unjuſt: to this, I ſhall only make this ſhort reply, that if Parliament can impoſe no taxes but what are equitable, and the perſons taxed are to be the judges of that equity, they will

will in effect have no power to lay any tax at all. No tax can be impoſed exactly equal on all; and if it is not equal, it cannot be juſt; and if it is not juſt, no power whatever can impoſe it; by which ſhort ſyllogiſm, all taxation is at an end; but why it ſhould not be uſed by Engliſhmen on this ſide the Atlantic, as well as by thoſe on the other, I do not comprehend.

Thus much for the right. Let us now a little enquire into the expediency of this meaſure; to which two objections have been made; that the time is improper, and the manner wrong.

As to the firſt, can any time be more proper to require ſome aſſiſtance from our colonies, to preſerve to themſelves their preſent ſafety, than when this country is almoſt undone by procuring it? Can any time be more proper to impoſe ſome tax upon their trade, than when they are enabled to rival us in our manufactures, by the encouragement and protection which we have given them? Can any time be more proper to oblige them to ſettle handſome incomes on their governors, than when we find them unable to procure ſubſiſtence on any other terms than thoſe of breaking all their inſtructions, and betraying the rights of their ſovereign? Can there be a more proper time to compel them to fix certain ſalaries on their judges, than when we ſee them ſo dependent on the humours of their aſſemblies,

blies, that they can obtain a livelihood no longer than *quam diu ſe male geſſerint?* Can there be a more proper time to force them to maintain an army at their expence, than when that army is neceſſary for their own protection, and we are utterly unable to ſupport it? Laſtly, can there be a more proper time for this mother country to leave off feeding out of her own vitals, theſe children whom ſhe has nurſed up, than when they are arrived at ſuch ſtrength and maturity as to be well able to provide for themſelves, and ought rather with filial duty to give ſome aſſiſtance to her diſtreſſes.

As to the manner; that is, the impoſing taxes on the colonies by the authority of parliament, it is ſaid to be harſh and arbitrary; and that it would have been more conſiſtent with juſtice, at leaſt with maternal tenderneſs, for adminiſtration here to have ſettled quotas on each of the colonies, and have then tranſmitted them with injunctions, that the ſums allotted ſhould be immediately raiſed by their reſpective legiſlatures, on the penalty of their being impoſed by parliament, in caſe of their non-compliance? But was this to be done, what would be the conſequence? Have their aſſemblies ſhewn ſo much obedience to the orders of the Crown, that we could reaſonably expect that they would immediately tax themſelves on the arbitrary command of a miniſter? Would it be poſſible here to ſettle thoſe quotas

with juſtice, or would any one of the colonies ſubmit to them, were they ever ſo juſt? Should we not be compared to thoſe Roman tyrants, who uſed to ſend orders to their ſubjects to murder themſelves within ſo many hours, moſt obligingly leaving the method to their own choice, but on their diſobedience threatening a more ſevere fate from the hands of an executioner? And ſhould we not receive votes, ſpeeches, reſolutions, petitions, and remonſtrances in abundance, inſtead of taxes? In ſhort, we either have a right to tax the colonies, or we have not: if parliament is poſſeſſed of this right, why ſhould it be exerciſed with more delicacy in America, than it has ever been even in Great Britain itſelf? If on the other hand, they have no ſuch right, ſure it is below the dignity as well as juſtice of the legiſlature, to intimidate the colonies with vain threats, which they have really no right to put in execution.

One method indeed has been hinted at, and but one, that might render the exerciſe of this power in a Britiſh parliament juſt and legal, which is the introduction of repreſentatives from the ſeveral colonies into that body; but as this has never ſeriouſly been propoſed, I ſhall not here conſider the impracticability of this method, nor the effects of it, if it could be practiſed; but only ſay, that I have lately ſeen ſo many ſpecimens of the great powers of ſpeech, of which theſe American gentlemen are poſſeſſed, that I ſhould

ſhould be much afraid, that the ſudden importation of ſo much eloquence at once, would greatly endanger the ſafety and government of this country; or in terms more faſhionable, though leſs underſtood, this our moſt excellent conſtitution. If we can avail ourſelves of theſe taxes on no other condition, I ſhall never look upon it as a meaſure of frugality; being perfectly ſatisfied, that in the end, it will be much cheaper for us to pay their army, than their orators.

I cannot omit taking notice of one prudential reaſon, which I have heard frequently urged againſt this taxation of the colonies, which is this: that if they are by this means impoveriſhed, they will be unable to purchaſe our manufactures, and conſequently we ſhall loſe that trade, from which the principal benefit which we receive from them muſt ariſe. But ſurely, it requires but little ſagacity to ſee the weakneſs of this argument; for ſhould the colonies raiſe taxes for the purpoſes of their own government and protection, would the money ſo raiſed be immediately annihilated? What ſome pay, would not others receive? Would not thoſe who ſo receive it, ſtand in need of as many of our manufactures as thoſe who pay? Was the army there maintained at the expence of the Americans, would the ſoldiers want fewer coats, hats, ſhirts, or ſhoes, than at preſent? Had the judges ſalaries aſcertained to them, would they not have occaſion for as coſtly periwigs, or robes of as expenſive ſcarlet, as

marks of their legal abilities, as they now wear in their preſent ſtate of dependency? Or had their governors better incomes ſettled on them for obſerving their inſtructions, than they can now with difficulty obtain for diſobeying them, would they expend leſs money in their ſeveral governments, or bring home at their return leſs riches, to lay out in the manufactories of their native country?

It has been likewiſe aſſerted, that every ſhilling which our colonies can raiſe either by cultivation or commerce, finally centers in this country; and therefore it is argued, we can acquire nothing by their taxation, ſince we can have no more than their all; and whether this comes in by taxes or by trade, the conſequence is the ſame. But allowing this aſſertion to be true, which it is not, yet the reaſoning upon it is glaringly falſe: for ſurely it is not the ſame, whether the wealth derived from theſe colonies flows immediately into the coffers of the public, or into the pockets of individuals, from whence it muſt be ſqueezed by various domeſtic taxes before it can be rendered of any ſervice to the nation: ſurely it is by no means the ſame, whether this money brought in by taxes enables us to diminiſh part of that enormous debt contracted by the laſt expenſive war, or whether coming in by trade it enables the merchant, by augmenting his influence together with his wealth, to plunge us into

new

new wars and new debts for his private advantage.

From what has been here ſaid, I think that not only the right of the legiſlature of Great Britain to impoſe taxes on her Colonies, not only the expediency, but the abſolute neceſſity of exerciſing that right in the preſent conjuncture, has been ſo clearly, though conciſely proved, that it is to be hoped that in this great and important queſtion, all parties and factions, or, in the more polite and faſhionable term, all connections will moſt cordially unite; that every member of the Britiſh Parliament, whether in or out of humour with adminiſtration, whether he has been turned out becauſe he has oppoſed, or whether he oppoſes becauſe he has been turned out, will endeavour to the utmoſt of his power to ſupport this meaſure. A meaſure which muſt not only be approved by every man, who has any property or common ſenſe, but which ought to be required by every Engliſh ſubject of an Engliſh adminiſtration.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

ALL fooliſh people are wiſe enough to be ſoon tired of their own company; and therefore impatient of ſolitude, perpetually impoſe it upon their unfortunate acquaintance.

Thoſe who are extremely civil, are ſeldom ſociable; becauſe they receive more trouble, than entertainment from company.

That men uſually grow more covetous as they grow older, does not ſo much proceed from the increaſe of their affection for wealth, as from the decreaſe of their inclinations for any thing beſide: their regard for money continues the ſame, but they meet with fewer temptations to part with it; their love of pleaſures is leſſened by ſatiety, their ambition by diſappointments, their prodigality by experience, and their generoſity by ingratitude.

Every year, as we grow older, appears ſhorter than the preceding, and the reaſon of it is this; all our ideas of time muſt be derived

derived from that portion of it, in which we have already exiſted, and that muſt be the ſtandard by which we meaſure it; as this ſtandard therefore extends itſelf by our living longer, ſo every period muſt appear ſhorter in proportion to it: thus when we have lived ten years, one year is the tenth part of the duration of our whole exiſtence; but when we have lived eighty, it is then but the eightieth part of the ſame term.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honeſty: a mean, but a neceſſary ſubſtitute for it in ſocieties, who have none: it is a ſort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the ſterling cath of true morality and religion.

Women are certainly not at all inferior to men in reſolution, and perhaps much leſs in courage, than is commonly imagined: the reaſon they appear ſo is, becauſe women affect to be more afraid, than they really are, and men pretend to be leſs.

Men's opinions much oftener proceed from their actions, than their actions from their opinions: they act firſt, and then with great facility reconcile their principles to their conduct; for which reaſon we find many, whom no advantage can induce to do any thing, which appears to them wrong; but of that many, very few, who can ever be convinced that any thing is wrong, from whence either pleaſure or profit accrues to themſelves.

Were

Were all men honeſt, the world would go on much more happily than it does at preſent; but were all men wiſe, it would not go on at all: ſo greatly preferable is honeſty to underſtanding.

As a man of ſenſe can uſually out-wit a fool, becauſe his deſigns are inconceivable to his adverſary's underſtanding; ſo a fool will ſome times be too cunning for a wiſe man, for the very ſame reaſon; that is, becauſe he will conceive ſchemes, which could never enter into a wiſer head than his own. Counter-plotting an abſurd fellow is like fighting a left-handed fencer; you receive a wound, becauſe it comes in a direction from whence you had no reaſon to expect it, and he gains a victory merely by his awkwardneſs.

Much ſpirit and little ſenſe are the worſt ingredients of which a human creature can be compoſed; he, who has much ſpirit and much underſtanding, will probably make a great and illuſtrious character: he, who has little ſpirit and little ſenſe, may prove an honeſt, uſeful, and happy man: but he, who is ſo unfortunate as to have a great deal of ſpirit, and a ſmall ſhare of underſtanding, muſt ever be miſchievous to others, and miſerable in himſelf.

Contempt among mankind, like action and re-action in ſolid bodies, is always reciprocal and equal; whoever deſpiſes his company, may be aſſured, that he is not leſs

deſpiſed

deſpiſed by them: a wiſe man is juſt as much deſpiſed amongſt fools, as a fool amongſt wiſe men: whores and gameſters are not more contemptible in the eyes of others, than all others are in theirs, who are not of their own genteel fraternity.

Our reſentments and attachments are commonly the principal obſtacles which retard us in our progreſs to wealth and greatneſs: he, who can totally exonerate himſelf of theſe two grand impediments, the remembrance of paſt injuries, and gratitude for paſt benefactions, can hardly fail of travelling through the dirty roads of buſineſs and ambition, with great alacrity and ſucceſs.

Thoſe, who live idly on hereditary fortunes, are apt to look with much envy on the wealth and affluence enjoyed by men in profeſſions, and with no leſs indignation on the unjuſt means, by which, in moſt profeſſions, they are acquired: but they ought to conſider, that to theſe very means, unjuſt as they are, they themſelves are indebted for the ſecurity of their own lives, liberties, and eſtates; for ſuch is the nature of mankind, that if, in their general ſtruggle for wealth and power, they cannot ſucceed by art, they will infallibly make uſe of force; that is, if they are not indulged in ſome ingenious, learned, and legal methods of politely preying on each other, they will quickly have recourſe to fire and ſword.

He

He, who will not be cheated a little will be abuſed a great deal, and by that means ſuffer no leſs in his fortune, than in his reputation: our firſt leſſon, therefore, in the art of œconomy, ſhould ever be to learn how to permit ourſelves to be properly impoſed on, in due proportion to our ſituation and circumſtances.

No two qualities in the human mind are more eſſentially different, though often confounded, than pride, and vanity: the proud man entertains the higheſt opinion of himſelf; the vain man ſtrives only to infuſe ſuch an opinion into the minds of others; the proud man thinks admiration his due; the vain man is ſatisfied if he can but obtain it: pride by ſtatelineſs demands reſpect; vanity by little artifices ſolicits applauſe: pride, therefore, makes men diſagreeable, and vanity ridiculous.

Whoever appears to have a great deal of cunning, muſt, in reality, have but very little; for if he had much, he would have enough to conceal it.

The vice of ingratitude cannot be ſo frequent as it is uſually repreſented; becauſe the inſtances of real and diſintereſted obligations, from whence alone it can proceed, are very rare.

Applauſe is more frequently acquired by profuſeneſs, than by charity; that is, by ſuffering ourſelves to be impoſed on, than by beſtowing our money on proper objects: becauſe

:auſe thoſe who over-reach us, look upon :heir acquiſitions as the juſt reward of their own ſuperior abilities, and are therefore not unwilling to publiſh them; whereas, thoſe who receive our donations, feel the weight of obligations, always implying an inferiori-:y, which men little care to remember, and leſs to talk of.

Painters of human nature, like thoſe of human faces, are of two ſorts; the one give us beautiful pictures, but without the leaſt reſemblance of thoſe who ſit for them; the other draw ſtrong likeneſſes, but for the moſt part ſomething uglier than the originals.

Whoever would deceive the multitude, let him not deſpair of perſuading them to believe any one thing in the world except truth.

Advice is ſeldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good: it is ſeldom well received, becauſe it implies a ſuperiority of judgment in the giver; and it is ſeldom intended for any other end, than to ſhow it: it is ſeldom of any ſervice to the giver, becauſe it more frequently makes him an enemy, than a friend; and as ſeldom to the receiver, becauſe, if he is not wiſe enough to act properly without it, he will ſcarcely be wiſe enough to diſtinguiſh that which is good.

He, who will not change his principles, will find himſelf, in a little time, under a neceſſity to change his party.

Liberty

Liberty is a fine-ſounding word; but moſt of thoſe who uſe it, mean nothing more by it than a liberty to oppreſs others, themſelves uncontrouled by any ſuperior authority

As property always produces power, ſo power is always convertible into property: therefore it is demonſtrable, that the corruption of parliaments muſt ever increaſe with the increaſe of their power, and can be leſſened only by the diminution of their importance. How abſurd, therefore, are thoſe, who labour at the ſame time to increaſe liberty, and to deſtroy corruption; that is, who endeavour to give the people more power to carry to market, and at the ſame time to hinder them from ſelling it?

The chief buſineſs of a government is like that of a nurſe, to hinder thoſe who are under its care from doing miſchief to themſelves; of which they are in perpetual purſuit, and perpetually angry with thoſe who endeavour to prevent them.

We need not travel far over the world, to acquire a ſufficient knowledge of human nature and human government: by ſagacity and obſervation it may be eaſily learned within the narrow limits of a ſingle pariſh, the meaneſt veſtry being actuated by the ſame principles, and managed by the ſame arts, as the moſt holy ſynod, or the moſt auguſt ſenate: the conduct of the drama is nearly

nearly the ſame; the difference lies only in the addreſs and dignity of the actors.

There is, undoubtedly, great difference in the wiſdom and honeſty of particular men, but very little in thoſe of large numbers in the ſame ſituation and circumſtances; as individual grains of corn may differ much in ſize and weight, but two buſhels taken out of the ſame heap, will certainly be nearly ſimilar.

It ſeems a fundamental principle of modern politics, that every means that can bring wealth into a nation, muſt add juſt ſo much to its happineſs, proſperity, and duration; but this is no more true, than that every ſingle perſon is happy, healthy, and long-lived, in proportion to his riches.

It is often aſſerted, that the landed and trading intereſt of a nation muſt ever be inſeparable; and each of them aſſure us, that their own is the intereſt of the public: but all theſe propoſitions are fallacious; there are few inſtances in which the landed and trading intereſts coincide; in moſt they are diametrically oppoſite; nor are either, or both of them, always the intereſt of the public; whoſe true intereſt is only to keep them from deſtroying each other, and involving herſelf in dangers and expences.

The landed intereſt of this nation, like the ſilly and defenceleſs ſheep, in ſilence offers its throat to the butchery of every adminiſtration, and is eat up by every ravenous

nous profeſſion; while the trading intereſt, like the hungry and unmannerly hog, devours every thing, and if a finger is but laid upon it, the whole country is diſtracted with the outcry.

It is not a little ſurpriſing, that mankind have in all times ſo much delighted in war, and that notwithſtanding all the miſeries it has brought upon them, they ſhould ſtill continue to ruſh into it with as much alacrity as ever; the true, though ſecret reaſon of which, is certainly this: there is implanted in human nature, corrupt as it is, ſo ſtrong an approbation of virtue, that however determined men are to indulge their evil inclinations, they never enjoy them with any ſatisfaction, unleſs they can find out ſome means of hiding their deformities, not only from the eyes of others, but even from their own, and they are therefore extremely fond of every expedient that can aſſiſt them in this favourable ſelf-deception, and procure them leave to be wicked with a good character, and a good conſcience: now war is of all others the moſt effectual for this purpoſe; as it grants us a plenary indulgence for every vitious diſpoſition in the human mind exempted from all puniſhment, or even cenſure, as well as from all reluctance and remorſe: it ſo dreſſes up idleneſs and profligacy, malevolence and revenge, cruelty and injuſtice, in the amiable habit of zeal for the glory and proſperity of our country, that

that we can give a looſe to them all, not only with the applauſe of the world, but with the ſincere approbation of our own hearts; and of ſuch high eſtimation is this privilege, that we think it a ſufficient recompence for all the miſeries and deſolation, which the mutual exerciſe of it cannot fail to introduce.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the ſame kind as that which they ſhew for a foot-ball: whenever it is conteſted for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the diſpute; but, when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but ſleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbiſh, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much leſs to remove.

In religious quarrels, the propoſitions in diſpute are generally ſuch as thoſe who impoſe them cannot believe, and thoſe who reject them cannot underſtand: and therefore no one is perſecuted for not believing, but for not profeſſing to believe, when they do not; that is, for inſolently preſuming to be either wiſer, or honeſter than their perſecutors; an affront, which the ſtrongeſt ſide always extremely reſents, and ſeverely puniſhes, under the terrible denomination of obſtinate hereſy.

The true ſcriptural meaning of the word Faith, ſeems nothing more, than a docility or promptitude to receive truth, and of Chriſtian Faith, to believe the divine authority of that

that religion, and to obey it's precepts: in this ſenſe ſurely too much merit can never be imputed to it; but ſince this denomination has been ſo undetermined, that no two ages, nations, or ſects, have affixed to it the ſame ideas, and ſo abuſed, that under it every abſurdity that knavery could cram down or ignorance ſwallow, have been comprehended; ſince it is ſtill capable of being ſo explained, as to mean any thing that an artful preacher pleaſes to impoſe on an illiterate audience, the laying too great a ſtreſs upon it muſt be highly dangerous to the religion and liberties of mankind: but the propoſing it as a compoſition for moral duties is of all others the moſt miſchievous doctrine; as it unhinges all our notions of divine juſtice, and eſtabliſhes wickedneſs upon a principle; and it is the more miſchievous, as it cannot fail of being popular, becauſe, as it is uſually inculcated, it is in fact nothing more than offering to the people a licence to be profligate, at the eaſy price of being abſurd; a bargain, which they will ever readily agree to.

Mankind live all in maſquerade: he, therefore, who mixes with them unmaſked is always ill received, and commonly abuſed by the whole aſſembly.

As man is the only riſible animal, ſo is he the only ridiculous one, except a monkey, which is no farther ridiculous than as it reſembles him.

In

In all controverſies one may obſerve thoſe always adhere moſt obſtinately to their opinions, who are incapable of underſtanding the ſubject of the diſpute; and this, I think, might naturally be expected; becauſe thoſe, who have aſſented to propoſitions without any reaſon, can poſſibly have no reaſon for doubting of their truth.

He who exerciſes no trade or profeſſion is impoſed on by every one, without any power of making repriſals: he is like a man in the pillory, pelted by all without being able to return it: he has but one chance, which few men's ſituation or abilities will admit of, which is that of retaliating upon the public.

There is in every country a certain characteriſtic of taſte, which, during the ſame period of time, affects all arts, ſciences, and profeſſions, in a ſimilar manner, though perhaps not eaſy to be expreſſed: that which prevails with us at preſent, is an affectation of ſomething ſuperior to nature and truth; of all that excites our admiration, rather than of what ſatisfies our judgment; the very ſame extravaganzas run through all our arts, manners, and diverſions, to the utter neglect of all true beauty, ſimplicity, and uſefulneſs: thus our architecture is diſgraced with the tawdry deformities of Chineſe ornaments; our muſic has exchanged her harmony and pathos for the tricks of jugglers, and our dancing her dignity and graces for tumbling and grimace; our tables are filled

with uneatable monſters of our own creation, our ſtages with an unintelligible jumble of harlequins and heathen deities, and our poetry, like a carver's ſhop, is crowded with unmeaning ornaments, without any place to which they can with propriety be adapted; our politics ſoar into impracticable ſpeculation, and our religion runs up into methodiſm and madneſs.

Lies, by being a long while repeated, and circulated through many hands, acquire ſo much authority, that at length they paſs for truth without any further inquiry: time and repetition have the very ſame effect upon nonſenſe.

A lie ſent out into the world, like a bomb diſcharged amongſt a crowd, burſts into innumerable pieces, every one of which carries miſchief with it in its flight.

Learning and liberty are excellent things; but, like tea and brandy, they are extremely pernicious in the hands of the vulgar, from the miſchievous uſe which they are ſure to make of them.

One of the moſt prevailing principles at preſent is, to truſt no adminiſtration with any power whatever; yet, to expect of every adminiſtration, that they ſhould perform things, which, without the moſt arbitrary power, are utterly impracticable.

Nothing ſo much manifeſts, as well as augments the weakneſs of a ſtate, as being obliged to admit men into power by the force

force of faction and oppoſition to power; becauſe this continually incites more faction, and more oppoſition for the ſake of power, and at the ſame time incapacitates all who thus acquire it to exerciſe or retain it; every ſucceeding oppoſition grow ſtronger by experience in the arts of diſtreſſing, and every adminiſtration weaker from inexperience in the arts of governing; for oppoſition is the moſt unpromiſing ſchool in which a miniſter can receive his education; it being as unlikely that a man ſhould learn the ſcience of government by the practice of diſturbing it, as that he ſhould acquire the ſkill of an architect by pulling down houſes, or the trade of a glazier by breaking of windows.

All adminiſtration of government muſt be unpopular from the nature and eſſence of government itſelf; for the nature and eſſence of all government is nothing more than a compulſion of individuals to act in ſuch a manner for the ſupport of ſociety, as they are neither wiſe nor honeſt enough to do from the ſuggeſtions of their own heads and hearts; this compulſion, therefore, muſt be contrary to both their judgments and inclinations, and conſequently unpopular; and for the ſame reaſon always more unpopular in proportion to the vigour and wiſdom with which it is exerciſed.

An able, honeſt, and wiſe miniſter, by various particular circumſtances, may be popular for a time; but he is not very wiſe

if he imagines that his popularity proceeds from any of theſe qualifications.

The ſituation of a miniſter, who riſes to the ſummit of power on the wings of popularity, is no more to be envied than that of a cat who is carried up to the clouds at the tail of a paper kite: whilſt it laſts, it is all but ſcrambling and giddineſs; and on the firſt change of the wind, or breach of the packthread, down he tumbles.

It is a certain though a ſtrange truth, that in politics almoſt all principles that are ſpeculatively right are practically wrong: the reaſon of which is, that they proceed on a ſuppoſition that men act rationally; which being by no means true, all that is built on ſo falſe a foundation, on experiment falls to the ground.

One of theſe falſe principles, amongſt a thouſand which we hear daily aſſerted for truth, is this, that thoſe who are poſſeſſed of moſt property will fight beſt in its defence: this appears to be true, becauſe it would be true if men fought from rational motives; but as they do not it is juſt the reverſe of truth, as the hiſtory of all ages and nations ſufficiently teſtifies, in which we ſee that all poor countries, that is thoſe who have leaſt property, have always been moſt valiant, and moſt ſucceſsful in war; and, in rich countries, property has been ever beſt defended by thoſe who have none.

Another

Another principle of the ſame kind is, that national buſineſs would be moſt happily tranſacted by parliaments totally independent: this too in ſpeculation has the appearance of truth, but in experience none of the reality; becauſe the ſuppoſition on which it is founded is utterly falſe, which is, that the individuals of ſuch parliaments, uninfluenced by all ſelf-intereſt, and the connections proceeding from it, would be directed by their judgments to chuſe the moſt ſalutary meaſures, and bound by their conſciences to purſue them; whereas, in fact, the majority of numerous aſſemblies have neither judgments to diſtinguiſh right, nor conſciences to tie them to the purſuit of it; and if uninfluenced by all real or imaginary intereſt, will infallibly do miſchief, or nothing at all.

There are many who are equally zealous for the deſtruction of all prerogative as well as parliamentary influence; which, though extremely abſurd, is not inconſiſtent with the principles of modern patriotiſm, the fundamentals of which are, that all government is an impoſition of the few upon the many, which they ought perpetually to endeavour to ſhake off, and that the people ought to be governed by themſelves only, that is, in other words, not to be governed at all.

The meaneſt abilities may eaſily, by inflaming factions, reduce a government to ſo weak and ruinous a condition, that the moſt conſummate wiſdom cannot reſtore it to vigour

gour and tranquillity; as a fool or a madman, with a farthing candle, may cauſe ſuch a conflagration in a city that the wiſeſt of its inhabitants may be unable to extinguiſh.

If any one fancies that a people can be governed without force or corruption, merely by purſuing right meaſures, as we hear frequently advanced by men totally ignorant of human nature and human buſineſs, let him make the experiment in a ſingle pariſh, and if there, without compulſion, power, influence, or gratuity, ſolely by the ſtrength of reaſon and motives of public utility, he can perſuade the inhabitants to ſubmit to equal and neceſſary taxes, to repair their roads, erect bridges, incloſe commons, drain marſhes, and employ their poor, or perform any other works of general and mutual advantage; I ſay, if he can accompliſh this, let him retain his opinion; but if he finds it utterly impracticable, let him not expect that it can ever be done in a whole nation, in which there are ſo many factions, intereſts, and abſurdities to contend with.

Political authors, of all others, have the leaſt underſtood their ſubject; which is not ſurpriſing, ſince authors are generally ſpeculative men, and all knowledge of this kind entirely practical; wherefore he who has ſtudied Ariſtotle and Plato, Grotius and Puffendorff, in his cloſet, will be leſs acquainted with the arts of governing than the meaneſt attorney, or the loweſt alderman of the low-

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eſt corporation: theſe may probably make no ſmall proficiency in the ſcience; for all human buſineſs is miſerably ſimilar; the moſt auguſt ſenate being actuated by the ſame principles, and managed by the ſame arts as the moſt contemptible pariſh veſtry; the plot and conduct of the drama is much the ſame, the difference lies only in the addreſs and dignity of the actors.

Nations, like armies, have ever been governed by watch words, given out by their leaders for the uſe of the day: church and ſtate, liberty and property, trade and navigation, have all had their turns here, and done their buſineſs, without having had any meaning, or at leaſt without any that was underſtood by thoſe who moſt loudly and frequently repeated them.

If you can convince a great man that you are attached to him by paſt ſervices, he will ſerve you again; but if you can perſuade him that he is obliged to you, he will in all probability ſee you no more.

Man ſhould ever look upon himſelf as that center link of an immenſe chain of ſubordinate beings which ties the animal and rational parts of it together: from this conſideration he would receive much and material knowledge concerning the duties of his ſtation; he would learn how he ought to behave himſelf to thoſe inferior animals that are dependent on him, and what he may expect from

from ſuperior beings, on whom he is probably no leſs dependent himſelf.

What name ſhould we beſtow on a ſuperior being, whoſe whole exiſtence was employed, and whoſe ſole pleaſure conſiſted in terrifying, inſnaring, tormenting, and deſtroying mankind? who promoted their propagation merely to acquire more objects of perſecution, and preſerved their lives only to prolong their miſeries; whoſe ſuperior talents were exerted ſolely in fomenting hoſtilities among them, in contriving and furniſhing them with deſtructive weapons, and in teaching and encouraging them to uſe them in robbing and murdering each other; whoſe power was employed in aſſiſting the rapacious, deceiving the ſimple, and oppreſſing the innocent; who, day after day, without pity or remorſe, without advantage or provocation, ſhould thus purſue miſchief for diverſion, and be delighted in proportion to the miſeries he occaſioned? I ſay, what name could we find deteſtable enough for ſuch a being? yet let us conſider it impartially, and we ſhall find that, with regard to inferior creatures, juſt ſuch a being is a ſportſman.

Was a ſuperior being, who had never viſited this terreſtrial globe, informed by another who had, that it was inhabited by creatures called men, who, though well able to make themſelves, that is each other, happy, yet were perpetually labouring to introduce univerſal miſery by their mutual injuries;

that

that thouſands of theſe creatures were perpetually employed in plundering, ſtarving, maiming, and murdering each other; that they did and ſuffered all this in obedience to the commands of a few of the moſt wicked and worthleſs individuals of their own ſpecies, whom they neither knew or cared for, or perhaps ever ſaw; if he was told at the ſame time that theſe creatures were endued with reaſon, freewill, reflection, foreſight, and love of ſelfpreſervation, he would certainly look upon this information as the fictions of a traveller, and never be perſuaded that ſuch creatures could ever really exiſt in any part of the univerſe.

If that tenet of quakeriſm, that war is abſolutely unlawful, is not ſtrictly true, it is certainly very near it; for all wars muſt be unjuſt, and conſequently unlawful on one ſide, and they are moſt commonly ſo on both at their commencement, and always in their progreſs,

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

ON A

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE great object of a parliamentary reform I take to be this, to procure a parliament totally independent on the crown and its miniſters; in which no member ſhall be intimidated by power, ſeduced by hopes, or corrupted by intereſt: this ſeems at preſent to be the chief purſuit of all our political doctors; the grand ſpecific which alone can cure all our national diſorders, and reſtore our broken conſtitution to its original vigour.

On this important ſubject two queſtions offer themſelves for our conſideration; firſt, What are the moſt likely means to obtain ſuch a parliament; and ſecondly, What would be the effects of it if obtained.

For the firſt, innumerable have been the ſchemes preſented to the public by real and pretended patriots, that is, by thoſe who have more honeſty than ſenſe, and thoſe who have more

more ſenſe than honeſty. Some have been for ſhortening the duration of parliaments to three, and ſome to one year: ſome have recommended voting by ballot, as the moſt effectual method to put an end to bribery; others have diſapproved it as inconſiſtent with that open avowal which ought to accompany every act of a Britiſh freeman: ſome have propoſed to annihilate all the ſmall and corrupt boroughs, and to add the ſame number of repreſentatives which they now ſend to the ſeveral counties: ſome to add to the counties, and not to diſfranchiſe the boroughs; others to aboliſh the boroughs, without any addition to the counties: ſome to enlarge, and ſome to diminiſh the qualifications of the electors; and others to require no qualification at all, but to allow every man a vote, who is not diſqualified by nature, for want of reaſon, or by law, for the commiſſion of ſome crime: but as very few have agreed in any of theſe propoſitions, and no one has been able to form any ſatisfactory plan out of them all, I ſhall not here enter into any diſcuſſion of their merits, or make any compariſon between them; but ſhall only ſay, that of all theſe plans, that of giving a right of voting univerſally, together with annual elections, appears to be the moſt uniform, conſiſtent, and effectual: it has indeed one capital defect, which is, that it is abſolutely and utterly impracticable; but I do not mention this

as

as an objection, ſo far from it, that I think it is its chief excellence, and is what induces me to prefer it to all the reſt.

To be convinced of the impracticability of this ſcheme, let us figure to ourſelves multitudes of all deſcriptions and denominations called out to exerciſe their right of voting, inflamed by conteſt and intoxicated by liquor; labourers and manufacturers of every kind, above and under ground; weavers from their looms, and miners from their tinneries and coal pits; ſailors from their ſhips, and ſoldiers from their quarters; to whom we muſt add, thouſands of thieves, ſmugglers, rogues, vagabonds, and vagrants: I ſay, let us figure to ourſelves all theſe reſpectable electors let looſe in one day throughout every part of the kingdom, and ſuch a ſcene of confuſion, of drunkenneſs and riot, of rapine, murder, and conflagration, will preſent itſelf, as muſt ſhock us with horror, even in imagination.

Nor would it be poſſible to carry on, or ever to conclude elections in which the voters are ſo innumerable, and conſequently ſo unknown. They muſt be polled in one of theſe two ways; they muſt either be admitted only to vote in the pariſhes to which they belong, or permitted to be polled in whatever place they happened, or choſe to be at the time of the election: ſhould the firſt of theſe methods be adopted, the acceptance or rejection of every vote might be attended with the trial of a ſettlement,

tlement, and counſel learned in the law be heard on both ſides: if the latter, crowds ſo numerous, and ſo unknown to the candidates, and all whom they could employ to poll them, would preſs into every place, where money and liquor flowed in the greateſt abundance; that the chief part of them might vote in ten different places, or ten times in the ſame place undiſcovered; and if theſe elections were annual, one could not be finiſhed before the other began.

Another reaſon which perſuades me that this ſcheme is impracticable, is, that I cannot foreſee any claſs of men whoſe intereſt or inclination would not induce them to oppoſe it: the landed gentleman would not much approve, that every pauper, gypſey, vagrant, and leaſt of all every poacher ſhould enjoy as great a ſhare in the legiſlature as himſelf; the city of London will never conſent that every drayman, hackney-coachman, and chimney-ſweeper, ſhould be veſted with as good a vote as the lord mayor and aldermen, nor the livery be deſirous of admitting ſo numerous an addition to their reſpectable fraternity: the corporations throughout the kingdom, will never ſubmit to have their conſequence annihilated by a participation of their privileges with ſo innumerable a multitude; nor do I think that very multitude, or the people at large, would be extremely zealous to ſupport it: at firſt, indeed, when they are told, that they ſhall all be legiſlators,

lators, obliged to obey no laws but of their own making, nor pay any taxes but of their own impoſing, and that every one of them ſhall have as good a vote for a parliament man as the Squire or the parſon, and recollect that this vote has ever been as good as ready money; they will perhaps be a little elated and delighted with their new acquiſition; but when they are better informed, and underſtand, that the intent of this ſcheme is to prevent all bribery and corruption, and will preclude them from receiving one ſhilling or one dram of gin for their votes, they will reject this uſeful donation with contempt; and there will not be a tinker, who will not chooſe rather to mend a kettle for ſixpence, than the conſtitution for nothing, nor a labourer, who will not make faggots rather than laws, nor a pick-pocket, who will not prefer the exerciſe of his profeſſion at an election to giving his vote.

But was this ſcheme of univerſal repreſentation, or any other of the propoſed plans of reformation practicable, and purſued, certain I am, that they would not in the leaſt contribute to the great end, which is the formation of an independent parliament, becauſe reaſon does not perſuade me, that electors the moſt ignorant and profligate, the moſt neceſſitous and venal, would return members more incorrupt than the preſent; nor does experience teach me, that ten or twenty conſtituents would chuſe repreſentatives leſs able or leſs honeſt than

than ten or twenty thouſand. I am firmly convinced, both by reaſon and long experience, that no alteration in the mode of election, or in the electors themſelves, would produce any change in the elected; in them lies the ſource of the evil, which no external application can approach: whether they are choſen by a greater or a leſs number, by counties or boroughs, by the rich or by the poor, by ballot, or by audible voices, the parliament, when aſſembled, will be juſt the ſame; different modes of election may make ſome difference in the trouble and expence of the candidates, and may differently affect the morals of the people, and the peace of the country, but will make no difference in the repreſentative body when brought together, and it is of little ſignification by what means they come there: the majority of any legiſlative aſſembly, conſiſting of five hundred and fifty members, in the ſame circumſtances and ſituation, will infallibly act in the ſame manner; if their ſituations differ, their proceedings will differ with them. In the weakneſs of infant ſtates, and in perilous times, they will be more intent on the ſafety of the community, becauſe their own is immediately included in it; but when the danger is removed, they will be more influenced by the views of intereſt and ambition, they will ſplit into factions and parties, and liſt under contending leaders, and ſometimes prefer their intereſt or their own to that of their

their country. Their corruption will always increaſe in proportion to their power, becauſe they have more to ſell and are more neceſſary to be bought. Thoſe who cannot make ſhift with ſuch a parliament, muſt have none, becauſe it is impoſſible for any mode of election, or ſpecies of electors, to chooſe a better, unleſs they could make men, as well as members.

Let us now ſee what would be the effects of this independent parliament, if obtained. By an independent parliament, in the language of the preſent times, is to be underſtood a parliament in which the majority would oppoſe any adminiſtration: now no arguments are neceſſary to prove, that with ſuch a parliament no public buſineſs whatever could be tranſacted, nor any government ſubſiſt. But it will be ſaid, this is not what is wiſhed for, but one in which the members ſhall be always ready to ſupport the meaſures of miniſters, when right, and to reſiſt them when wrong, unawed, and uninfluenced, and guided only by the dictates of their own judgment and conſcience. This indeed is what every wiſe man would deſire, but no wiſe man will expect to ſee, as no ſuch aſſembly, if numerous, ever exiſted in this or in any other country, from the beginning of the world to the preſent hour, nor ever can, unleſs mankind were melted down, and run in a new mould: as they are now formed, in every numerous aſſembly there

muſt be ſome who have no judgment, and others who have no conſcience, and ſome who have neither: take away ſelf-intereſt, and all theſe will have no ſtar to ſteer by, but muſt ſail without a compaſs, juſt as the gales of favour, or reſentment, of popular abſurdity, or their own ſhall direct them; a miniſter therefore muſt be poſſeſſed of ſome attractive influence, to enable him to draw together theſe diſcordant particles, and unite them in a firm and ſolid majority, without which he can purſue no meaſures of public utility with ſteadineſs or ſucceſs. An independent Houſe of Commons is no part of the Engliſh conſtitution, the excellence of which conſiſts in being compoſed of three powers, mutually dependent on each other: of theſe, if any one was to become independent of the other two, it muſt engroſs the whole power to itſelf, and the form of our government would be immediately changed. This an independent Houſe of Commons actually performed in the laſt century, murdered the king, annihilated the peers, and eſtabliſhed the worſt kind of democracy that ever exiſted; and the ſame confuſion would infallibly be repeated, ſhould we ever be ſo unfortunate as to ſee another.

A numerous aſſembly uninfluenced is as much a creature of the imagination, as a griffin or a dragon; the one created by the poets, the other by ignorant or deſigning politicians. Parliaments have ever been influenced,

and by that means our conſtitution has ſo long ſubſiſted; but the end and nature of that influence is perpetually miſrepreſented and miſunderſtood. They are ſeldom, very ſeldom, bribed to injure their country, becauſe it is ſeldom the intereſt of miniſters to injure it; but the great ſource of corruption is, that they will not ſerve it for nothing. Men get into parliament, in purſuit of power, honours, and preferments, and until they obtain them, determine to obſtruct all buſineſs, and to diſtreſs government; but happily for their country, they are no ſooner gratified, than they are equally zealous to promote the one, and ſupport the other.

Upon the whole, under the ſame mode of elections, and under parliaments not leſs influenced than the preſent, this nation has not only ſubſiſted for many years, but arrived at the ſummit of wealth, honour, power, and dominion, and might ſtill have preſerved them, if the means of that influence had been ſufficient to ſatisfy the demands of ambition, and the hunger of faction. But even now, if we ſurvey the condition of every country on the globe, and compare it with our own, we ſhall find abundant reaſon to be contented: there are in it ſome evils, and much good, which is the utmoſt which any human inſtitution will admit of. We have, indeed, too much oratory, too much liberty, too much debt, and too many taxes; but then we have plenty,

ty, and may have peace, if we pleaſe: we have ſecurity to our perſons and properties, and excellent laws, juſtly, though not very cheaply, adminiſtered; we have a parliament not worſe, and a king a great deal better than we deſerve, and therefore I ſhall conclude with the words of Shakeſpear,

'Tis better ſure, to bear the ills we know,
Than fly to others, which we know not of.

A

SCHEME

FOR THE

COALITION OF PARTIES.

1782.

OBSERVING it ſeveral times announced in the papers, that a certain able politician would ſhortly oblige the world with a Scheme for the Coalition of all Parties: I have long waited with much impatience for a ſight of ſo deſirable a work, from ſo eminent a hand; but having been hitherto diſappointed, I thought I could not employ a few leiſure hours more beneficially for my country, than in adding my inconſiderable endeavours for the diſcovery of this important ſecret; and that, the more heads were employed in a deſign ſo uſeful, the ſooner, and the more compleatly, it would be finiſhed. If the ſcheme of that ingenious gentleman ſhould exactly correſpond with

with mine, much weight will be added to my propoſal; but if they ſhould differ in a few particulars, the impartial and infallible public may take their choice.

I ſhall not here follow the example of our modern reformers, civil and eccleſiaſtical, in pulling down without rebuilding, complaining without redreſſing, and oppoſing without propoſing; but ſhall offer a plain and ſimple ſcheme, which I am ſure will be effectual, and hope will be unexceptionable to men of all parties, connexions, and denominations; as it cannot fail to promote all their intereſts, as well as that of the public.

Before I preſumed to preſcribe, I thought it right to inveſtigate the cauſe of the diſeaſe; and therefore have diligently enquired whether our preſent diſſentions have ariſen, as formerly, from any differences of opinions, or any contradictory articles in our political creeds; but, on the ſtricteſt examination, I can find no ſuch differences to exiſt: parties I ſee many, but cannot diſcern one principle amongſt them; they are neither Whigs nor Tories, Monarchymen nor Republicans, High-church nor Low-church, Hanoverians nor Jacobites: they have all acted alternately on all theſe principles, as they have ſerved a preſent occaſion; but have adhered to none of them, nor even pretended to profeſs them: they have all been ready to ſupport government, whenever they have enjoyed the adminiſtration of it; and almoſt all

as

as ready to ſubvert it, whenever they were excluded. I ſee few, very few, who have formed the moſt diſtant intentions of deſtroying the government, or changing the conſtitution of this country; but, I am afraid, I ſee as few, who ſcruple to plunge them both into the moſt imminent danger, rather than be ſtopped in the wild career of their headlong ambition: from whence it appears to me plainly demonſtrable, that all our preſent diſſentions are nothing more than an outrageous conteſt for power and profit, there being no other cauſe from whence they can poſſibly be derived. He, therefore, who can point out a method to put an end to this conteſt, need enquire no farther; the work is done, and a cordial and laſting coalition will immediately enſue.

In order to qualify myſelf for this taſk, and forming ſuch a coalition, I have endeavoured to recollect all the plans, which have hitherto been offered in writing or converſation, for this purpoſe; and I cannot remember one, that contained any thing more, than this ſhort propoſal, to diſmiſs all at that time in adminiſtration, and to admit the propoſer and his friends into their places, which he always calls a coalition, and recommends as the only method to reſtore concord to a nation, which he fails not to repreſent as much out of humour as himſelf. Although this plan may probably be perfectly right, as it has been univerſally adopted by all parties in their turns; yet it has

has of late been tried with ſo little ſucceſs, that I would by no means have it repeated, and therefore it ſhall make no part of my propoſal.

I have likewiſe conſulted ſome of the moſt indigent, thinking them the moſt diſintereſted, patriots, ſtruggling for that liberty and property of which they themſelves enjoy ſo ſmall a ſhare, whoſe ſentiments therefore had great weight with me on this important ſubject: but theſe all unanimouſly agree, that no concord, or coalition, can or ought to take place, until an effectual place-bill and annual parliaments ſhall be eſtabliſhed; that theſe, and theſe alone, can put an end to our diſſentions, by extirpating venality and corruption, and reſtoring to us an independent and honeſt repreſentation; but ſo dull am I of apprehenſion, that the ſalutary effects of theſe regulations do not appear to me quite ſo clear; becauſe, though I know that honeſty will make men independent, yet I do not ſee that independence will them honeſt; nor that a parliament, if not honeſt, will be the leſs dangerous for being independent. Nor can I comprehend, that multiplying corrupt elections will put an end to corruption; nor that the more frequent returns of expenſive conteſts will promote the choice of thoſe who have the leaſt money to ſpend; nor, if ſuch ſhould be choſen, that they would be more independent becauſe they were poorer, and conſequently had more wants to be ſatisfied: all

this may be very good logic, but it does not ſtrike very forcibly on my underſtanding; and therefore neither of theſe regulations ſhall be admitted into my ſyſtem.

I ſhall preſcribe no remedies for national diſorders, the effects of which I am not able to anſwer for, which perhaps after a long circuit through every veſſel of the body politic may produce conſequences directly contrary to my intentions; and, inſtead of curing the preſent complaints, render them much worſe, or produce a new diſeaſe, more dangerous and more difficult to conquer: I ſhall rather ſtrike at once at the great root of all political evils, which every one knows is the miniſtry itſelf; and therefore, inſtead of recommending annual parliaments, I ſhall propoſe an annual adminiſtration; in which ſingle regulation my whole ſcheme is comprehended, and which I would have conſtituted in the following manner.

On the firſt day of every ſeſſion of parliament, before any buſineſs ſhould be proceeded on, an urn or box ſhould be placed on the table of each houſe, in which ſhould be depoſited ſmall pieces of paper, inſcribed with the names of all the great offices in the ſtate, houſhold, treaſury, and admiralty, and ſealed up with the greateſt ſecrecy and care, the names of thoſe offices which are uſually appropriated to the members of each houſe being put into their reſpective boxes. I would then propoſe, that

that a committee of thirty from the peers, and one hundred from the commons, of their moſt conſiderable members, ſhould be choſen by ballot, or the whole be admitted, if that ſhould give more ſatisfaction, who ſhould draw out theſe tickets from the urns or boxes, and immediately take poſſeſſion of whatever poſt fortune ſhould thus fling into their hands, and keep it umoleſted and irremoveable during the next enſuing year, their commiſſions being made out accordingly: as to all inferior places, they ſhould remain in the ſame hands, to prevent any confuſion or interruption in the buſineſs of the public, until they become vacant by deaths or promotions, and then they ſhould be filled up by the principals in each department for the time being; by which means they will all have equal opportunities of providing for their friends and adherents, who will not then be very numerous, or much wanted, when offices are attainable only by the foregoing method.

This ſcheme neceſſarily puts an end to all conteſts for power and profit, and with them to venality, corruption, and all our political diſeaſes, which are but their unavoidable conſequences: when nothing can be obtained by contention, we ſhall contend no more; peace and harmony will return, and this much-fought-for coalition immediately be effected. It is alſo, like all other great diſcoveries, ſo ſimple and obvious a remedy, that it is not a little

a little ſurpriſing that it ſhould not have been before hit upon by ſome of thoſe numerous ſtate phyſicians, who daily ſtudy, and preſcribe to the national conſtitution.

But, in order the better to explain its operations, and ſhew its ſalutary effects, I ſhall conſider it under the following heads; how it will affect the king, how the adminiſtration, how the oppoſition, and how the nation. And here I beg leave to premiſe, that by theſe I would not be underſtood to mean thoſe only who now fill thoſe ſituations, but all kings, adminiſtrations, and oppoſitions, that do, or ſhall at any time exiſt hereafter.

Firſt then as to the king; I am ſenſible that this ſcheme will rob him of one of the choiceſt of his prerogatives, the diſpoſal of all offices of truſt and profit; wiſely, as ſome have thought, placed in his royal hands by the conſtitution for the moſt ſalutary purpoſes; though improperly in the opinion of others, to whoſe ſhare none of them have fallen; therefore I ſhould by no means adviſe, that ſo capital and ſo hazardous an alteration ſhould be made permanent by law, but only tried for a few years, as an experiment, whoſe conſequences cannot be well aſcertained until they become viſible by practice. But, however it may affect the rights of the crown, it will certainly relieve the poſſeſſor from innumerable troubles; the jewel here taken away is indeed one of its richeſt, yet it is one of the heavieſt loads on the head

of

of the wearer, and cannot fail to convert it into a crown of thorns. It is indeed a prodigious power; which ſerves only to make the many ſolicitors who muſt be refuſed angry, and the few who are obliged ungrateful: it is indeed a pre-eminence of royalty, but it is a painful pre-eminence; and to relinquiſh it, would be an eſcape from moſt of the diſquietudes which attend that exalted but uneaſy ſituation. Could this be done, a wiſe, a juſt, and virtuous prince would no longer lie under the diſagreeable neceſſity of preferring knaves for their intrigues, profligates for their abilities, and fools for their connexions; nor any more be moleſted with addreſſes, remonſtrances, and petitions; for no excluded party, if my ſcheme was eſtabliſhed, would ever addreſs to remove an adminiſtration, which, like a butterfly, could ſurvive but one ſeaſon; none would remonſtrate againſt grievances, which, by their acquiſition of places, would all be very ſoon redreſſed; nor petition to diſſolve a parliament, which will probably fall ready made into their own hands in the courſe of a few months.

From miniſters in poſſeſſion only I expect objections; but, if they would conſider how greatly this ſcheme will contribute to their own eaſe and advantage, objects to which they uſually pay ſome regard, they cannot, I think, refuſe it their concurrence: for whenever they ſhall be ſo fortunate as by this means to

get

get into power, they will be ſure to keep it for a whole twelve-month; and not only keep it, but keep it unmoleſted by all oppoſition: for, when power is thus placed in the hands of Fortune, ſhe alone can be blamed for the unſucceſsful efforts of ambition, and the diſappointment of men's own imaginary merit. This will exempt all miniſters from the moſt diſagreeable embarraſſments of their office; they will no longer be obliged to neglect their ſupporters, and promote their adverſaries, nor to reward every one in proportion as they abuſe them; a conduct, which though habit, I know, renders leſs painful than might be imagined; yet muſt ever be inconvenient, becauſe it cannot fail to create new adverſaries, and new abuſes. They will no longer be dependent on the caprice of a miſtreſs or a favourite, nor even on the will of their ſovereign himſelf; nor will they be diſtreſſed, if they ſhould be ſo uncommonly unfortunate, as to have to deal with a prince, who has not one vice, attachment, or prejudice, by the indulgence of which he can be either purchaſed or controuled. They will no longer be obliged to court the humours, or ſatisfy the demands of an inſatiable parliament; nor reduced to the humiliating neceſſity of frequent applications to recruit the revenues of the civil liſt, exhauſted by corrupting men to be honeſt, and paying them for that ſupport to government, for which their own intereſt and duty ought

to

to have been ſufficient inducements; and whenever they are diſplaced by this rotation, they can have no cauſe to be angry, and therefore cannot be tempted to diſgrace themſelves, by inliſting immediately into oppoſition, by unſaying all they have ſaid, undoing all they have done, defeating every meaſure which they had adopted, and ſacrificing their principles and characters to gratify their reſentments. As they will have little to promiſe, and leſs to beſtow, they will be little troubled with thoſe two worſt ſpecies of perſecutors, their friends, and their enemies; they will no longer be baited in ſenates, reviled in newspapers, and inſulted in the ſtreets; and both their promiſes and their windows will be leſs frequently broken; in ſhort, they will oftener be able to dine as regularly, to ſleep as quietly, and walk as ſecurely, as the moſt inſignificant man in the kingdom. I ſhall add but one other inducement to prevail on miniſters to agree to my propoſal; an inducement, which perhaps they may think too inconſiderable to be mentioned; which is this, that by it they will be placed in a ſituation, in which they may be capable of doing ſome ſervice to their country; in which they may enjoy leiſure and quiet, ſufficient to enable them to form and execute ſome plans for the regulation of our police, the re-eſtabliſhment of our government, and payment of our debts; all which, in their preſent ſtate of being pillo-

ried

ried and pelted, are utterly impracticable. If there ſhould be any in adminiſtration, who are ſkilled in, or fond of play, their patronage I may ſurely depend on, as my ſcheme will afford them a new and entertaining game, in which Fortune will be the diſpoſer of all good things; a lady, with whom they have had ſo long an intimacy, and with whom they may be preſumed to have no inconſiderable intereſt.

To the oppoſition, I think, few arguments need be uſed, to perſuade them to ſupport a ſcheme ſo manifeſtly calculated for their advantage; which will immediately extricate them from a laborious and unprofitable ſituation, and give them an equal chance with others of acquiring the moſt honourable and profitable offices in the ſtate, of which at preſent they ſeem to have no chance at all. Whenever they ſhall be ſo lucky, as to be elected by this means into power, they will then enjoy all the benefits which I have juſt now enumerated, in the ſituation of miniſters; and whenever they ſhall be unfortunately excluded, their condition even then will be much preferable to their preſent; for they will be delivered from the troubleſome and barren occupation of fruitleſs oppoſition, which will then exiſt no more: they will therefore no longer be obliged to toil and ſweat, whole days and nights, in ſupporting queſtions, which they diſapprove: and motions, which they neither

expect

expect nor wiſh to carry; they will no more be obliged to expend their own fortunes in forming clubs, cementing factions, fomenting tumults, and purchaſing petitions, on the bare poſſibility of being ſome time or other reimburſed by the public. They will no longer be compelled to deceive the people, whoſe intereſts they regard; to debaſe the character, and abandon the privileges of both houſes of parliament, of which they are members: or to inſult the Sovereign, whom they love and honour, and whoſe favour is their principal purſuit; nor, if all theſe ſhould fail, to call in a patriotic plague, famine, or war, to their aſſiſtance: this conduct, I know, is ſtrictly juſtifiable, from neceſſity, and fidelity to connections, and warranted by precedents innumerable and immemorial; but yet, on reflexion, muſt certainly be diſagreeable to honeſt and ingenuous minds. Beſides an exemption from theſe Herculean labours, they will acquire, even during their excluſion, no inconſiderable pecuniary advantage; for the reverſionary chance of a lucrative place in the choice of next year will fetch no contemptible ſum in the preſent; and I doubt not, as ſoon as my ſcheme ſhall be eſtabliſhed, will be as exactly calculated, and as readily done at Jonathan's, as a Lottery Ticket, or Bank or India Stock, for the open-

ing.

Let

Let us now ſee how this my ſcheme will affect the nation. And here I diſcern a moſt agreeable proſpect; for I ſee an end to all parliamentary conteſts, the offſpring of ſelf-intereſt, and parent of corruption; and with it an end to all thoſe factions and diſcontents, thoſe miſconducts and misfortunes, which have divided and diſtreſſed this country for above half a century:

" *Hâc fonte derivata clades*
" *In patriam populumque fluxit.*"

From this impure ſource they have all proceeded; from this has every calamity iſſued, that has overflowed the land: it was this that produced a Spaniſh war in the year 1739, which produced a French war, which after a ſhort peace produced another French, another Spaniſh, a German, and American war; theſe produced a national debt of one hundred and fifty millions, with innumerable and never-ceaſing taxes to defray their intereſt; theſe have produced loans, jobbs, contracts, and all manner of plunder; theſe have produced private riches and public poverty, which have produced high price of proviſions, dearneſs of labour, complaints of manufacturers, luxury and idleneſs, riots and tumults, with all thoſe numerous grievances, which the nation really feels, or fancies

that ſhe feels, from her preſent nervous diſpoſition.

All theſe, I queſtion not, will be prevented in future by my propoſal; to which I have never heard any objections, except the two following, which I ſhall endeavour to anſwer.

Firſt, that theſe annual changes in adminiſtration will occaſion ſuch continual changes in meaſures, that no ſyſtem, foreign or domeſtic, could be purſued with ſteadineſs and effect. To this I reply, that, under the preſent mode of government, this muſt certainly be the conſequence of ſuch frequent changes; but, under the regulations of my ſcheme, they will have no ſuch operations; becauſe the new miniſtry, being introduced without conteſt, will be under no neceſſity of counteracting every meaſure which had been adopted by the old: they will not be mortgaged to old connexions and old animoſities, nor embarraſſed by old principles and old profeſſions; and therefore they will not be obliged in honour to involve the nation in a war, becauſe the laſt miniſtry had concluded a peace; nor to relinquiſh taxes of which they might avail themſelves, becauſe they had formerly voted againſt them; nor to wink at libels, and indulge riots, becauſe they had once been uſeful; nor to ruin themſelves by the ſame arts by which they had ruined their predeceſſors, to prove the conſiſtency of their conduct.

This

This rotation of miniſters will therefore be ſo far from changing ſyſtems, that it will contribute very much to continue them: for, if any one adminiſtration ſhould happen to fix upon any one ſyſtem, the reſt, having no inducement to alter it, will probably purſue it in preference to the trouble of finding out another. But if the worſt ſhould happen, and no ſyſtem at all be purſued, the nation perhaps might not ſuffer ſo much as may be imagined; for what ſyſtem can we remember to have been ever ſtrictly adhered to in this country, except this, that oppoſition ſhould do miſchief, and miniſters embarraſſed by a perpetual warfare do nothing; and yet under this we have conſtantly gone on, improving in wealth, trade, liberty, power, and proſperity, to this hour.

The other is, that if all oppoſition is by this ſcheme put an end to, there will remain no check upon evil miniſters, and the people will be left a defenceleſs prey to their tyranny and rapacity. This, indeed, is a formidable objection; and ſo tenacious am I of the liberties of the people, and ſo jealous of the encroachments of miniſterial power, that, if I thought my propoſal would be attended with conſequences ſo fatal, I would inſtantly abandon it, in ſpite of all the parental fondneſs of a projector. But of this I cannot entertain the leaſt apprehenſions; for although it will deſtroy all oppoſition in parliament, where it is ſeldom honeſt, and always hurtful; yet it will leave

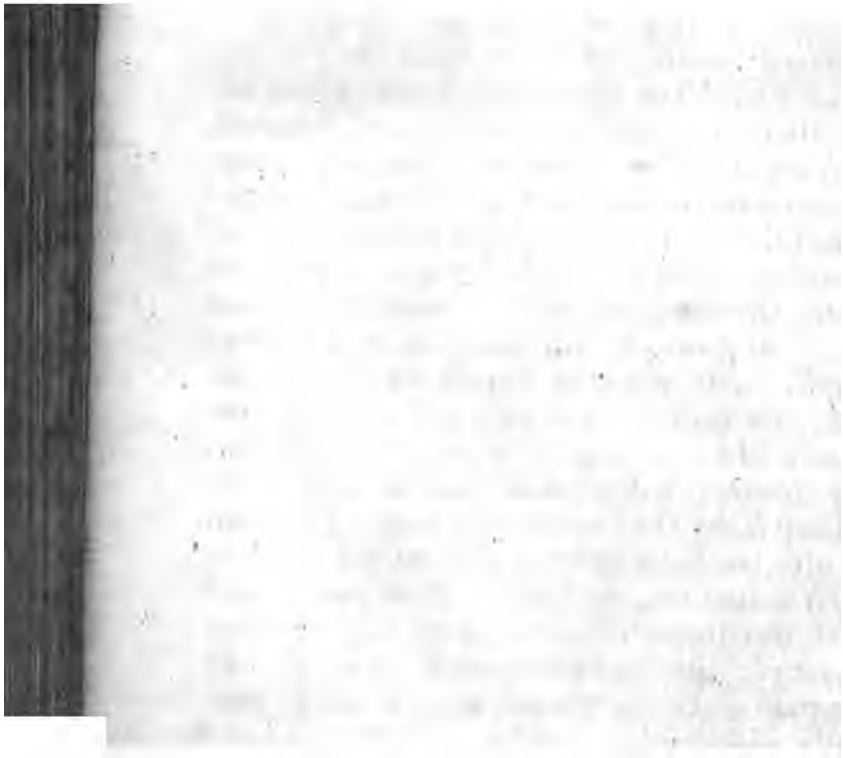
it in full vigour amongſt the people, where it is often honeſt, and ſeldom injurious to the public: enough of it will remain in the hearts and mouths of common-council-men, livery-men, and freeholders, to watch over the conduct of miniſters; here is its native ſoil, and here it ought always to be cultivated: but whenever it takes root amongſt the great, whenever it ſhoots up into courts, councils, and ſenates, it ſoon degenerates into ſelfiſh and angry factions, who under a pretended zeal for the welfare of the public, are contending only who ſhall firſt ſacrifice it to the mean ends of private ambition or avarice; for true Engliſh oppoſition to government is like that reſpectable animal the true Engliſh maſtiff, who, when permitted to prowl and roar about the yards and out-houſes, is a faithful, honeſt, and intrepid guardian; but, if admitted into the drawing-room, becomes a very offenſive and a very dangerous viſitor.

And here, by the bye, I cannot but applaud the honeſt ſagacity of that honourable ſociety, the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, who have declared eternal war with all great men, eſteeming them dangerous coadjutors in the cauſe of liberty, and wiſely concluding, that it is impoſſible that perſons poſſeſſed of exalted titles, vaſt property, and extenſive power, ſhould ever be in earneſt, in endeavouring to deſtroy their own ſuperiority, and the ſubordination of others.

Much

Much more might be urged in favour of my ſcheme; but I ſhall leave it to its own apparent merits for ſucceſs, and ſhall now conclude with this ſingle caution to my readers, not to imagine that there is any thing in the foregoing pages in the leaſt degree ludicrous; a caution which I think not altogether unneceſſary, from frequently obſerving, that plain truths, conciſely expreſſed, and brought home to mens minds, are apt to ſtrike on the very ſame chords in the human brain, which are peculiarly appropriated to wit and humour, and are therefore often miſtaken for them: for which reaſon, I forewarn all who ſhall peruſe this ſhort eſſay, againſt falling into this common error; and aſſure them, that, in theſe conſiderations on this ſerious ſubject, not any wit, nor any humour except good humour, is, or was ever intended to be, admitted; nor is the leaſt reflection deſigned on the conduct of any man, or ſet of men whatever: my ſcheme is ſolely founded on conjecture, ariſing from the known principles of human nature, which concludes that men will act in ſuch a manner, in ſuch circumſtances, and ſuch ſituations. It is not here aſſerted that any have ſo acted in ſuch ſituations; but only ſuppoſed, that the generality of mankind eternally will.

THOUGHTS



THOUGHTS

ON THE

NATIONAL DEBT.

NOtwithſtanding the practice of funding has prevailed in this country for a century, the nature and effects of a debt by this means contracted ſeem yet to be very imperfectly underſtood. The miniſters who have contracted it have always been ſatisfied with procuring what money they wanted on the beſt terms they could for the public, and have thought little of its conſequences, but have left them to the deciſion of time, accidents, and future adminiſtrations: the ableſt financiers have widely differed in their opinions concerning its nature and effects; ſome have conſidered it as a perſonal debt, his ſhare of which every individual of which the public is compoſed is obliged to diſcharge; others have looked upon it as a mortgage on all the landed property of the nation, and have computed the poſſible extenſion and duration in proportion to its approach to the ultimate value of that property; and hence as many æras have been fixed for the diſſolution

tion of the funds as for the end of the world; but happily the political and theological prophets have been equally miſtaken.

A few have viewed it with leſs terrible apprehenſions, and a very few indeed have ventured, in contradiction to the univerſal ſenſe of mankind, to aſſert, that it is the ſource of all our wealth, power, and proſperity.

From hence ſo many abſurdities, miſtakes, and miſrepreſentations are daily propagated, both in writings and converſation, concerning the nature and effects of the national debt, that I cannot forbear putting together a few plain thoughts on a ſubject which has been ſo much diſcuſſed and ſo little underſtood. I pretend to no abilities in financiering, and therefore ſhall not, like moſt of my predeceſſors, adorn my pages with long rows of figures, or puzzle my reader and myſelf with intricate calculations, but endeavour, as conciſely as poſſible, to explain the nature and effects of this debt in a manner agreeable to the dictates of reaſon and common ſenſe.

What has led moſt of thoſe who have employed their thoughts and pens on this ſubject into errors is this: They have conſtantly conſidered this national debt as ſimilar to a debt contracted between two private individuals, to which it bears not the leaſt reſemblance; the private debtor is obliged to pay his creditor, if his effects are ſufficient for that purpoſe; the public are under no obligation

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to pay theirs, becauſe they originally granted them no more than a perpetual and transferable annuity: the principal of a private debt is ſecured by law, though the intereſt cannot always be got without much difficulty and delay; the intereſt of the public debt is punctually diſcharged, but the principal cannot be demanded or obtained by any other means than by transferring it to another perſon for whatever price he ſhall be willing to give; the private debtor is poor in proportion to his debt, but the public is enriched by whatever it owes; the private debtor would be rich if his debts were diſcharged, but the nation would be impoveriſhed if hers were paid off. This much more reſembles a debt which a man might contract with himſelf, by borrowing out of one pocket and lending to another; but even from this it widely differs, becauſe, by ſuch a traffic a man could be neither richer nor poorer; though he could not be ruined, he could never be a gainer; whereas the nation, by borrowing too much, may poſſibly become a bankrupt; but in the mean time is inconceivably enriched.

All foreign nations, as well as ourſelves, have long been aſtoniſhed to ſee this country, not only ſupporting her credit, but encreaſing every year in wealth, commerce, population, luxury, and magnificence, during the whole accumulation of this enormous debt. But I am perſuaded, that if the nature and effects of

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it were clearly and properly underſtood, the miracle would ceaſe, and it would evidently appear, that all theſe improvements and acquiſitions are principally derived from the debt itſelf; and to prove this, I will begin by tracing the effects and conſequences of one million thus borrowed by government, by which thoſe of any greater number will become viſible in their due proportion.

We will ſuppoſe then, that adminiſtration find it neceſſary to fit out, man, and victual a fleet, to defray the expence of which, one million will be wanting; the public is obliged to borrow this ſum, and the ſeveral individuals, of whom that public is compoſed, are ready to lend it; ſo that here the public acts under a double character, that is, of a debtor and a creditor at the ſame time; as a body corporate ſhe borrows, and as a ſociety of individuals ſhe lends; that is, in fact, ſhe borrows of herſelf. A loan is now opened for this ſum at the rate of five per cent. and parliament impoſes taxes to defray the annual intereſt of fifty thouſand pounds. This is immediately filled, and the whole money paid into the treaſury, from whence it is ſoon iſſued out to pay the ſailors, and the various tradeſmen and artificers who are employed in the undertaking, the ſhipwright, the carpenter, the black-ſmiths, the ſail-makers, the painters, the caulkers, and the rope-makers, to which muſt be added, the brewers, the bakers, the farmer, and the grazier,

zier, with all thoſe by whom proviſions are produced or prepared. Theſe ſoon diffuſe it through all the occupations and profeſſions, the moſt remote from the original purpoſe for which it was borrowed, in which beneficial diſtribution they are not a little aſſiſted by the patriotic ſpirit of their wives and daughters, who take care that milliners, mantua-makers, ribbon-weavers, hair-dreſſers, dancing-maſters, and fidlers, ſhall have their ſhare; and thus the whole million quickly returns back to the public, that is, to the individuals who compoſe it. The public, therefore, cannot be the poorer for this loan, neither as a debtor or a creditor; as a debtor ſhe can loſe nothing, becauſe the whole intereſt of the debt is paid for her by a new tax, and as a creditor ſhe is a great gainer, becauſe the principal is ſoon refunded, and yet ſhe continues to receive the intereſt, which is therefore a clear acquiſition of fifty thouſand pounds a year.

But perhaps it may be aſked, from whence comes this fifty thouſand pounds a year? I anſwer, certainly from the ſame public who annually pay it, under the name of taxes, and receive it again under the denomination of intereſt. It does not, indeed, always return into the ſame pockets from whence it was extracted, and therefore ſome individuals in particular ſituations muſt be ſufferers; but the nation at large can never be impoveriſhed by a debt of this kind, to whatever extent it might be

be carried. It is a mill which may be for ever worked with the ſame ſtream of wealth, without any diminution, provided no part of it is diverted into a foreign channel, from whence it returns no more. Some of it is ſo diverted to pay intereſt to thoſe foreigners who have depoſited their money in our funds; but even by this we can be no loſers, as we are in poſſeſſion of their principal, which we ſhall never repay, the uſe of which is of much greater value than the intereſt.

Thus far it has been clearly proved, that the wealth of this country cannot be in the leaſt impaired by the debt; but on further examination it will appear as clearly, that it is greatly increaſed, and that our preſent unexampled opulence is principally derived from this ſource which it cauſes, by enabling us to circulate ſuch prodigious ſums as the principal and intereſt of our enormous debt. The circulation of money is money, and ſo much, that it cannot be computed by any calculation. We every day ſee bankers living not only in affluence but magnificence, building palaces and purchaſing eſtates, by the ſole profits of capitals very inconſiderable continually circulated, and ſome by circulating the wealth of others, without any capital at all. A few thouſand pounds diffuſed through the various occupations and profeſſions of a ſmall town will maintain all the families of which it is compoſed better than the ſame ſum would ſupport one family

mily if it remained unemployed in the hands of a ſingle perſon. The butcher and the baker feed the taylor and the draper, who cloaths them in return; the farmer employs the carpenter, the bricklayer, and the labourer, and they aſſiſt him by conſuming part of his crop; the parſon maintains a wife and ſix children, and the attorney builds a houſe and buys land, and they are all paid in their turns by the perpetual rotation of the ſame money. If, then, the circulating a ſmall ſum within ſuch narrow limits can do all this, what will not the circulation of ſo many millions be able to effect in the hands of a great and powerful nation, when employed in improving commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, and the extenſion of plunder and rapine over the moſt remote regions of the globe?

There is, beſides, one circumſtance which has greatly contributed to ſupport us under this vaſt load of debt and accumulation of intereſt, which has been little, if at all obſerved, though well worthy of obſervation; which, therefore, I ſhall endeavour to explain. The principal of this debt cannot be demanded, and will never be repaid, and for that reaſon cannot materially affect us. The intereſt, which muſt be punctually diſcharged every year, is the only load under which we labour, but the preſſure of this is greatly alleviated by its own conſequences and operations, as thus:—For every million borrowed by government at five per cent.

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an intereſt is annually paid of fifty thouſand pounds; this is every year received by the creditors, and expended by them in purchaſing all the neceſſaries, conveniencies, and luxuries of life, which are all heavily taxed; by this income they are enabled to build houſes, to keep coaches, ſervants, and horſes, and are conſequently obliged to pay the houſe tax, the window tax, the coach tax, the ſervants tax, and the horſe tax; by this they are enabled to conſume larger quantities of wine, beer, tea, brandy, coals, ſoap, and candles, with innumerable other articles, ſome of which pay duties equal, and ſome ſuperior to their original values. This brings into the treaſury a new and additional income, perhaps nearly ſufficient to diſcharge the intereſt of the new loan, which never could have come in if this million had never been borrowed.

But it may be ſaid, if the proprietors of theſe loans pay annually as much in taxes as they receive in intereſt, how are they richer, or able to expend more money on theſe various articles than they would be if they neither paid the one or received the other, and there were no debt, taxes, or intereſt at all? I anſwer, becauſe if there were none, no ſuch quantity of money as they now poſſeſs would exiſt, and conſequently they could not expend it. It is theſe and the circulation of them that create this wealth, which, though fictitious, anſwers all the purpoſes of real caſh, and is therefore of equal

equal value. Our debt is in fact our riches, the greater it is the more we can expend, and the more we owe, the eaſier we find it to borrow, becauſe there is more to be lent. However paradoxical theſe propoſitions may ſeem, they are undoubtedly true, and are confirmed by long practice and daily experience, the ſureſt guides in political inquiries.

To be ſatisfied of their truth, we need only look back on the pecuniary ſtate of this country before the commencement of our national debt, and we ſhall ſee that, compared with our preſent ſuperabundant opulence, there was no money, and that our power, grandeur, and riches have gradually increaſed in proportion to the intereſt of that debt, which puts me in mind of what one Iriſhman ſaid of another, that once he knew him a poor fellow with ſcarce a coat to his back, though he was now grown a great rich man, and owed ten thouſand pounds. As there was then but very little property except land, the landed gentleman was much richer, that is, ſtood higher in the ſcale of comparative riches than he ſtands at preſent; but he had no money nor wanted much; he lived upon the productions of his own eſtate, in a plentiful but ſlovenly hoſpitality. If once in half a year the hard hands of his tenants brought him a few guineas, they were all owing long before they came, and the carpenter, the bricklayer, the taylor and the ſhopkeeper were all waiting in the hall for their arrival, anxious

anxious to ſeize them before they eſcaped. He ſeldom went farther from home than to a club or a ſeſſions, and then he was obliged to take up half a guinea, on account of rent, to defray his expences. If a Scotch pedlar came into the yard, the whole family were in as great an uproar as the dogs, ſurveyed the contents of his opened pack with longing eyes, but could not raiſe caſh amongſt them ſufficient to purchaſe a dozen or two of pocket handkerchiefs, or a few ſmocks for the miſſes. A ſilk gown never ſaw day-light except on Sundays. The High Sheriff's laced waiſtcoat was preſerved amongſt the family archives, and the wedding coach wheeled ſlowly through the dirt for three generations. A ſcarcity of money was viſible over the whole face of the country; the waſtes were uncultivated, the marſhes undrained, the roads almoſt impaſſible, and the conveyances tedious and uncomfortable. The metropolis, compared with the preſent was of ſmall extent; the ſtreets were narrow, ill-paved, ill lighted, few coaches or chairs, few places of public amuſement, no bankers ſhops, except of working goldſmiths, and, had there been any, no caſh to be depoſited in them. None but ſome of the firſt nobility had houſes; the country gentleman ſeldom or never came to town, unleſs he was ſent a repreſentative to parliament, and then in the ſtage coach, unaccompanied by his wife and family,

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to a lodging up three pair of ſtairs, in ſome obſcure ſtreet, for want of money to procure a better; and the miniſter had none to give him.

Let us now take a view of the aſtoniſhing contraſt of our preſent opulence and luxury, which has gradually grown up and kept pace with our debt. The landed gentleman, fitted by education for ſome honourable and lucrative profeſſion, is no longer to be found amidſt the dirt and penury of the country, but appears with affluence and dignity in the character of a general or admiral, a judge or a biſhop; our commerce is extended, and our manufactures improved; our lands are better cultivated, and our people in every rank of life better fed, clothed, and lodged, than in any former period. Our roads throughout every part of the kingdom are gravel walks, furniſhed with carriages and poſt horſes at every ſtage always ready to receive travellers, who are always ready to fill them, and have money in their pockets ſufficient to pay them. Our inns are palaces, in which we are ſure to find a variety of wines and proviſions of the beſt kinds, beds and ſophas, plate, linen, china, with every elegant accommodation promiſed by their external appearance; even thoſe of inferior rank are not deficient in every convenience and comfort; have a ſcreen, a carpet, and

and a mahogany table in every room, and good fowls and mutton in the larder. Our metropolis has ſpread itſelf over ſome thouſands of acres, covered with wide ſtreets and ſpacious ſquares, adorned with churches, palaces, hoſpitals, and bridges; ſtreets, courts, and alleys are all full of ſhops, theſe ſhops full of cuſtomers, and theſe cuſtomers full of money. Plays, operas, oratorios, and concerts, are exhibited every night, and all to audiences ſo crowded, that multitudes are turned back, with half guineas in their hands, unable to obtain admiſſion. Thouſands are collected from the idle and extravagant for ſeeing dogs, horſes, men, and monkies perform feats of activity, and in ſome places, for the privilege only of ſeeing one another. Players, ſingers, and muſicians, are rewarded with a ridiculous profuſion; an actor on the ſtage receives as much as one in the ſenate; and a fidler of the firſt eminence acquires as good an income as a lord of the treaſury. Our houſes are filled with the richeſt furniture, and adorned with pictures and ſtatues of the higheſt price; our ſideboards are covered with plate, our tables with delicacies, our ſervants with lace, and our wives with diamonds. All theſe infallible marks of riches have commenced and progreſſively increaſed with our debt, and are therefore undoubtedly derived from it. No ſmall part indeed

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of them have flowed in from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies; but theſe ought alſo to be placed to the ſame account; becauſe, without the aid of this fictitious wealth, we could never have ſo far extended our commerce or our conqueſts.

It may be ſaid, that, although we allow this fictitious wealth may have been of internal advantage to this country, this cannot give us any comparative ſuperiority over the other nations; becauſe they may all adopt the ſame method of creating riches, and receive from it the ſame benefits. I anſwer, it is not true; becauſe nations who lie under the preſſure of a deſpotic government, and have little commerce, cannot borrow money on the ſame terms, nor acquire the ſame profit by the circulation of it if they could. For inſtance, we ſee the German ſtates do not and cannot contract any conſiderable debts, becauſe their own ſubjects have no money to lend, and foreigners will not place their property in funds, where their ſecurity may be annihilated in a moment by the miſconduct of a miniſter, or the edict of a prince. The ſame reaſons operate in a proportional degree with regard to France, who, though vaſtly ſuperior to Great Britain in extent both of dominion and revenue, could not ſtand under a debt of equal weight; and I am perſuaded that, at the preſent juncture, if compelled

by a neceſſity, which I hope will never arrive, this country would be able to add as many millions to her debt as would throw France into a ſtate of univerſal bankruptcy and confuſion. The accumulation of our debt has obliged our neighbours to follow our example; to lay themſelves under the preſſure of equal loads, without equal abilities to ſuſtain them; and this, perhaps, is not one of the leaſt advantages which we have received from it. The truth of this is ſufficiently confirmed by a late very memorable event, which is our American war, on the conſequences of which, both ourſelves and our enemies were fully perſuaded that the commerce, the wealth, the credit, and the very exiſtence of this country depended.

France, therefore, thought no expence too great, which would involve us in the conteſt, and procure our defeat. This, with the unremitted aſſiſtance of Engliſh patriotiſm, ſhe at length accompliſhed; but what was the conſequence? why the very reverſe of what our enemies hoped for and we apprehended; our commerce is not leſs, our wealth is greater, and our credit better than they were before the commencement of that war. We are enriched both by the conteſt and by the loſs of that for which we contended; by the firſt, becauſe by that our debt is augmented, which has been proved to be our riches; and by

by the latter, as by that no inconſiderable ſums are retained, and circulated at home, which would otherwiſe have been annually exported to defray the uſeleſs expences of American jobs. On the contrary, France is ſo exhauſted, that ſhe has been obliged to abandon the purſuits of conqueſt and dominion, and ſuffer them to be wreſted even out of her jaws without a ſtruggle; beſides which, her people by their tranſatlantick connections have catched ſuch an idea for liberty as will not eaſily be eradicated without the loſs of more blood than the preſent ſtate of her conſtitution is able to bear.

But have not theſe numerous benefits been introductive of ſome evils? Certainly of many, both of a private and a public nature. The increaſe of money whether real or fictitious, muſt diminiſh its value, and conſequently augment the price of all the neceſſaries of life. This no laws or regulations of police can prevent. The circulation of bank notes muſt advance the price of bread, and the arrival of a dozen or two of Nabobs will make beef and mutton dear in every market. By this all ranks and denominations of men are greatly, though not equally, affected; the landed man and the day labourer are the greateſt ſufferers, becauſe the firſt cannot raiſe the price of his land, nor the latter of his labour, faſt enough to keep pace with the decreaſe in the

the value of money; they both muſt riſe, but they are always behind hand. By this likewiſe, the nation muſt ſuffer not a little; becauſe the advanced price of proviſions advances the wages of manufacturers, and conſequently the price of her manufactures, which enables rival nations to underſell her; but this is of little conſequence, if compared with the multitude of evils which an extraordinary influx of wealth never fails to introduce. It is like the overflowings of the Nile, which, whilſt they produce fertility and plenty, engender the moſt fatal diſeaſes and the moſt noxious animals.

Plenty of money not only depreciates the value, but lowers the eſtimation of it to a greater degree than the value. We now part with half a guinea for an opera or a concert with leſs reluctance than our fathers took leave of half a crown; a beggar in the ſtreet will not thank you for halfpence, nor the meaneſt waiter at an inn for leſs than a ſhilling. This diſregard to money, and preference given to any gratification, amuſement. or purſuit, prevails through all ranks and conditions of life, and the effects of it are but too viſible on this country, into which it has introduced with it ſuch an inundation of idleneſs, diſſipation, luxury, vanity, profuſion, and profligacy of every kind, amongſt all ranks, from the higheſt to the loweſt of our people, as has nearly deſtroyed

deſtroyed all government and ſubordination, and has filled our gazettes with bankruptcies, our ſtreets with beggars, our gaols with criminals, our coaſts with ſmugglers, our capital with riots, and our parliament with faction. The ableſt financiers declared it as their opinion, above half a century ago, that the credit of this country might very well bear a debt of about forty or fifty millions, but that more than one hundred it could not ſuſtain; and perhaps they might have been right, had not the additional revenue ariſing from every new loan in a great meaſure diſcharged the additional intereſt, a circumſtance of which they were not aware; but time and experience has long ſince proved, that they were fortunately miſtaken, as it now ſubſiſts, with unimpaired vigour, under a load of almoſt three times that magnitude. How much higher this ſtupendous fabric of fictitious wealth might be raiſed, no one can determine, and it would be exceedingly unwiſe to try, becauſe the event muſt be fatal, whether it ſucceeded or failed; if it advanced, it muſt make us giddy with inſolence and luxury, and if it fell, it muſt overwhelm us in its ruins. It is high time, therefore, not only to put a ſtop to its further progreſs, but to retrench it as ſoon, yet as gently as we can; for which purpoſe I think no plan more efficacious can be deviſed than

that

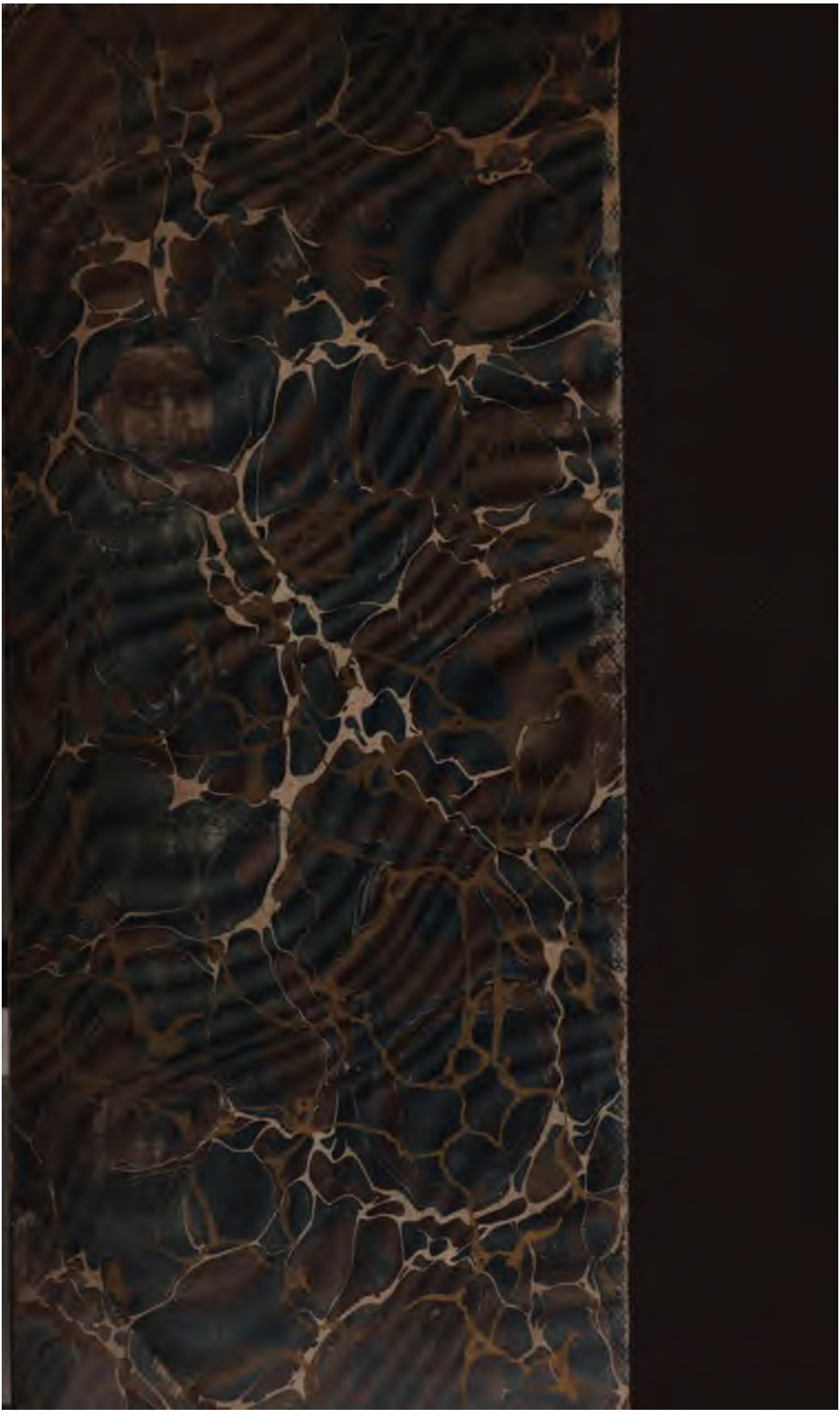
that already begun, which is, to appropriate every year one million of public money to the diſcharge of the debt. This, if ſtrictly adhered to, by annually ſinking both principal and intereſt, in proceſs of time will perform a great deal, and is the more eligible for being ſlow and gradual in its operations; for was it poſſible to pay off the whole debt at once, the effects would be exactly the ſame as if it was not paid at all; a ſudden diſcharge and á ſudden bankruptcy would be the ſame, that is, they would equally involve us in univerſal confuſion and diſtreſs. As caſh is the only medium by which the public creditor could be paid, we will only ſuppoſe for a moment, that a ſum of three hundred millions in gold and ſilver is dug out of the mines in Cornwall, or the coal pits of Newcaſtle, that it is refined, coined, and ſent into the treaſury, and all the creditors called upon to receive principal and intereſt, which they accept, becauſe they have no right to refuſe. What then would enſue? We ſhould ſee multitudes ſtaggering under loads of caſh, which they could not carry away; many fetching it in wheel-barrows, ſome in carts, and a few in waggons, and filling warehouſes, granaries, and barns with innumerable buſhels of uſeleſs guineas; uſeleſs indeed, for to what uſe could they be applied? they could not be placed in public funds, becauſe, if there was no debt there could

could be no funds; they could not be laid out in land, becauſe no man would part with land, the produce of which would maintain himſelf and his family, for money which would produce nothing; it could not be lent on mortgage for the ſame reaſon; and it could not even purchaſe the neceſſaries of life, becauſe no one would ſell a loaf or a leg of mutton which he could eat, for gold and ſilver which he could not ſwallow. We might, indeed, like the Mexicans, when firſt diſcovered, cover our houſes and ſhoe our horſes with theſe precious metals; but ſuperfluity would deſtroy their value, and lead and iron would be more eſteemed, becauſe of more general uſe.

The ſcheme propoſed will prevent theſe inconveniences, and pare away inſenſibly every year ſome part of this unwieldy debt, without diſtreſſing the public or injuring the creditors; the public will be gradually exonerated, and the creditors can have no reaſon to complain, becauſe they are under no compulſion to part with their ſtock; and if they chuſe to ſell it, there is no difference to them whether government or private individuals purchaſe it at a market price. This method of paying off the debt is in fact no more than every year withdrawing a certain portion of it out of circulation, by which means it is totally annihilated; for as when bought in by government the intereſt

tereſt ceaſes, and no principal ever exiſted, nothing remains, and therefore it becomes abſolutely nothing.

This fictitious wealth in the political, is exactly ſimilar to blood in the animal body; ſo long as they continue to circulate they give life and health, beauty, ſtrength, and ſpirit; but as ſoon as the circulation ſtops, the one ceaſes to be wealth, and the other blood. All theſe millions in funds and loans, in principal and intereſt, in Bank, South Sea, and India Stock, in Bank Notes, Exchequer Bills, in Long and Short Annuities, and Lottery Tickets, ſo long as they are kept alive and in motion, are as good to all intents and purpoſes as gold and ſilver; they beſtow palaces, parks, and gardens, plate and Jewels, ſervants and equipages; they procure titles and honours, ſeats in the houſe of Commons, and peerages in the Houſe of Lords, and majorities in both. Whilſt they laſt, all theſe benefits, powers, and privileges they confer on their poſſeſſors, in whoſe hands they are a certain and ſubſtantial income; in the hands of a miniſter, like the broad pieces toſſed about by a juggler, they are here and there, in your pockets, in mine, or in his own, and then by a ſingle manœuvre, are no where at all, but vaniſh like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion. This is called paying off, and ſo it is, for a debt annihilated is paid. I am not very apprehenſive that the progreſs of this ſcheme will be too rapid, conſidering

dering the numerous interruptions it will probably meet with, or that it will diſcharge too great a part of our debt; but if it ſhould ever go ſo far as even to pay off one hundred millions, I will venture to foretell that the diminution of our riches will be ſecretly felt; and that if it was poſſible to wipe away the whole, we ſhould ſoon return back to our former ſtate of poverty and barbariſm: we ſhould get rid of our debt and our taxes, our luxury and profuſion, and have little to pay and leſs to receive. We have heard every year for a century paſt, with much ſatisfaction, that we were ruined, but ſtill find ourſelves happily diſappointed, and may continue to be ſo much longer if our miniſters ſhall have wiſdom to plan and power to execute. Without the aſſiſtance of alchymy, they have diſcovered the philoſopher's ſtone, which can convert ink and paper into gold, and are able to create or annihilate riches at their pleaſure; they have therefore nothing more to do than to keep them in that ſalutary mediocrity, which excludes luxury on the one hand and poverty on the other.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.